

In the
SHADOW
of the
HIMALAYAS

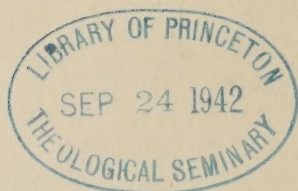
EMMA DEAN ANDERSON

AND

MARY JANE CAMPBELL

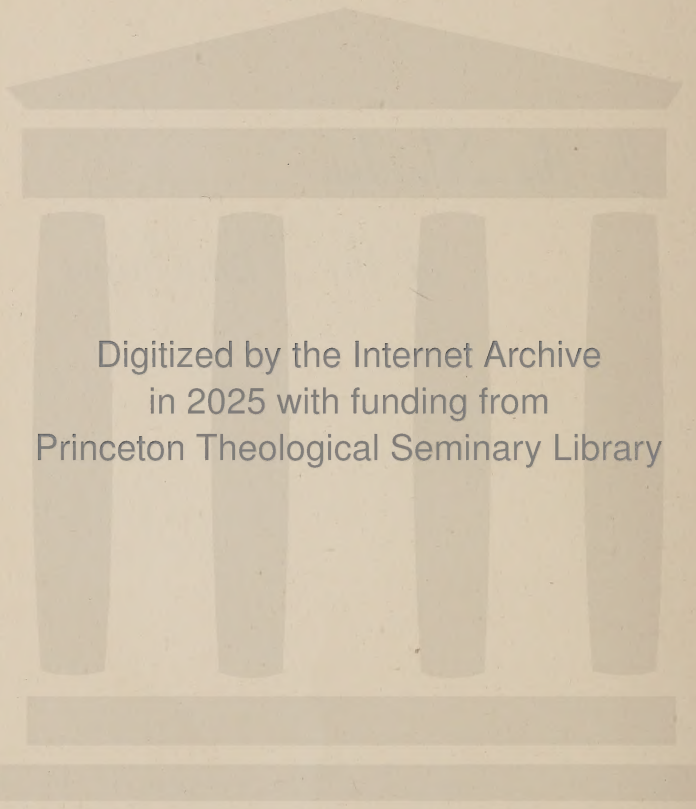






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In the shadow of the
Himalayas

*In the Shadow
of the Himalayas*



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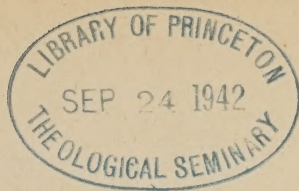


THE SNOW-CAPPED HIMALAYAS

Bordering our India Mission on the North

Inspired the Title of the Book

*In the Shadow
of the Himalayas*



A historical narrative of the Missions of the
United Presbyterian Church of North America
as conducted in the Punjab, India
1855—1940

By ✓
EMMA DEAN ANDERSON
and
MARY JANE CAMPBELL
Veterans of the Missionary Staff

THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
500 Schaff Bldg., 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

and

THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY
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TO THE MISSIONARIES
WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE,
WHO ARE NOW LIVING,
AND
WHO WILL COME AFTER US

Foreword

THE authors of this book are two widely known, much loved United Presbyterian missionaries to India. While in active service, few used their pens so much and so well to inform the American Church about their work. Having now retired in America, after long years of outstanding service abroad, they have written jointly this historical narrative of the work of the India Mission.

Emma Dean Anderson, born September 5, 1856, sailed for India August 31 and arrived there October 29, 1881. Fifty-two years later, in 1933, she was honorably retired. That same year she returned to India and gave voluntary service four years more, finally sailing to America in April of 1937. Barring furloughs, she spent almost fifty-six years in India. She went from the membership of the United Presbyterian Church of Glade Run, Pennsylvania, and gave all her years of service overseas within the India Mission of her own beloved communion.

Mary J. Campbell, born September 12, 1865, sailed for India, November 12, 1884, and arrived there January 4, 1885. Forty-six years later, in 1931, she left India, having given the last ten of those years to organizing the women of India against the accursed traffic in drink and drugs. After a short furlough in America, she was sent by the World's Christian Temperance Union to Palestine where she labored seven years more, organizing the women and youth of the Holy Land, Syria, and Iraq for the same purpose, returning to America in 1939. Barring furloughs, she has given over fifty-four years in service abroad. She went to her life work

from the Ellison United Presbyterian Church (dissolved in 1905), of Monmouth Presbytery.

Miss Anderson and Miss Campbell have each won the Kaisar-i-Hind medal from the Government of India for distinguished service. They are women of remarkable physical energy, keen intellect, winsome personality, strong faith, and unmeasured devotion to Christ and His Kingdom's work. Again and again on the field each has achieved, through the sheer power of prayer, what seemed to be impossible. When you have read the forty-one chapters of this book, written in their retirement as a labor of love, you will thank God for such women and the book which they have written. You will think of those words recorded of another godly servant at a very old age: "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." Looking out into the world we face in 1941, if you are of middle age or older, you will wish fervently that during the last fifty years we had *all* done *much* more of this kind of work to make Christ known to a lost world. If you are a *young* reader, you may say, "Let me live the life they lived and may my days be as full of service to man and God."

—MILLS J. TAYLOR

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Introduction

THIS book presents a history covering eighty-five years of missionary activity in one corner of the Punjab in North India. A former book covering the first thirty years was written by Doctor Andrew Gordon. That history ended in 1885. Of late years it has been frequently suggested that someone should rewrite the first thirty years briefly and bring the whole story up to date. But who would be willing to perform the difficult task? The two collaborators in this book were the very last to have thought of themselves as undertaking this special service for the Church and the Master we love.

Unexpectedly one day in Washington, D. C., the call came. Henrietta Moore, who had given forty years' unique service in the Mission, had retired in ill health but with a wealth of love for India. En route to Florida for the winter, she was visiting a cousin in Washington. I called on her and we had a long visit, talking of former days in India and how sad we were that our Church had no record in convenient, permanent, usable form, of eighty-five years of wonderful service there. Sitting very quietly for a while, Henrietta suddenly turned to me and said pointedly, "It is up to you to do this service."

The thought came like a bolt from the blue. Could I have heard aright? It was more like a vision in the night that I could not forget. Had I known, this dear friend was even then standing on eternity's shore. I said goodbye to her that afternoon hoping to see her again, but this was the last farewell on earth. Her words, or were they a command, still haunted me. I sought an interview with Emma Dean

Anderson and put the whole matter before her. Would she be willing to collaborate in this task? Quietly, prayerfully, she said she would. We conferred with the two Boards directing our Foreign Mission work and the task was undertaken. It has been penned under varied circumstances in several states.

We are deeply grateful to the missionaries in India and to other persons in the homeland whose help has been invaluable in the making of this book.

—M. J. C.

Part One

By Mary Jane Campbell



MARY JANE CAMPBELL
as a Retired Missionary
and as a Recruit in 1884

Chapter 1

BEGINNINGS

ON the evening of November 24, 1940, an enthusiastic group of young people, numbering four hundred or more, from Allegheny Presbytery met in the Old First Church, Allegheny, to participate in a Foreign Missions Forum which was being conducted by representatives of the Board of Foreign Missions and the Women's General Missionary Society. This was the final meeting of a seven weeks' campaign which had been carried on by these representatives throughout various presbyteries of the Church where fifty questions concerning the foreign mission work of our United Presbyterian Church had been discussed. On the platform were the Corresponding and Associate Secretaries of the Board of Foreign Missions, the Literature and Temperance and Reform Secretaries of the Women's General Missionary Society, and a missionary on furlough from Egypt.

Very different was a humble meeting in the Second United Presbyterian Church just eighty-seven years before, when a group of five met to pray about inaugurating foreign mission work! They were John Alexander, James McCandless, Mrs. Gordon (better known as Mother Gordon), Mrs. Lockhart, and Doctor James Rodgers, the pastor. After earnest prayer, India was selected as the field in which they would seek to start a mission. Doctor Rodgers felt greatly uplifted that night and told his congregation the next Sabbath that it was a glorious meeting and he believed great good would come of it. Yes, a humble meeting of five prayer warriors. But what a world-changing answer we see as we look back over eighty-seven years!

It is this story your two missionaries, Emma Dean Anderson and Mary J. Campbell, will try to tell you as simply as possible. It will be just a recital of answered prayer. In that

Forum meeting the one lone missionary on the platform kept reiterating, "We cannot fail if we pray!" The Church has prayed down the years and today a Church in India with a communicant membership of about forty-five thousand souls and a Christian community of nearly one hundred thousand stands an established fact.

Our First Missionary. Not long after that prayer meeting the Rev. Andrew Gordon, his wife, a baby daughter, and his sister, Elizabeth Gordon, were chosen to go to India. Quietly, unostentatiously, they set about preparations for this new adventure. Their backing in the homeland was humble, too. Not much financial assistance could be assured.

On September 28, 1854, they sailed from New York harbor on the "Sabine," a small but strong little ship. One hundred thirty-nine days were spent on the journey around the Cape. Great was their joy when they landed in Calcutta, the capital of India, on February 15, 1855. When asked where they were going they knew not what to say. They had been sent to *India*. They now began to realize something of the vastness of this great land, which had at that time about two hundred million people. Being pressed to name their final destination, Mr. Gordon remembered one day having heard Doctor Joseph T. Cooper in his ordination prayer back at home say they were being sent to North India, so he began telling people that North India would be their home. Just how vague this was he did not at that time realize.

In the few days spent in Calcutta, Mr. Gordon made the acquaintance of missionaries of the Free Church of Scotland, Doctor Alexander Duff's church, whose impress on India is still felt. He was deeply interested in the methods of work in that mission, especially their great educational system. Could he adopt a similar mode in North India? The story of our work will show how different was our approach to the great task of evangelizing the peoples and how blessed it was.

At last the day came when they set out on the eleven-hundred-mile journey to Saharanpur, the seat of the mission of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of America. It had a

population of forty thousand. Here missionary friends would be met. Railway construction was commenced in India in 1853. Only one hundred miles had been laid before the arrival of the Gordons. Our friends traveled up country in wagons drawn by coolies. Twenty days were spent on the journey.

Our First Station. One of the Saharanpur missionaries was the Rev. J. Caldwell, the father of Doctor A. B. Caldwell of our Mission. During their visit in Saharanpur it was finally decided that Sialkot should be the future home of the new Mission. No one else had occupied the field. It was a city of twenty thousand souls and the military station adjoining also had twenty thousand.

Doctor Caldwell gave his house rent free to the Gordon family for a period of four months. Here Mr. Gordon and his sister began the study of Urdu. They both became very proficient in it. They also studied methods of work—preaching at melas, the use of Hindu and Mohammedan literature in textbooks, attempting to sell instead of giving away religious books, keeping up English preaching at mission stations. These and many other subjects were discussed with great interest and profit. Sialkot now was their goal, a city in the province of the Punjab. This province had been annexed to the British possessions in 1849. It was won after a long and hard-fought battle with the brave Sikh soldiers, for they were a freedom-loving people. When finally conquered they became Great Britain's most trusted friends and helpers.

Mr. Gordon had been introduced by letter to Captain John Mill of the Free Church of Scotland, an artillery officer. When he had been written to, he replied, "This field, Sialkot, is looked upon by different Christian bodies as an inviting one."

Sialkot Is Entered. On July 30, Mr. Gordon divided the small unexpended remainder of money equally between himself and his family and set out alone for Sialkot, three hundred miles distant, northwest. Much of the way seemed dreary and uninteresting, but as he neared the journey's end

about thirty miles away, the grand Himalayas rose in full view in their majesty, snowcapped. The road was an English one, straight, lined with shade trees, and in good repair. The land on each side of the road was well-cultivated and villages were as numerous as farmhouses in a well-settled country. Persian wheels creaking as they raised water to irrigate the crops, flocks and herds feeding on pastures which at that season were fresh and green, and the number of people met on the road and seen plying their vocations in the fields, at the wells, and in the villages, all gave evidence that he was approaching the centre of a densely populated country which possessed at least some of the desirable qualities of a mission field.

Before dusk he crossed the Aik, a troublesome stream with which all missionaries would be glad to have had less acquaintance. Half a mile farther he passed what was later to be the site of the mission home, although Doctor Gordon did not know it that evening. He passed on through the principal bazaar of the city of Sialkot and two miles farther north into the English Military Cantonment. There he found his friend, Captain John Mill, with whom he had corresponded and whose hearty, whole-souled Christian hospitality and lively interest in missions soon made him feel at home. Those early-day godly officials did much to cheer the hearts of lonely missionaries!

A Glorious Dream. What an inspiring vision Sir Herbert Edwards had seventy years ago for India, when in a lecture on "Our Indian Empire" he said, "Suppose there were to arise in the hearts of our countrymen a strong conviction that India is a stewardship, that it could not have been for nothing that God placed it in the hands of England. India's greatest need is religious truth, a revelation of the real nature of God. Suppose that the conviction springing up in the hearts of a few young men were to work like leaven there and spread from home to home and gradually grow up into that giant thing that statesmen cannot hold, the public opinion of the land. What would be the consequences? Why, this. The English people would resolve to do their

duty. England, taught by both past and present, would set before her the noble policy of first fitting India for freedom and then setting her free." Daring words spoken so long ago by this great Empire Builder! Captain John Mill, who befriended the lone young missionary, was one of those officials who had caught this vision of why England had been permitted to rule in India.

Sir Herbert said further, "This is not merely a glorious dream. Do not dismiss it as a lofty but vain aspiration. Right is never too high. Don't grovel in present difficulties. Look out into the future of India and your country. Look high! Aim high! Reach high! It may take years, it may take a century to fit India for self-government, but it is a thing worth doing, and a thing that may be done. It is a way for both countries out of their twisted destinies. Believe in it. There is but one way in which it can be reached, but one principle which has life in it to regenerate; *that way is Christianity*. When India is leavened with Christianity, then England may leave her freely, frankly, gladly, proudly, leave the stately daughter she has reared to walk the future with imperial step." Sir Herbert closed this thrilling lecture of long ago with words of conviction: "I believe firmly this is what God means England to do with India; and God grant she may do it!"

Captain Mill was Sir Herbert's contemporary and like-minded: so he welcomed the young missionary who had come to North India, even to the military station of Sialkot, to help him and other Christian officials work out a new day for old India. Does the United Presbyterian Church fully appreciate the honor conferred upon her by having a share in this marvelous building of a great and beautiful Christian India? Almost a century has passed. August, 1940, has ushered in India's Magna Charta. India has been assured through the Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow, that she is to have the full responsibility for shaping her own political destiny. Here is the pronouncement of India's New Constitution:

"His Majesty's Government authorize me to declare that they will most readily assent to the setting up, after the

conclusion of the war, with the least possible delay, of a body representative of the principal elements in India's national life in order to devise the framework of the new constitution and they will lend every aid in their power to hasten decisions in all relevant matters to the utmost degree."

It is hoped that the succeeding chapters in this history of our work in India will reveal something of the gradual growth that has ushered in the dawn of this New Day for India.

Chapter 2

THE FIRST HOME AND THE FIRST EVANGELIST

THE English friends took a deep interest in the new ambassador for Jesus Christ. They did everything they could to help the young missionary, even placing a horse at his disposal. They advised him in selecting a site for the new home, no small matter, and finally chose clean, open, well-ventilated ground, near the Aik, the stream that sometimes gave trouble.

Early Financial Embarrassment. Now Mr. Gordon found himself in an embarrassing position: his funds were rapidly dwindling. His family back in Saharanpur was writing for money. The land was ready to be purchased. How could he tell his newly found friends that he had reached Sialkot with only \$17.00 in his pocket? As he said, "They knew I was from prosperous America, out on important business, the only missionary of my denomination in the Eastern Hemisphere. I was daily afraid some emergency would 'let the cat out of the bag.' " By some means English friends did come to know and a subscription paper was circulated for money to aid our Mission. Two hundred fifty dollars was raised. "With this sum," Mr. Gordon wrote, "I moved on softly a while longer, by paying out money only in small sums."

One year before the Gordons "with full hearts and eyes dimmed with tears stood on the deck of the Sabine responding to the last flutterings of white on the shore." "Today," he wrote, "I have again cut loose and pushed out upon the black waters of heathendom, amid a people poor and ignorant, 640,000 of them in the district of Sialkot alone, without one native Christian!" Now, after twelve months of journeying, he knew where his life's work was to be.

Mr. Gordon settled in his temporary mission hut on the newly acquired land. Then word came from Saharanpur that his family must vacate at once the house they had free from rent. They had no money. They were in dire need of the necessities of life. A whole year had passed and not one remittance from America had been received. The occasional letters made no mention of funds. Not until November, 1856, fourteen months after arrival in India, did the first money come. How different today when each month the salaries are paid promptly! But life had to go on; shelter for the family had to be provided. So, more money was borrowed from the kind officials, the family brought in from Saharanpur and housed in a rented tent while the mission building was under construction.

First Mission Home. The structure was made of well-burnt brick and plaster. There were four rooms, high ceilings, no adornments of any kind, but it was so well built that no other house in the Mission has been its equal in lasting endurance. The floors were hard as marble and to drive a nail into the walls impossible. Doctor Gordon has furnished a fascinating story in "Our India Mission" of how its building became a beautiful reality. The whole cost was only a little over \$1,500.00.

The English neighbors kept friendly but critical eyes on the work until it was completed. They wanted it to be "well and truly erected." It was ready for occupancy after six months. It has been a home for many other missionaries who followed in their train. I spent part of my first year, 1885, in that dear home with her whom we all lovingly called Auntie Gordon. I learned much from her. Who can imagine the joy of that little group the first day they entered this new home? Now they felt they really belonged to India.

George Scott's Courage. While building, Mr. Gordon became acquainted with two outstanding Indian men, Mr. Elisha P. Swift and Mr. George Scott, brothers who had been trained in the Ludhiana Orphanage. These came to Mr. Gordon providentially, well trained and full of zeal.

George Scott, though still young, had already been through fiery persecution. We feel that his life story should not be forgotten by our Church. It was largely through his earnest teaching and consecrated life that the awakening among the Megs took place. He it was who led Kanaya and Bhajana, our first Meg converts, to Jesus Christ. This story will be found in "Our India Mission."

He was one of five orphan brothers. Two joined the British army and went to the first Kabul war. Three were taken into the orphanage at Ludhiana under the Presbyterian Mission and given Christian names and training. Young Scott was naturally courageous. After leaving school he passed through some trying experiences. One day all alone in the jungle when on the verge of starvation, he cried out to God to have pity on him. Comfort came and his faith was strengthened. He became proficient in English and secured employment with a rich Mohammedan merchant named Nabi Bakkah. This man found in this young Scott something that he did not see in his own people and he felt he could fully trust him with his keys and funds. He became greatly attached to the young man, but found one fault, one serious fault, in him: Scott was a Christian and constantly preached to others. This he could not endure.

Many enterprising Christians in Great Britain in those days watched the movements of their army and sent Bibles and missionaries whenever the army opened a road. In 1842, when the first Kabul war had ended, a lady in England sent to India a donation of beautifully bound Bibles to be introduced to the people of Kabul. So far as is known, the Bible had never been carried into that country. Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, was bitterly antagonistic to the Christian religion.

This English lady sent the Bibles in the care of Colonel Wheeler, a pious army officer. His idea was to send the books to Kabul not to be given away but to be sold, and he asked Scott, with whom he had become acquainted, if he could find someone, Hindu, Mohammedan, or Jewish merchant, or some caravan, who would take them and sell them.

No one was willing to risk the danger involved. "What, take Bibles to Kabul! Will the Afghans not kill us?" Scott reported to the colonel that his plan was impossible; no one was willing.

Carried Bibles to Kabul. It then occurred to the young enthusiast to go himself, so he approached the colonel and suggested that he would leave Nabi Bakkah and undertake the hazardous journey. Colonel Wheeler objected, "This business requires a man of mature experience—a man of courage. You are only a lad. You might lose your life." Scott replied that he was willing to undertake it, fully realizing all the dangers. They agreed to pray for guidance. It came. Scott took charge of the precious books, packed in boxes, loaded them on mules, and one morning set forth for Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, the stronghold of fanatical Mohammedanism. There he would be at the mercy of an intolerant and misguided people who would rather kill a Christian than a dog.

Finding a caravan on its way to Kabul he joined it, though it was Mohammedan. He felt the need of company. He found favor in the eyes of the leader and was well treated. In due time he reached the city of Kabul. He took quarters in a caravansary and set out in array his Bibles and some other small articles for sale. The next morning after his arrival his action was reported to Dost Mohammed Khan, the king, who immediately sent an officer to arrest and bring him before his royal highness. The king said to him, "You have forfeited your life, but on one condition your life can be spared. Renounce your Christian religion and repeat the Mohammedan creed. . . . Say, 'There is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet,' and you will not be put to death."

Scott began to reason with the king. "You allow Hindu and Jewish merchants to travel through your country and sell their goods. Why not allow a Christian the same privilege? I am not giving these books away. Your people are free to buy, or not, as they choose." Dost Mohammed only repeated his order, "Say the creed or suffer death." "But,"

said Scott, "what good can it do for me to repeat these words with my lips when my heart is not convinced that your faith is right and mine wrong? First, convince me." This the king admitted was reasonable and he felt that the young man could easily be convinced. A learned Mohammedan was then called in, who was well-versed in the English language, a mark of great learning, but having received his education in the mission school at Ludhiana he was somewhat familiar with the arguments for and against Christianity. Before this formidable opponent the young Christian soldier was bid to engage in single combat for his life whilst the king and his chief men should act as umpires. These, after enjoying the sport, were to give their judgment. The two contestants confronted each other, a lion and a kid, as it were, in a lion's den.

Tried Before the King. The learned champion made the first onslaught, thus: "You Christians, on account of certain terms applied to Jesus Christ in your Bible, such as 'God,' for example, jump to the conclusion that he is really God Divine, but I can show you from your own Bible that the name 'God' is applied to others beside Jesus Christ, Who is admitted to be mere man." Scott denied that any such passage existed. The Mohammedan asked him whether he would give up the contest and say the Mohammedan creed in case such a passage was produced. Scott unhesitatingly replied that he certainly would.

"How do you spell the name of God?" asked the Mohammedan. "I spell it G-o-d, of course," said Scott. His antagonist now searched out that passage in the Eighty-second Psalm, which reads, "I have said, Ye are gods, and all of you are children of the Most High. But ye shall die." And then, placing the book before Scott, with his finger at the words, he exclaimed with an air of triumph, "There, do you see that?" Poor Scott had never heard this particular objection to the divinity of our Lord and he trembled as to how he should answer it. But only a moment did the trepidation last, for he was given in that same hour what he should speak. He remembered an Eastern proverb which is applied

to any person who manifests great ignorance and which runs on this wise: "He is so ignorant that he knows not the difference between 'God' and 'dog'!" This proverb is founded on the fact that the words of god and dog in the Persian language bear a slight resemblance to each other in the eyes of an illiterate man. Scott observed that the word god in this passage began with a small "g". Thought runs swiftly when life is in jeopardy. With scarcely pause enough to betray his momentary hesitation, he turned to his proud adversary and exclaimed, in an excited tone, which rang throughout the court, "Are you the learned man who stands before the king as a man of letters and yet so ignorant that you do not know the difference between 'God' and 'dog'? Do you not see the small 'g'?" The stripling's pebble brought the Goliath to the ground. Praise the Lord! The royal audience, joining in a hearty laugh at the discomfiture of their own champion, gave their decision that Scott's victory was undeniable.

It is not the nature of the beast of prey willingly to part with its game, nor were Dost Mohammed and his princes willing to release this Christian boy, who had on their terms so clearly won his life and liberty. Scott, having established his reputation as a learned man, was commanded to dine with the king and his princes. When dinner was served Scott's faith and courage were subjected to a new trial. Should he, according to Christian custom, raise his turban from his head and ask a blessing on his food? This act he knew could not fail to be observed. Baring the head in the presence of superiors is considered a disrespectful act, according to Oriental etiquette. What should he do? Remembering God's protecting care thus far, he removed his turban and reverently bowed in silent prayer.

"How dare you?" exclaimed a courtier. "Are you not afraid to uncover your head in the presence of the king?" Scott meekly replied, "It is a custom with us Christians never to eat our food until first we ask God's blessing on it." When they fairly understood him, not only were they not angered but all agreed that this was a very good custom.

Lived to Become Our First Evangelist. They called in the Kazi, a Mohammedan judge, and having stated the case, desired his judgment as to what should be done with this infidel. The Kazi decided that he should be put to death. One of the courtiers urgently suggested that he should not be killed but imprisoned. He was then confined in a loathsome prison and became dangerously ill. After some time, when he was brought out from prison, reduced to a mere skeleton by fever and dysentery, they tried again to decide what to do with him. The court was much divided. Many wished to put him to death, but the same courtier who befriended him before now earnestly opposed on the ground that it might offend the English. "If you only let him alone," said he, "the lad will soon die from his sickness. Why then will you incur the displeasure of the British Government when nothing at all is to be gained?" At that time their minds were greatly occupied with some petty border war.

Finally an old gray-headed man arose and said, "He is only a youth. He has seen very little of the world as yet; it would be a pity to cut him off now. Let him live a while longer." To this they all assented. He was then laid on a charpai (light bedstead) and carried by four men as far as Ali Masjid on the way back to Peshawar, two soldiers being sent along as an escort. The pure mountain air helped him back to health again. Colonel Wheeler was rejoiced to receive him safe and sound. His youth, on account of which the brave colonel had objected, proved the most important point in his favor.

Scott's Bibles and goods, his money and extra clothing, and the English Bible, to which he was strongly attached, were all taken from him in Kabul. He always felt that those Bibles, being handsomely printed and bound, would be preserved and perused and that this early—if not the very first—seed-sowing in Kabul would yield a blessed harvest to some reaper in the future. "I'll speak Thy word to Kings and I with shame will not be moved." When Mr. Gordon learned that George Scott had hazarded his life in the

Master's service by taking Bibles into Kabul, he thought he would like to have him for a fellow laborer. He opened correspondence with him and found he was teaching in a government school. He could not offer him a salary such as he was getting, but George Scott cheerfully accepted the post offered by Mr. Gordon and became the Mission's *first evangelist*, a great accession to the Mission force.

After twelve years of unceasing labor, George Scott was called upon to enter higher service. He was a true saint.

Chapter 3

THE FIRST CHURCH

IN SIALKOT CITY, August 14, 1859, our first church in the India Mission field was opened for service. Much earlier than that efforts had been made to secure a site inside the city, but the difficulties were insurmountable and the hope given up. The story as told by Doctor Gordon, the builder, reads like a romance. Edward Prinsep, Esq., a settlement officer in the Government, was securing a piece of ground for a Tehsil¹ building and he kindly purchased one acre adjoining this for the church building at the small cost of twenty dollars. A subscription paper was circulated, first among the missionaries and then among the English acquaintances, which resulted in a building fund of eighteen hundred rupees, a sum equal to \$900.00 in those days. Another Christian friend gave five hundred rupees more. After the foundation had been laid and they were just ready to begin the superstructure, Sir John Lawrence, afterward Governor-General of India, on passing through Sialkot, paused to take a look at the work and remarked that the foundation was two feet too low. He afterward sent two hundred rupees to raise it the desired two feet, thus adding much to the appearance and heathfulness of the building and swelling the fund to Rs. 2500. Still more was needed and Rs. 1470 were borrowed.

Government Policy Raises Problems. The building was going on satisfactorily and it wanted only a few finishing touches to make it complete, when lo! a dispatch came down from Mr. Cust, the Commissioner, who was Mr. Prinsep's superior officer, ordering the church building to be taken from the Mission and appropriated to Government purposes,

¹ Officer of the Collector of Revenue. A Tehsil is a subdivision of a District. The officer over a Tehsil is called a Tehsildar.

or, in case it could not be used by the Government, to be torn down, all as unexpected, sudden and astounding as if an earthquake had swallowed the building or a bomb shell blown it to atoms! This thunderbolt from a clear sky went on to say that the site of the church being purchased at the same time with that of the Tehsil and the building being erected at the same time with that of the Tehsil building, the people might fear that the Government was itself erecting a mission church, contrary to the recently announced Government policy of neutrality in religious matters. During all these years since that day the Government has strictly observed this policy.

With the aid of Christian friends, civil and military, these objections were answered and a remonstrance was drawn up to be presented to the Punjab Government. The intensely hot weather was at hand; the Punjab Government had just been removed to the Murree Hill station, one hundred and ninety-four miles distant, and three and one-half miles an hour was the rate of travel. Mr. Stevenson, the new missionary, went up to Murree and put this paper in the hands of Sir Robert Montgomery, who was then at the head of the Punjab Government. This kind-hearted Christian gentleman inquired of Mr. Stevenson whether he really had come so long a journey through the heat on this special business, and on learning this was the case, he said he would do all he could for them. Mr. Stevenson returned home and all waited in hopeful suspense to hear the result.

After a long time the order came from Sir Robert Montgomery, which order, before sending it to us, he had submitted to the Governor-General for approval, that the church building should stand and that the Tehsil should be torn down and built on another site, remote from our church. Thus far the order was satisfactory. It saved us from the sneers and taunts of mocking Hindus and Mohammedans. But, alas! there was a clause in it which grieved us exceedingly. It required the removing and the rebuilding of the Tehsil which would cost more than Rs. 5,000 and to be done by Mr. Prinsep at his own private expense.

The Mission met to determine how to meet this new phase of the business, for it was in deep perplexity. While discussing how to raise this sum, Mr. Prinsep came in smiling very pleasantly. As soon as we told him our propositions, he said very decidedly, "Don't do anything. The Lord has prospered me of late beyond my expectations and why should I hesitate to spend a little of it in His cause? Take no more thought about the matter." Mr. Cust came to Sialkot and, calling out a number of the chief men of the city, asked them whether they had any objections to these two buildings, the church and the Tehsil, standing as they were, and no objection was raised. He submitted to Sir Robert Montgomery the question whether it might not, after all, be better quietly to let both buildings stand as they were, since the native gentlemen of Sialkot did not object. Sir Robert Montgomery was quite willing and Mr. Prinsep certainly would not object. But what would the Governor-General say?

The Governor-General Approves. Lord Canning, the Governor-General, was not thought to have much love either for missions or for officers who aided them, and an order from a man in his position was not a thing to be trifled with by a commissioner, or even by the Lieutenant-Governor of a province. What if he should inquire as to whether his order had been carried out? The probability seemed small that he would trouble either himself or any one else about it. So it was determined to let the buildings stand and to send the whole unpleasant business into oblivion as far and as fast as the wings of time could carry it.

A few months after this business had been disposed of, the Governor-General made a grand tour through North India and Sialkot was in his program. In due time the extensive open grassy plain between the city and cantonments was covered with his camp, and what an imposing display of canvas! Lord Clyde, the Commander-in-Chief, with his staff, the Bishop of Calcutta and other great personages were there. The number in the great camp rose to seventeen thousand persons.

The Maharajah (great king) of Kashmir occupied the

grounds near the race course. He surpassed even the Governor-General in the magnitude and splendor of his camp. His colorful pavilion, his numerous courtiers, his array of fine horses and his enormous elephants with gold trappings were imposing beyond anything the missionaries had seen. When they entered the Maharajah's pavilion for the purpose of presenting him with a Bible, great numbers of wealthy men were pressing forward, every one with a gift of gold or silver in his hand.

All the three officials who were interested in the church building were as a matter of course in attendance upon His Excellency, the Governor-General, Viceroy of India. One can imagine these three men were thinking occasionally about the church building and the Tehsil. It was heard that they had agreed together to divert his attention and so manage the movements of His Excellency that he would not notice these buildings.

The city fort was visited. It commands a view of the whole city and suburbs. While there, Lord Canning pointed to the west side of the city and said, "What nice English-built edifice is that?" "It is the chapel of the American Mission, Your Excellency." "Is it indeed? Then we must go down and see it," responded the great man in a soft and gentle tone and yet with a thoughtful air of seriousness which was by no means soothing to the nerves of his honorable escort. They drove down and, finding the church door locked and no one present to admit them, they walked a little beyond and stood looking down and a few words quietly spoken explained why the Punjab Government had thought it better on the whole not to disturb the buildings. To this Lord Canning said, "Oh, very well, just let them stand as they are."

Yes, the building dedicated to the worship of Jesus Christ has stood eighty-four years. May it stand for centuries yet to come!

Chapter 4

CHRIST'S KINGDOM BUILDERS

GREAT BRITAIN, nearly a century ago, had some leading statesmen in both civil and military positions who earned the well-deserved title, "Empire Builders." In the missionary world of those early days there were men like Carey, Judson, Duff, Thoburn, and others who might well be termed Christ's Kingdom Builders. We had some men in those early days in our India Mission who could, and did, stand shoulder to shoulder with those heroes whose names were emblazoned in missionary annals. They were not so well known, but I firmly believe they did as great a work for Christ in India.

Arrival of Dr. and Mrs. James S. Barr. Doctor James S. Barr was one of those early pioneers. He and Mrs. Barr joined the young Mission on April 6, 1862. The Mission was then seven years old. It had already passed through some minor vicissitudes, but a good and lasting foundation had been laid in Sialkot. The Rev. E. H. Stevenson and the Rev. R. A. Hill, with the help of two gifted Indian brothers, Mr. Elisha Swift and Mr. George Scott, had enabled the founder of the Mission, Dr. Andrew Gordon, to build up a Church which today testifies to the work having been "well done."

In 1861 the Punjab was visited by a severe famine. Funds ceased coming from the homeland for several months. The workers became embarrassed. The itinerant preaching had to be discontinued. George Scott's health was sadly impaired.

Famine, lack of funds, work curtailed, sickness—these were the conditions in the Mission field when the two young missionaries arrived that April morning so long ago. "When the long sea journey was over and Calcutta was sighted," Doctor Barr wrote in his unpublished memoirs, "we were

thrilled by the cry of 'Land Ho!' which went ringing through the ship. We rushed to the deck and saw a line of white where the waves met the shore, and beyond that a strip of sand gleaming in the morning sunshine, then a line of dark vegetation crowned with waving palms and, rising over all, three temple steeples clearly outlined against the sky. I now began to realize more fully what our Mission was to be, as I gazed upon those Hindu temples." Doctor Duff helped these young people as he had helped the Gordons seven years before.

Journey Inland. The railway line had increased in mileage since 1855, but it did not yet fully connect the North with Calcutta. The Barrs traveled by train, wagons drawn by men, and palanquins as far as Delhi and on to Sialkot, a journey of over fifteen hundred miles. About 4 P. M. that memorable April day, they reached Gujranwala, still thirty miles from Sialkot. It was Saturday. Rain began falling, but the palanquin bearers bravely pushed on. When only fifteen miles from Sialkot, the rain came down in sheets and darkness descended. The torches refused to give light and the bearers began slipping so badly they were obliged to stop.

The men placed the palanquins side by side and sought shelter in some near-by huts. Now the young missionaries remembered the tiger stories they had heard from childhood. Would they be attacked? Hunger asserted itself over fear, and Mrs. Barr remarked calmly, "While waiting for the wild animals we might as well eat a little food which I have here on a shelf." The rain continued to pour but the palanquins were waterproof. When morning came the rain ceased, the sun shone brightly, and Mr. Barr called the bearers to go on. Mrs. Barr said to her husband, "This is Sabbath morning. What will those strict United Presbyterian missionaries say if we go in on them on this day?" Mr. Barr replied in decided tones, "We are going."

Reception at Sialkot. They now saw what a beautiful country they were in—waving fields of wheat and barley and flowers everywhere, even on the trees that lined both sides of the broad, straight road. Their hearts must have been greatly

cheered by this royal welcome from nature, but the missionaries in the two homes, the Gordons and the Stevensons, had no intimation of the nearness of the new recruits.

When they arrived in the Mission compound, the bearers, with a few final grunts, placed the palanquins in front of the verandah of the Gordon home. The family was asleep. Some servants came running up and shouted to them to leave at once. They thought the strangers were drunken soldiers. The bearers refused to budge. Mr. Barr, dusty and tired, got out and sternly viewed the scene, and saw George Scott coming from his house to see what had happened. He soon discovered who the young visitors were and had the Gordons awakened. Mr. Gordon came out with a puzzled, grim look on his face wondering who had so vigorously disturbed the peaceful Sabbath morning. When he understood that these tall, slender young people were the missionaries sent out to help them, and were here safe and sound after that interminable journey from America, his face became wreathed with smiles and oh! what a hearty welcome he gave them.

The two little Gordon girls and Miss Gordon came running out and soon had Mrs. Barr inside the comfortable Mission home. A hot bath and clean clothes and a simple breakfast of tea and a hot chapatti (unleavened cake) and a promise of more food at eleven o'clock cheered them greatly. The rest of the Sabbath day passed quietly, until the evening service in Hindustani. Mr. Barr wrote that even though they could not join in the sweet words of the native tongue, their hearts kept singing, "Our journey is ended." Monday morning early the young couple repaired to the garden where they found a profusion of flowers and ripe strawberries which they fully enjoyed.

Locating the New Missionaries. The Stevensons, who were out in a village, were called in to meet the new arrivals. They came promptly and regarded them somewhat seriously. Then the two men proceeded to plan for their abiding place. For certain reasons of their own they did not wish them to be sent up to the Military Station where Mr. Hill was now

living, and where Mr. Gordon had received that hearty welcome from Captain Mill. They did not seem to know what to do with them. Finally, Mr. Barr suggested that since they already had three men in Sialkot, he much preferred going to a new station and would like it to be Gujranwala. To this the committee of *two* agreed, but said they would have to wait until the cold season. The Stevensons gave them two rooms in their house as a temporary home.

And so entered our India Mission an outstanding personality, a new missionary, young, well-trained, virile, with a heart full of zeal for his Master.

Mr. Barr was a graduate of the Jefferson College, Canonsburg, Pa. He also graduated from the Allegheny Theological Seminary after which he had some special medical training which was of great use to him in his whole missionary career. Mrs. Barr was Miss Mary Black, of Canonsburg, Pa.—a true helpmeet in every sense of the word. Dr. James S. Barr was pre-eminently a man of far vision, a statesman-missionary. He it was who opened up new stations and started new institutions. He erected buildings. He even taught the people how to burn brick with which to build.

Left Alone. On November 28, 1864, two and one-half years after these young missionaries had arrived, the Gordon and Stevenson families left for America. The Hills had already gone. Mr. and Mrs. Barr with but limited experience with the language and the people were left all alone. Doctor Barr sometimes referred to the utter loneliness of that morning when standing in their tent door in Gujranwala they saw the missionary band depart. He saw the two Indian brothers standing near by looking so disconsolate that he called them into the tent and they all knelt in prayer, then they divided the work among them. Mr. Swift would remain in Gujranwala and Mr. Barr and Mr. Scott would go back to Sialkot. The small supply of funds in the treasury had all been taken by the departing missionaries for their travel expenses to America, except enough to supply one month's need of those left behind. Mr. Barr now had to assume the responsibility which *three* had been carrying.



PIYARI, THE WIFE OF KANAYA

Who was our First Convert in the Punjab

She was like a "Mother in Israel" among the Indians

Died January, 1925—aged 95 years

Forerunner of a Church of 44,820 Communicants, 1941

Mother of Padri Ganda Mall

Mr. Scott was very ill. Mr. Barr, himself, was temporarily disabled by acute dysentery. The Barrs were still living in a tent. Added to all this, Doctor Gordon records that "signs of coldness toward our India Mission and a willingness to discontinue it altogether were beginning to appear in some quarters at home." Everything seemed at a low ebb. The prospect seemed dark indeed.

First Meg Converts. But God was at the helm. The honor of His Son would be maintained in North India. And I am happy also to say, so would the honor of the United Presbyterian Church. Surely God did not want it to fail Him. And it did not. At the close of the year 1864, Mr. Barr wrote, "In both stations, Sialkot and Gujranwala, there are many inquirers. A spirit of love and prayer is manifest in Sialkot. Many are studying to overcome former evil habits. Gujranwala seems ripe for the harvest." There were thirty-four communicants. Contributions were forty-five rupees (\$15.00) seemingly so small, but in reality one-eighth of each member's income. And a great wave of light was coming entirely outside the incipient Christian community. It started among the Megs, a large tribe of people who were weavers and who lived in Jhandran and Zafarwal about thirty miles east of Sialkot. Many strong characters came from that awakening—Kanaya and his remarkable family.

Two New Stations Opened. A new station was added to the list, Zafarwal. There were now three stations and the one missionary in charge of all. Mr. Barr and Mr. George Scott gave all the time they could to building up the church that began now to grow in Zafarwal. Indian-trained men for the ministry began to be a crying need, so Mr. Barr started a class for this purpose and himself became the instructor in Bible and theology. He also had to translate the books he taught into Urdu.

He now moved his family to Zafarwal and they were living in a two-room mud hut. Mr. Barr spent five days in Sialkot caring for the work there, then Friday evenings drove half way out to Zafarwal in a wagonette and the other half on his swift Arab pony, a journey of twenty-six miles

over a sandy road and a wide river to ford. He spent the Sabbath with his family, also conducting services, then back again early Monday to Sialkot for his duties there. In 1869 he was able to complete the first Mission house in Gujranwala—money came so slowly for that. In 1872 a new station was opened in the city of Gurdaspur, the civil headquarters of Government for a populous district.

Missionary Recruits Arrive. In the beginning of the second decade, 1865, when the missionaries were reduced from three to one, new arrivals began coming. The Rev. and Mrs. Samuel Martin joined the lone missionary and his wife in May, 1867. They drove up in front of the Mission House, Gujranwala, in a four-wheeled conveyance drawn by horses. Mr. Barr was delighted to welcome these friends. Mr. Martin's brother John had been Mr. Barr's classmate in college. Mrs. Martin had been a teacher in Youngstown Academy. She came to the field rich in information and was one of the most inspiring workers in the twenty years' service she was privileged to have. Doctor Martin's name has been connected closely with the great "Chuhra" movement, now called "Untouchable."

The Rev. and Mrs. James Patterson McKee came into the Mission family in February, 1871. Doctor McKee was born in Laughaghary, County Down, Ireland. When twenty-one years of age he came to the United States and entered Westminster College and graduated in 1868. He also graduated from Allegheny Seminary. He married Miss Maggie Dickey, of New Wilmington, Pa. Mrs. McKee was Doctor Barr's second cousin. The Mission was now in its sixteenth year and had resumed its early numerical strength, *three* instead of *one*. But a little later, in 1873, even before the McKees had acquired the language, Mr. and Mrs. Barr who had labored so strenuously for eleven years, were compelled to return to America for a rest. During the Mission's second decade, 1865-1875, communicants increased from 34 to 153, and pupils in the schools from 30 to 1,143. The Rev. and Mrs. Thomas L. Scott arrived in December, 1874. They were long identified with the fifth station to be opened, Jhelum,

so beautifully located on the banks of the Jhelum River. Mrs. Scott, after six years' service for her sisters in India, passed away to the heavenly home. She was buried in the Murree Hill Station, the first of our missionaries to die in India.

Commissioners from America. When the Mission was twenty-six years old, a very happy event took place. Two visitors came from America. Doctor W. W. Barr and Doctor Robert Stewart were sent out by the Board of Foreign Missions as commissioners. Our India missionaries felt lonely oftentimes—so lonely! They were off the regular tourist path, more than one thousand miles, and now they were to be visited! Great preparations were made to receive the welcome guests. The visit cheered their hearts and strengthened their hands. The commissioners, after carefully acquainting themselves with the work, stated their belief that to the Church at home the half had not been told. Within twelve months after their return to the homeland, reinforcements began coming and the Theological Seminary and other important institutions were better provided with men and means and placed upon a more solid footing.

One of the commissioners, Doctor Robert Stewart, was so impressed with this great and growing field that he decided to return to it as head of the Theological Seminary. He visited the sister Mission in Egypt. While there he was able to win one of the most beloved and able young missionaries in that Mission and she became willing to join her life to his and to return to India as his bride. Our India Church cherishes the memory of Miss Eliza Johnson who became Mrs. Robert Stewart for the efficient help she rendered in serving India's women for many years.

The year 1884 closed the third decade of our India Mission. The young Church that began without *one* Christian, ended its thirty years' existence with a membership of 3,245. There were seven organized churches and eight Mission Districts established, with 216 villages containing Christians. The Master's touch on these lives had been very real.

Chapter 5

THE FOURTH DECADE

AND now begins the saga of the India Mission from 1885 to 1940. The intervening years have been covered by the almost continuous presence of the two collaborators in this field, but they lament their inability to do full justice to all the devoted labors of the two hundred and eighty-three missionaries and of the remarkable happenings that have taken place in these fifty-five years. They can only touch some of the highlights; they can only tell intimately of some things they have experienced personally. Their desire is to show forth how a Church grew in North India from the most humble beginnings into a great Christian community which has touched much of the life of the Punjab, and indirectly, at least, influenced far distant parts of India.

This past summer, while speaking before an international group of missionaries, I mentioned that I belonged to the United Presbyterian Mission of the Punjab. Addressing more particularly a retired Methodist missionary sitting just in front of me, I said: "We are a small Mission when compared with your great Methodist body which is spread over so much of India, but you may have heard of the Sialkot Mission, a term better known than United Presbyterian." He said earnestly, "We certainly do know of the Sialkot Mission. Many of us thank God for what we have learned from that Mission."

Place and Personnel. In January, 1885, there were nineteen missionaries in the field: seven married men, their wives, and five single women. The season for meeting together for a fortnight to make plans for the new year had arrived and the mission stations were all astir in making last minute preparations for the great annual event. All except one station, Zafarwal, could come to the place of

meeting in Gurdaspur by train. The Martins lived and worked in Zafarwal district. They came across country forty miles' journey with their camp outfit, six strong camels heavily laden with tents and furniture, and encamped on the mission premises.

Sialkot delegation was headed by Doctor Robert Stewart, the principal of the Theological Seminary. He was accompanied by the Misses Elizabeth Gordon and Elizabeth McCahon. Gujranwala sent Doctor J. P. McKee and Miss Rosanna A. McCullough. From Jhelum in the north came Doctor T. L. Scott and Miss Emma Dean Anderson. Then there were Rev. and Mrs. David S. Lytle and baby Grace. The Lytles and the Rev. A. B. Caldwells joined the Mission in 1881. The Caldwells were stationed in Gurdaspur and were the hosts to the Annual Meeting. The Gordon family, because of sickness, was prevented from coming to all the sessions.

Mary J. Campbell and Josephine White Arrive. On the morning of January 5, a telegram came from Bombay telling of the safe arrival of two new missionaries and that they hoped to be in Gurdaspur the evening of the ninth. This glad news caused a flutter of excitement. Not much was known about the expected ones, Mary J. Campbell from Monmouth, Ill., and Josephine L. White from Grove City, Pa. For three years no new recruits had come, so the arrival of these was eagerly awaited. Naturally questions arose. What would they be like? Where would they be located? Were they not brave to come all alone? And one, who was getting ready to return to America after a ten years' absence said, "Now we'll see the latest styles."

Mr. Caldwell was deputized to meet them at Amritsar, the railway junction, forty miles distant. At that time, 1885, missionaries could travel comfortably all the way from Bombay by train, making the journey in *three* days instead of twenty or more by carts and palanquins as in former times from Calcutta. When the Bombay mail came into Amritsar that afternoon, the two young travelers, who had been a bit lonely on the long train journey, felt that a new world was

opening for them. They were now on the border of their chosen field of labor. As the train came to a standstill in the five-year-old station, a young man stepped up to their compartment and greeted them so cordially, saying, "I am Mr. Caldwell sent by the Mission to meet you." Just then a fellow passenger of the S. S. Asia, who had been on the same train, a major, on his way to Nowshera to join his regiment, came up to bid them goodbye and Godspeed. He was glad when he saw that they were met by a missionary and said, "I can now write the captain of the S. S. Asia that I left you in the hands of friends." Another kind official.

A Lesson in Courtesy. This officer had given us, who were so inexperienced, much help and information about travel in India, all of course from his point of view. The missionaries were a bit shocked over one of the experiences which we so innocently related later. On the way up country every time the train stopped our carriage windows were filled with vendors pressing their wares upon us—sweets, fruit, food, toys. Shaking our heads did us no good. We appealed to the major and asked him what to do. He smiled and said, "It is very simple. Just learn two words, 'Nikal jao,' and when the vendors come, put on a stern look and say 'Nikal jao!'" We did so and it worked like a charm. We used it all the way up country and were left in peace. But when we told our missionaries about our lingual attainment they looked worried and our dear Miss Gordon took us to one side and said, "If I were you girls, I should never use that expression again. Army officers may use it, but no missionaries." Then she explained that it was a harsh expression and really meant, "Go away! Get out of this!" I can truly say that I never used it again. I learned those first days that as followers of Christ we must treat all people courteously, using only words of love and sympathy. We had not come as rulers and lords, but as those who serve. But the major was kind to us and being an officer, people would not resent a little harshness from him. Our hearts were full of gratitude to God for bringing us to the Mission and for giving us a place in the Mission family.

At first we could not believe that this beautiful house in which the meeting was being held was a missionary house. We had expected to be taken to some little mud hut or small cottage back of it to live; and we would gladly have done so. We learned that Doctor Gordon had built not only the first Mission house in Sialkot, but this one in Gurdaspur as well. We learned, too, that he was just completing a history of "Our India Mission" covering its thirty years' existence. We felt greatly honored when he sat beside us one morning and wrote a brief sketch of our lives for the book and also asked for our pictures to put into the Mission history. We were the last arrivals to get into that popular book. Also, immediately after our arrival the Board of Foreign Missions was relieved of the support of single women, for in 1886 the Women's Board was founded and took over their support. We were the *first* to be supported by Presbyterials. Monmouth Presbyterial undertook the support of Mary J. Campbell and a few weeks later Beaver Valley Presbyterial took up the support of Josephine L. White. One wrote that year concerning this new thing in our Mission work, "Thus was presented the beautiful sight of our Christian women here at home furnishing the means of sending out and sustaining those who will labor to Christianize the ignorant and unhappy women of the non-Christian world." One by one other Presbyterials followed this lead and today have their own special missionary to support and to uphold in prayer.

Some of our readers may be interested in learning that only *three* of that group in 1885 are now living (1942)—Rosa A. McCullough, Emma Dean Anderson, and Mary J. Campbell. All others of that long ago have gone Home to be with Him Whom they so gladly served in far-off India.

Becoming Aware of Mission Problems. In those early days of our Mission the "young ladies" were not counted voting members, but they did have permission to occupy back seats in the Mission meetings and they took a lively interest in all the proceedings. The two latest accessions learned much from the debates on some of the big problems that confronted the young Church as they sat there hour after hour those

first days in India. One was the problem of education. The Mission had two kinds of institutions, those designed to aid in spreading the Gospel among the non-Christians and those established for the building up of the Christians after their conversion. Our schools for non-Christian boys were very popular at that time. The thoroughness and disinterestedness of the work was an attraction. Sensible parents liked the Bible instruction on morality. But year by year this sad record was made, "No boys from our school baptized during this past year." For this reason some of the missionaries wished this method of labor to be discontinued. One strong advocate for retaining these schools was Doctor J. P. McKee, of Gujranwala. At this Annual Meeting he reported that even though they had no baptisms, a great interest was manifested in regard to the truth. Those who advocated schools *only* for the Christians had much to commend their view. As these two listened to the marvelous story of how the untouchables were flocking to the banner of Jesus by the hundreds in scores of villages and how great was their need of instruction, they felt that much time and effort should be given to this work. They felt, too, that the matter of girls' schools should have been given more attention. They, of course, realized that women and girls in no part of the world at that period had their due share of training.

The meetings had been most uplifting. A deep spiritual atmosphere was felt in every session. The psalms never sounded sweeter. Then at the meal hours what wholesome fun and laughter and sometimes a few wet eyes as some recollection of the dear homeland came very close to their hearts. The days passed quickly. The last morning came. The camp broke up. Tents were packed on the grumbling camels and they moved away to new pastures.

Opium Addict Language Teacher. Miss White had been assigned to Jhelum for a year's study of the Urdu, and I, to Sialkot and Gujranwala for a similar purpose. What a wonderful year! I did not know till years afterward what made my language teacher so sleepy. Three hours each forenoon I was supposed to be taught by him, but instead of

teaching he slept. Many times he had to be aroused to give the meaning of a word. He was annoyed over these interruptions and would say curtly, "You have a dictionary; look up the meaning of the word yourself. It is good practice for you."

And so it was. I continued the habit as I went on into the study of Punjab, Hindi, and Persian later, but I felt he was a careless teacher. Afterward I learned that he was an opium addict. This new experience helped me to realize the necessity for trained teachers for the new missionaries. Later in the book will come the story of Doctor Cummings' method of teaching and what it led to.

The year 1886 flew away as on eagles' wings. Another Annual Meeting! This time in Sialkot. The new missionaries received their permanent appointments. Miss White would remain in Jhelum; I was appointed to Zafarwal for village work, the first young woman to be set aside solely for this special form of work. Doctor Barr had built the home in Zafarwal but the Martins now occupied it.

The Martins of Zafarwal. And now I wish to pay a tribute to that most devoted and brilliant missionary of those early days—Mrs. Lydia Mossman Martin. Her beautiful life should have been written and published in book form for our United Presbyterian family long ago. Doubtless there are many today who never heard her name. She was a pioneer worker among the untouchables. She was wholehearted in her belief in this movement. She was the mother of five daughters and two sons. There were only three young children with their parents when I became a member of the family—Jamie, Bertie, and Jennie. The four older daughters were in Muskingum College, U. S. A. Mrs. Martin was the only teacher her children had. She used to give regular lessons in mathematics to Rukkho, a daughter of Kanaya, who afterward took the medical course in Agra and became a popular doctor. When the camping season came, she was ready to do her share: yes, far more than one woman's share. The Zafarwal district at that time had about one thousand baptized people living in one hundred villages.

These all had to be visited between the months of November and March.

The housekeeping was made more difficult because she could not get a well-trained cook. She baked all the bread for the family and prepared many other dishes from the simple food we could get in the villages. She spent the afternoons teaching the women who had so recently been baptized. Many who came and sat in the tent door were also taught by her; and I, the new Miss Sahiba, always with her, watching, learning. I knew no Punjabi then. I had spent my first year studying the Urdu, but this was not understood by the village people. When I said to Mrs. Martin, "How am I to learn this new language? Please get me a teacher," she replied, "We have no teacher." "Then please give me a book from which to learn." Again she replied sadly, "We do not have any books written in this village dialect." "Then tell me how to learn Punjabi." This is what she said, "Listen intently when the women talk and repeat after them, saying what you hear them saying. By and by you will be able to distinguish some words spoken just as they speak. Then one day it will open up to you and you will find yourself speaking freely." It seemed hopeless those first few weeks, but youth, a good memory, and a kind, motherly missionary to keep right after me with encouragement all combined to produce a happy result. By the end of 1886 I was able to speak the sweet Punjabi tongue in a fairly satisfactory manner. Friends used to say I had even learned the gestures used by the women.

Mrs. Martin Falls Seriously Ill. A great sorrow came into that happy Zafarwal home and district on December 3, 1886. Mrs. Martin had not been in good health for some time, but she insisted on going out to the district with the camp when November came around. Our first encampment was in a village seven miles from home. She and I went as usual that first afternoon to teach the women of the village. I can never forget her earnest teaching that day nor the rapt expression on her sweet face as she told again the story of Jesus and His love. She had just the ordinary group of un-

touchable women to speak to and the surroundings *so sordid*, but they were unusually attentive. So impressed was I with her manner that the thought flashed through my mind, "What if this should be her farewell message to India's sisters," and it was. She was even then standing on the shore of eternity. In the gray dusk of evening we walked back to the little white tents. On the way she remarked, "Foreign mail should be in today. Oh, how I long to hear from my dear children in America! I sometimes wonder if I think too much about them. Am I selfish in this? Does my love for them detract from my service here?" All I could say was, "No, indeed. Please do not say that. Our dear women love you all the more for your devotion to your own."

We hurried on. The bread was ready for baking. She carried out the pans and placed them in the crudely made oven. Supper was served. She brought in the loaves through a light rain and must have been chilled by the cold, damp air. All night long she tossed in fever and in the morning we heard her coughing in great distress and moaning in agony. Doctor Martin felt we should all return to Zafarwal but her indomitable spirit would not let her think of herself for a moment. "You know," she said, "we are due in Mirali tomorrow where a communion service has been arranged and we must not disappoint the people." She was too ill to sit up, so a couch was arranged for her in a four-wheeled wagon and we moved on to Mirali. There she was taken into a room in the pastor's house, clean, but with no comforts. There was no doctor. Sabbath passed. Mrs. Martin grew worse. Monday we drove into Narowal, a small town where the Church Missionary Society had a fine work. Mrs. Martin was taken into a missionary home and a trained nurse, a lovely German sister, took charge of her, but it was too late to save the precious life.

And Finishes Her Work. Mrs. Martin realized she was going home. She called her three little ones and commended them to Jesus. She sent messages to the four daughters in America. Then quietly slipped away. Twenty years of

service she gave to India. No one was more capable, more devoted!

Doctor and Mrs. Barr had just recently returned from America and were in Sialkot. When they heard of the illness of this beloved friend they hastily made preparations to go to Narowal. They supplied themselves with some necessary medicines and started on the thirty-mile journey across country. Mrs. Martin was so glad to see them but double pneumonia had done its work and she and they knew her life work was finished. Doctor Martin expressed an earnest desire to have Mrs. Martin laid to rest in the Sialkot cemetery. A coffin was made from some very heavy wood under Doctor Barr's direction and he himself drove the wagonette containing the casket that long journey back to Sialkot.

Doctor Martin and the three children soon left for America. Doctor and Mrs. Barr were again located in Zafarwal. This time they came back from the homeland all alone, so gladly they took the two young ladies assigned there—Kate Corbett and Mary J. Campbell. These four became known as the Zafarwal club and worked together as one for seven full and happy years building up little Christian communities in that old district.

The Kanaya Family. Their nearest neighbor was Kanaya and his remarkable family. The following history of his family is given by Miss Emma Dean Anderson:

“There were seven children in that home. Three of the daughters married ministers of our Punjab Synod, another daughter studied medicine in Agra and married a doctor. They both practiced in a Mission hospital. One son became a minister of the Gospel and was one of the first three young theological students who gave up all foreign money and started self-support work in our Mission. Two other sons were evangelists. One of them is a ruling elder in Sargodha congregation and for years has been in charge of the Mission Reading Room where he has had many opportunities for witnessing for Christ.

“Kanaya's grandchildren number twenty-one, and there

are sixty great-grandchildren and five great-great-grandchildren. Many of the grandchildren are holding responsible positions in Mission or Government departments. There are ministers, professors in colleges, leaders in educational and industrial institutions, doctors, teachers, engineers, clerks. Eight went to Europe and America for service or advance study. One grandson was a chaplain in the World War and died of influenza in Mesopotamia. God has blessed His faithful servant even unto the fourth generation. After their children were all married and living in their own homes, Kanaya and his wife left Scottgarb at Zafarwal and went to live with their youngest son at Sargodha. Many an hour Kanaya spent in the reading room talking to the leading men of the city and in his quiet way witnessing for his Lord.

Kanaya's Passing and Burial. "In 1911, after a short illness, he peacefully passed to his reward. During those days it was a privilege to those who visited him to hear his testimony of God's goodness to him and his confidence, through Jesus Christ, in things eternal. He sang a great deal. His favorite song was the first part of the one hundred and eleventh Psalm, 'Praise ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart and in the assembly of the upright and in the congregation. The works of the Lord are great, sought out by all them that take pleasure therein. His work is honorable and glorious, and His righteousness endureth forever. He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered. The Lord is gracious and full of compassion. He hath given meat to them that fear Him. He will ever be mindful of His covenant.' He sang this psalm over and over and how sweet it sounded in his simple Punjabi language, especially when we knew it was also the language of his heart.

"Owing to our India climate, funeral arrangements have to be quickly made. It was midnight when we met for the service. The pastor read some portions of God's Word. We sang Kanaya's favorite song, prayer was offered, and then the men of our congregation lifted the simple black casket and carried it to the little cemetery half a mile away. The

whole congregation followed after. The full moon was shining in all her Oriental splendor, the stars so bright. All was calm and peaceful. After the casket was lowered, the pastor led in prayer, praising God for the believer's victory over death and then said, 'We commit the body of our friend to God's keeping in the full assurance of a glorious resurrection when the Lord shall call away His own to meet Him in the air.' Then came the benediction. As we turned homeward, I thought, 'What a fitting ending to a beautiful life spent for God. One is so glad, too, to be counted worthy to give the Gospel to India's people, a Gospel that compels people to follow Christ no matter what the cost.' "

A Saint Extraordinary. In the Mission report of 1912 we find it said of this old saint:

"A well-known character, Kanaya, has passed away. Of him it was said, 'To the last he was a man of strength of character far beyond the ordinary. His indomitable will and courageous resolution combined with his simple, unwavering faith in Christ furnish us with the explanation of his dauntless stand in the midst of persecutions, more fiery than those to which thousands have succumbed. I believe his faith never once faltered, nor have I ever heard that it weakened. We sometimes see converts temporarily or permanently recant when subjected to the trials their non-Christian relatives bring upon them. Kanaya seemed rather to grow stronger as difficulties gathered around him.'

"One of my precious recollections in those Zafarwal days was slipping into the Kanaya home at evening time, when the mother was preparing the evening meal and Kanaya was resting from his labors in the field. He always called me 'Beti' (daughter) and we talked over many things."

Chapter 6

“A SWEEPER MISSION”

YES. This is the term that was applied to our Mission back in the eighties, when scores of India's untouchables began flocking into the Christian fold. This unkind, un-Christian remark hurt, but not one in our Mission relaxed his effort to further the movement, not one lost faith in it. Only a “sweeper” Mission! Long ago this term of reproach ceased to be heard, and one by one other Missions began doing all they could to shepherd these poor lost sheep of India. Our little Mission had the honor of being the leader in what has grown to be a great movement all over North India.

Only those countries which have practiced slavery can have any adequate conception of what the lives of these untouchables were like, and I doubt if even they ever condemned their slaves to such poverty and degradation and hopelessness as have the higher castes in India condemned these poor human beings.

Origin of the Untouchables. No one knows clearly when these unfortunate ones came into this cruel bondage. It probably grew gradually out of the caste system. “Caste is difficult to understand until one has lived long in India,” said Mr. C. F. Andrews. In the beginnings of organized life in India, there were evidently three main orders of higher society. One meets with these among all the leading Aryan peoples, in ancient Persia and in ancient Greece where Aryan languages akin to Sanskrit were in daily use: first the Brahmins, priests; secondly the warriors, called Kshattriyas, who ruled the clans; thirdly, the agricultural settlers, or Vaishyas, who tilled the soil; last of all, much below these, and probably representing a conquered race, were the Shudras, who did the laborers' work. In ancient Greece these were known as *helots*.

Later on came what was termed *Pariahs*, or untouchables. These lowest conquered peoples, very dark of skin, began to be despised and were given only the menial duties of scavenging and sweeping, tanning of animal hides and other so-called unclean occupations. They were offered in return the leavings of food which would otherwise be cast to the dogs; they were reduced to eat even carrion to keep alive. Their occupations made them filthy, their food impure. At last, their touch itself in some parts of India, even their shadow, became regarded as polluting, and they were called as a class, *Untouchables*.

They are compelled to live in separate quarters in the villages, usually on the outskirts and near a pond of dirty water. Evil-smelling filth is accumulated in heaps close beside their houses. Their houses, like others in the village, are built of mud, but much smaller. There will be one or two small unventilated rooms facing a small court, surrounded by a mud wall. The furniture consists of one or two cots, a spinning wheel, a few cooking utensils. The little children are clad only in nature's garb.

Called of God. The Apostle Paul in his letter to the Corinthians said, and I paraphrase, "Ye see your calling, brethren. Not many wise men, Brahmins, not many mighty, the soldier class, not many noble, Maharajas and Nawabs, are called; but God hath chosen the untouchables of India to confound the wise, the mighty, the noble." This has truly happened in India. When our Mission was founded, the early missionaries had no thought then of being leaders in calling out these despised ones. They were looking forward to the day when Hindus, Sikhs, Mohammedans would turn to Jesus Christ. Thank God many of these did come and have been pillars in the Church, but the despised ones, the unwanted ones, just came stumbling in and no one could say them nay.

First Converts. In 1857 two men were baptized by Doctor Gordon, the very first converts. One was a high caste Hindu, by name Ram Bhajan, the other, Janhari, a poor, old, gray-headed sweeper. Side by side these two stood and received

the rite of baptism—a high caste and a man of low degree—symbolical of what our future as a Mission was to be. That was a great day in the young Mission, but its full significance was not understood until many years later. Another sweeper was baptized a few months afterward. He lived only a short time, and he was the first to be buried in our Mission cemetery in Sialkot.

It was not till 1873 that the movement among these lowly ones began to assume large proportions. A high caste man in the district of Zafarwal, whose name was Nathu, was baptized by Doctor Barr in 1872. He went out and won to Jesus Christ a dark little man, lame of leg, quiet and modest in manner. This man was thirty years of age and his name was Ditt. He was an untouchable. One day Nathu took Ditt to Sialkot to meet Doctor Martin and presented him as one who was ready for baptism. Doctor Martin suggested that he would like him to have further instruction, also in his mind he was wondering how he could possibly feed another convert, for up to that time all the converts had to be fed and clothed. The rite of baptism separated them absolutely from kith and kin. If a person had property he lost it all by becoming a Christian. Ditt quietly insisted that he was ready to make a public confession of his faith in Christ. Mrs. Martin, who had a keen insight into character, said to her husband, “You will not make a mistake in baptizing him. I feel he is sincere and true.” Doctor Martin no longer hesitated, and another humble man was added to the little Christian community.

The Beginning of Self-Support. Ditt now said to Doctor Martin, “I thank you. Please give me permission to return to my family and village.” He asked that no monetary provision be made for him. How this surprised the missionary! What would the outcome be? Ditt limped back the thirty miles to his village, which was near Mirali. He immediately began witnessing for his Saviour. Some heard with deep interest, some scoffed, his own near relatives denounced him as a traitor. One said, “You already have a broken leg; may your other also break!” To all these insults he gave

patient replies. He went about his business as usual, buying and selling hides, and wherever he stopped told of his new-found Saviour.

After a period of two years his wife and only child were ready for baptism. He took them into Sialkot and presented them to Doctor Martin who gladly baptized them. Later other relatives came and neighbors who also embraced the new religion. Now a little community of believers was formed in and around Mirali.

Mass Movements. From far-distant villages word came that untouchables were seeking to know more about Jesus. One was baptized by Doctor McKee in Gujranwala district and this inaugurated that marvelous movement which swept thousands into the fold of Jesus Christ. Doctor McKee became a great champion of this new thing.

Gurdaspur had a similar story. None of these had any contact with each other. It was without doubt a movement guided by the Spirit of God. The time had come for those who had been pariahs for thousands of years, to arise and shake off the shackles which had bound them as with iron chains. And God graciously gave our Church the precious privilege of leading the movement. The problem of support had settled itself. The newly made converts just stayed on in their homes and carried on their humble occupations. Oh, yes, they had to meet some persecutions—some laughed at them, some jeered, some cursed—but they remained true and steadfast.

Christianity Elevates the Untouchables. The Mission did provide teachers for them. They needed much instruction. Little schools were started for the children. How eagerly the little folks studied their lessons! How many times were we asked in our regular village visitations to provide them with more literature! We had so little in those days to give. It was not long until the children of these baptized ones would be called upon to read and write letters for the high caste neighbors, even the Brahmins. Respect came with the entrance of learning. Mr. Montgomery, the Deputy Commissioner of Sialkot district, said to us once in a visit he

paid us, “Little do the Brahmins and other castes realize what is happening in their villages. It is to the despised untouchables they have to look for one to read to them, or to explain certain weighty matters. Just as these are being lifted up, so the others come down.” An adjustment is slowly taking place, but caste does not die easily. It is, however, being modified. The Hindus themselves are repudiating it.

I was greatly touched one day while in South India, holding a meeting which was presided over by a Brahmin, who was the president of the Municipal Committee. He pleaded with his people to free the sweepers from their degrading work. He begged me to remain for a time and help him to get his work started. Mr. Gandhi, who is a Hindu, has this to say regarding the untouchables, “I make bold to prophesy that the moment India has repented of her treatment of the untouchables, that moment will India be hailed by the very English officials who seem to have hardened their hearts as a free and brave nation. This transformation cannot take place by any elaborately planned mechanical action: but it can take place if God’s grace is with us. Who can deny that God is working a wonderful change in our hearts?”

Discouragement in America. Only a few years before this ingathering began, some leaders in our home Church felt it would be wise to close the India Mission and concentrate entirely on Egypt. Doctor Barr went home on furlough in those days after eleven years’ strenuous work and was deeply grieved over this talk. He attended the General Assembly of that year and found a great battle on over this question. When the matter seemed almost hopelessly against India, he left the meeting one day and went down into the basement of the church to be alone. He sat quietly thinking, and I am sure he was praying, too. Doctor Audley Brown found him there and said to him, “Why are you hiding yourself away? You seem to have lost something.” Doctor Barr told him his trouble. “Well,” Doctor Brown said, “the Argyle Presbytery has petitioned the General Assembly to close the India Mission because of the few baptisms there.”

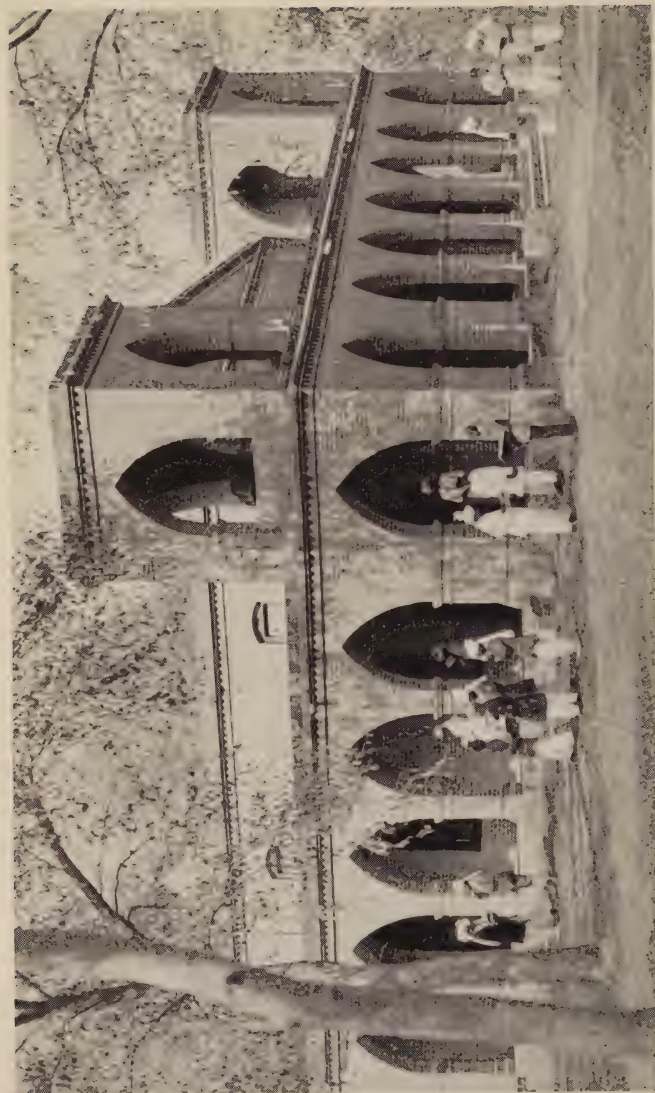
Then Doctor Barr opened up his heart and explained that

on account of caste in India, the field was very difficult. The farmers depended for laborers on the lowest caste, and when one of them became a Christian the landowners turned him off and he had no support, so he naturally looked to the missionaries for help. The Mission had no land and very few avenues for work were open. It was the same all over India because of caste. It was not so difficult in Egypt where they had an ancient Church and God's Word. India was absolutely untouched with Christianity.

Vision and Faith Triumph. Doctor Brown, who seemed greatly moved by Doctor Barr's sincere love for India, asked if he would come and help him plan a meeting for that night, when foreign missions would be discussed. It was arranged what Doctor Barr should say to the Assembly. He was the only representative from India. He must have been almost crushed by the responsibility, as he faced an Assembly divided on what to do. Hearts were surely moved as they listened to his quiet, impassioned plea for India. As he sat down, Doctor Audley Brown arose and moved that it was not the judgment of this Assembly that the India Mission should be closed. His wonderful speech in support of the motion gained the ear of all those in the Assembly except a very few who seemed determined India should be sacrificed. But it was not to be. Doctor Barr himself said, "Doctor Audley Brown was largely instrumental in saving the India Mission." I am glad after all these years to pay my tribute to one who under God helped more than we know to save part of North India for Jesus Christ.

It was during this period that the little, lame man Ditt stepped out so bravely for the Lord and blazed the way for a great Church that did not seek to be fed or clad by its foreign benefactors. Ditt and his people showed to the world that they were not seeking worldly benefits, but that they rejoiced to follow the crucified Lord who made Himself poor that they might become rich.

A short time afterward our India Mission sent out a loud cry for more reinforcements to help care for the abundant harvest. And they came!



Willard Price

THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, GUJRANWALA

See chapter 13—pages 109-115

Chapter 7

GOD'S LITTLE ONES

IN telling the story of how a Church grew in the Punjab villages, it seems only fitting that one very important part of the community should not be neglected; that is the coming generation, the little ones that filled the homes and streets.

In our highly favored America, how we rejoice in the sweet, innocent, well-nourished little ones that fill every corner of our land. *Our* coming generation! What a contrast between the two great lands—India and the United States! As I sit in Florida this lovely April morning with its sunshine, and flowers, and pure breezes, so far away from India's villages with their dusty, evil-smelling streets, their dark abodes, I almost shrink from giving you some of the pictures that crowd into memory's gallery of the little brown babies in the homes of the untouchables.

"Hear Them Moan." For eight years I was daily in and out of these homes teaching the mothers and children of those who had been brought into the Church. After a morning of hard work, cleaning the filth from their high caste neighbors' houses and stables, these poor women would come in, so wan and weary, and sit down for their Bible lesson. Often with their hands still covered with manure and a moaning infant in their arms, they would say so pitifully, "See my poor little baby! It grows thinner and weaker! Look at its closed eyes! Hear it moan! Can't you do something to help it?"

And what did I see? A sight that haunts me still. A tiny, emaciated body covered with sores, eyes swollen and festering, covered with flies, and such pitiful moans as it weakly turned in its mother's arms. "Children," the old Greeks used to say, "are the joy of the world," but in those

unfortunate homes they have become more often ineffable sorrow. I used to go back from those morning lessons to the peaceful Zafarwal home and pour out my sorrow to its inmates, and they would say, "Don't grieve so bitterly over this. You cannot endure the strain." I knew that was true. Then, again, I would come from the village and say, "The little one I told you about yesterday is dead. It has gone to Him Who gave it life, and now it is happy in the arms of Jesus."

Jesus Loves Them. One day the faithful senior missionary said to me, "I think I should tell you that there are some great theologians who would not agree with you that it is well with these little ones who have died outside the pale of Christianity!"

Now I knew that I was not a theologian—very few of us women missionaries are—but I did know that Jesus Christ loved the little ones in Galilee and in the hills of Judea and I believed He loved all the millions of babies in India and China and everywhere. I stoutly affirmed this. "I agree with you," the missionary said, "and I believe we have sanction for this in the Lord's own blessed words and actions. He Who took up the babes into His arms and blessed them and said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' must love them with an all-embracing, eternal love."

With renewed courage I could go back to the mother whose arms were empty and tell her of Jesus and the Heavenly Home and of the joy and loving care her precious one now had. Even though the tears streamed down her face, she was comforted and would say, "I will try to be a better woman, I will follow Jesus more closely, and some day I shall see my darling again." O what a Saviour!

It came to me long afterward that these little ones are, in a sense, "God's Little Images." When asked why, I reply, "The Scriptures given away back in the very beginning say, 'So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him. Male and female created He them.' If the men and women are made in His image, it follows without a doubt that, in some sense, their dear chil-

dren are 'God's Little Images.' ” This appellation makes them very precious to me.

Our Sacred Task. To our Church has been committed the sacred task of caring for and of teaching a few million of North India's people, and in this great multitude we find thousands of His little ones.

Ignorance and poverty had despoiled the outward appearance of these little images, but the removal of these blights could bring back beauty and joy. I do want our readers to know that great changes have taken place. True, the work has been slow, the teachers have been few, the doctors could only reach a very small percentage of the needy ones, but year by year progress is being made.

The Curse of Drugs. I did not know in those early days of village work what I learned many years afterward, that the foes to India's childhood were not only ignorance and poverty, but a much more insidious one—*opium*. Mothers had learned that a tiny opium pill would put their babies to sleep and keep them quiet while they worked. They did not realize the wrong they were doing their children and, alas!, in those days many Christian workers were ignorant of the widespread use of opium and so did not know to warn the people. I was one of them. Opium shops are accessible all over India. They are found in great cities and small ones. Some villages even have them. In our own Mission field I myself have visited opium shops in Pathankot, Gurdaspur, Gujranwala, Sialkot, Rawalpindi, and Lyallpur.

Drug Shop Scenes. On an April evening accompanied by a friend in a certain city, I visited two opium shops, one hashish shop (hemp or marihuana), one toddy, and one country liquor shop. Here is what I saw: In the first one visited, an opium shop, we stood twenty-five minutes talking with those who had charge of the shop, as well as with those who came to buy. During that period of time there were twenty-six sales, sixteen for the babies. The vendor said that he sold twenty to twenty-four pounds monthly. The people with whom we talked nearly all admitted that it was a bad thing to give opium to the little ones, but said they, “What

can we do? Without opium they cry and cry and hinder us in our work." One woman brought her three-year-old son who was suffering from cataracts in both eyes. When we expostulated with her for giving opium to her boy of three years (they usually stop giving this drug when a child is about two years of age), she said, "I am giving opium to him for his eye trouble, and I shall continue giving until his eyes are well." Poor ignorant mother! The pity was she could buy it so easily. Out of the twenty-six purchasers, one was a Christian.

The second opium shop visited was managed by a Moham-medan. He seemed very much ashamed of his business and said he was glad to have us warn the people not to give it to the babies.

The hemp drug shops (marihuana) attract the men and boys. Noisy crowds gather around these places. All kinds of liquor, foreign and domestic, opium and hemp drugs, are licensed for sale.

Muriel Lester Protests. Several years ago I had the sad privilege of introducing Muriel Lester to an opium shop in North India. She was shocked. The result of that morning's visit so stirred the heart of that devoted Englishwoman that she met with National and Government leaders in India and protested strongly against the sale of opium for children. She went to Japan and pleaded there for them to cease selling the drug in China. Back in her homeland she entered Parliament with her cry for this traffic to be stopped. It will be a glad day for India's babies when this business is done away, and one no longer sees the poor little things with pinched faces looking like persons who have suddenly grown old.

The amount of opium consumed in India a few years ago was about 1,700,000 pounds a year, provision for the sale being made through some 7,000 licensed shops.

The actual consumption that is regarded as normal and legitimate by the League of Nations for full medical purposes is 12 pounds avoirdupois of raw opium for every 10,000 of the population. In many parts of India consumption greatly

exceeds these figures. In parts of the Punjab 100 pounds per 10,000 is consumed. These figures have been supplied by the Rev. C. F. Andrews, an English missionary, and one who was devoted to India's people. He bravely fought the opium traffic.

And Others Help. When the child welfare organization was effected, many English ladies, wives of officials, took a keen interest in working against opium, especially for the babies and in all their clinics had special lectures on the harm done by it.

In every possible way your missionaries have done heroic service in trying to build up public sentiment against the use of all harmful drugs. But notwithstanding all this splendid fight against the evil, it still continues to a great extent. Pray with us for the suppression of this enemy against India's childhood.

Chapter 8

TWO NOTABLE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS

THE SIALKOT SCHOOL

Saved from a Life of Vice. One of the first pupils to enter the little school started by Elizabeth Gordon in Sialkot in 1857, and known as an orphanage, was a sweet little maiden aged three and one-half years. She had been rescued from a house of ill-repute by the chief magistrate of the Gujrat district. "This child was not only beautiful, but her manners, disposition and intelligence were such as to make her a general favorite. The wicked people into whose hands she had fallen, esteeming her a valuable prize, were very unwilling to give her up. She was a slender, delicate, pretty little creature, active and playful, seemingly consisting of mind and spirit, cumbered only with the least possible quantity of matter."

Her clear apprehension of divine truth and her application of it to herself began very early to attract attention. When she was thought to be too young to read, she caught up verses from the lips of older children. As she was skipping and running about at her play one day, Miss Gordon overheard her repeating: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge, but fools despise wisdom and instruction." The mere remembering and repeating of what she had heard was not in itself remarkable, but the tone and emphasis with which she uttered the words "*fools*" and "*despise*" showed that *she* was resolved to be one of the wise; and the more actively she hopped and skipped, the more emphatically she expressed her resolution. Another verse learned in the same way was: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy strength, and with all thy mind."

Piyari's Conversion and Witness. On this she commented in the midst of her childish sports thus: "It is very *little* strength that I have, but whatever strength there is in me, with *that* I must love the Lord." These things in so young a child who had but recently been rescued from the clutches of vice appeared so remarkable to Miss Gordon that she felt deeply impressed by them. They were not the result of any special effort on her part, she said, in behalf of Piyari—Beloved—the little child's name, such efforts being all directed to the older girls, but the evident result of the Spirit's teaching. When she was ten years of age she was received into full membership in the Sialkot congregation. Mrs. Barr, who had charge of the orphanage for a time, observed that Piyari of her own accord gathered all the other girls for worship and took the lead in the exercises. This sweet little flower snatched from the life that would have led to shame was placed in the garden of God's making where she shed beauty and fragrance on all things around her.

When Piyari was about twenty she became the bride of George Lawrence Thakur, one of the most brilliant young men in our Mission. Their married life was very brief, only one year. On her deathbed, a missionary was sent for to pray with her, but so happy and triumphant did she find Piyari in the hour of departure that she felt, as she said, more like praising than praying. By devious ways little girls found their way into this school which later became the mother of our schools for Christian girls.

Is It a Prison? I would like to insert one of my very early experiences in connection with this school. I had been located in Sialkot with Miss Gordon for language study. One evening she took me to the cantonments and the bazaar near by. We passed a high wall encircling a large compound. It was a sheer concrete wall and the top was studded with broken glass. "What a strange looking place!" I exclaimed. "Is it a prison?" Miss Gordon looked at me sadly and said, "I wish you had not asked me about it, but since you have I must tell you the truth. Such places as these are usually

found near military quarters. In it are women kept under lock and key for immoral purposes." "How do they get women for this evil life?" "Oh, my dear child, that is a very sad story. Pretty little girls are often abducted and sold to the Army by certain wicked men engaged in this business."

A Trio of Leaders. Three such little girls, beautiful children, were stolen from Kashmir and brought to this place. Fortunately an officer before whom they came was a Christian and when these little maidens were brought before him he knew they were too young to realize what kind of life they were entering. He said to the eldest, who was about ten years of age: "Do you realize what this place is you are entering?" She said, "No, is it a school?" Then he explained as well as he could, and she burst out weeping and fell at his feet, saying: "I am a good girl, oh save me from this wicked place." He took the little girls home with him, and the next day he and his wife took them down to the orphanage and placed them in Miss Gordon's care and paid for their upkeep for some time. These three were saved. Hundreds have been entrapped and lost. This trio became leaders in all forms of Christian activities, in schools, in hospitals, and all three were happily married.

The Pioneers in Girls' Schools. In those early days little girls lived in close seclusion. The parents were not much interested in having them taught. Ignorant mothers were the little girls' only teachers. In the face of much opposition and greater indifference, the missionary women pioneers, Elizabeth Gordon, Eliza Calhoun, Elizabeth McCahon, and Cynthia Wilson, gave themselves unreservedly to this form of service, the teaching of women and girls. Miss McCahon succeeded Miss Gordon in the now rapidly growing school, and its name was changed to "The Girls' Boarding School of Sialkot." The "G. B. S." it is lovingly called all over the Mission. As the church in the villages grew in numbers and in knowledge, so did the desire to have their daughters educated take on new impetus and the Sialkot G. B. S. opened wide its doors to these dear girls of village folk.

“Hard Times” in America. In the year 1896 Miss Kate Corbett and the writer were in charge of this school. At the time its students numbered one hundred girls. A wonderful work of grace had taken place in it. The revival had changed every life in our midst and the work had never gone so smoothly. Our whole school was full of love for the Master and for each other. Then one day a letter came to the mission field bearing sad tidings. It came from the Board of Foreign Missions. It told of “hard times” in America, and how, because of this, the Mission receipts had been greatly reduced. “It would be necessary,” the letter said, “for the Mission estimates to be reduced twenty-five per cent.” The letter went the rounds of the mission stations, and one day reached the Girls’ Boarding School in Sialkot where it was read by the two ladies in charge. In consternation they exclaimed, “A cut of twenty-five per cent! Oh, what does that mean to us in this school! How can we reduce expenses?”

It cost only \$1.25 per month to support a girl in the school. This sum fed, clothed and taught a girl for one month. True, it meant plain living, two simple meals a day, the “dry bread and something in which to dip it,” two plain, coarse cotton suits of clothing a year, and a staff of teachers who received from \$3.00 to \$8.00 per month for their wages.

After talking the matter over, the ladies decided they could not feed the girls less food and keep them well and strong; they could not clothe them on less; and as they were in the school to be taught, the teaching staff could not well be reduced. There was no alternative but to turn some of the girls out of the school. The question then arose, “Which ones shall we turn away?” They looked over the school, and saw happy little Feroza, the baby of the school, now four years old, who had come to them at the age of two, a motherless child. Surely they could not turn her away. Then they looked again and saw eight-year-old Hannah who was lame. Could they turn her out into the cold, cruel world?

One after another the faces of the girls came before them,

until they reached the highest class. These girls, Marlka, Viro, and Nasiban, were even now preparing for the Government examination and would soon be going up for their final examination. Then they would be able to help in the school as teachers. They needed help so much. Could it be right to turn them away from school?

Not one of the girls did the sorrowing ladies want to send away from the school, the only school in the whole mission field for the training of Christian girls. They struggled on a few days longer trying to keep the one hundred girls together in the happy school home, but a day came when they did not have enough to feed all the children and some of them went hungry that day.

Breaking Hearts in India. "It will have to be done," Miss Corbett said, and that evening after worship was over, the girls were asked to remain seated a little while longer. "Children," she began, "we have something to tell you." They looked up in surprise, wondering what they were to hear. "We have had sad news from home," she continued, while the faces of the girls grew very sad; they thought perhaps their Miss Sahibas had heard of the death of some loved one. "They are having hard times in America," she said, and she spoke very slowly now, for she found it so hard to tell them what the hard times meant to them in the school. "Hard times." Oh, yes, they knew the meaning of that. It meant famine, and people dying by the thousands from starvation. Was that what had happened in America? Were the people over there dying because there was no food? Oh, they were sorry!

The two missionaries were too sad to explain that matters were not so serious as that. A few less luxuries for the rich, and a little plainer style of living for the mass of people was probably all that would result from "hard times" in the homeland. The explanation made to the children was: "We are so sorry, but 'hard times' really means that people in America are giving less money to missions. You know this school is supported by Christians over there. They are not giving as much as they used to give, and you know how

we have economized lately. This morning some of you did not have enough to eat. How can we tell you? 'Some of you must leave school and go back to your homes.' "

Then followed that which would surely have touched the hearts of even those least interested in missions. The girls began to cry and to plead so earnestly to be kept. One little girl, leaning against the brick wall, said, with sobs choking her voice: "Please don't turn me away from your school. I don't know much about Jesus yet, and my people are heathen. If I go I am afraid I'll forget all I have learned. Please do keep me." Another said: "My people are so poor. They do not have enough to feed all the children who are at home. Oh, keep me."

The missionaries knew this was true, for it was famine year in India. "If you'll only keep me," wailed one, "I'll try so hard to be good." The older girls were quietly wiping the tears from their own sad faces. The Miss Sahibas could not endure the strain any longer. Saying good night to the girls, they went to their own room, where they had to decide who would have to leave on the morrow. When this sad task was over the names of thirteen girls were written on a piece of paper.

Thirteen Unfortunates. The next morning Miss Corbett went out into the school yard and told these little girls they were chosen to go. The school clothing was removed from them in accordance with a Mission rule, and the rags they had worn to school put on them. Then Miss Corbett called to the other missionary who was getting ready for the day's work in the schoolroom: "They are going now; won't you come and say goodbye?" "I'm coming," she answered, and started in through a small back door. As she came inside the courtyard she heard the heavy front gate open, creaking on its hinges as it opened. She knew only too well what that sound was. The gate was not opening to let some more little girls into the blessed sunlight of the Christian school, but it was opening, to close again with thirteen of their dear children on the outside, shut out because there was not enough money available to support them at \$1.25 per month.

She drew a little nearer the crying groups of girls where goodbyes were being said to the unfortunate little school-mates. She overheard one say: "I would do with just one meal a day if they would only keep me." And another: "I would eat only one piece of bread instead of two if they would only let me stay." "I am willing to sleep on the ground," one poor little thing was saying hysterically, "anything, anything that I may not have to leave school."

The missionary could not listen longer. She felt her heart breaking, and turning to Miss Corbett said: "I cannot say goodbye; you will have to see them leave."

The Tragedy of Retrenchment. Miss Corbett's heart ached none the less, but her nerves were a little stronger for the trying ordeal. By and by the gates closed, and the thirteen sad little figures could be seen on the outside, weeping for the place that had been more than home to them, for there they had been taught of Jesus. Through no fault of theirs they had been turned out into the cruel, heathen world of superstition and darkness.

When the Miss Sahibas could bear to speak of that sad day, they said: "Who sent them away?" Did the friends in the homeland know when retrenchment was sounded all along the line of missionary work it meant that little children must suffer too? Do not the pleading voices of these little ones of India come to you, dear Christian friends? They stand before you in their tattered garments, and, with their big brown eyes full of tears, say to you so beseechingly: "Please keep us in school a little while longer; we want to learn more about Jesus."

THE SCHOOL IN GUJRANWALA

Founders Face Parental Fear. Educational work among girls in Gujranwala was opened in 1868 and has continued until this day. To Mrs. Barr goes the honor of having founded the Gujranwala Girls' School, ably assisted by Mrs. George Scott. Associated with this school from the beginning were not only these two, but Miss Eliza Calhoun and Miss Cynthia Wilson and Mrs. J. P. McKee. All of these

are now deceased. In later years others who have been in charge are Mrs. Robert Maxwell, Mrs. A. M. Laing, Miss Hazel Bennett, Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Louise Scott, Miss Ruth Ardrey, Miss Margaret Murdoch, and Mrs. W. H. Merriam. Miss Rosa McCullough, who lived fifty years in Gujranwala, kept in touch with the old pupils when they left the school. In those early days it was no easy task to persuade the parents to let their little girls go to school. They regarded it as highly improper for girls above eight years of age to venture outside their homes unaccompanied by one of the family.

But by 1935 what a change! Then there was definite evidence of the ability of the girls without their parents to venture away from their homes. It was during the celebration of the Silver Jubilee for King George the Fifth, when from *eleven* schools for girls in Gujranwala City run by the Government, the Municipal Committee, the Mohammedans, Hindus, Sikhs, and Christians, three thousand girls crossed the Grand Trunk Road, main artery of India, the railway tracks and on to sports field, and they joined in a sports tournament and accepted a treat of candy.

The "Callers." A far cry, this, from the days of the faithful old "callers"! It was Miss Calhoun who introduced the "callers" into our non-Christian girls' schools. It was a time-honored custom which permitted poor widows to go about the streets in search of food and employment. Some of these Miss Calhoun engaged to accompany little girls to and from school for eighty cents a month. They were styled "callers" and became a necessary adjunct to all schools for Hindu and Mohammedan girls. Ten small schools were opened in Gujranwala with an average of thirty girls in each. Later a central school was formed which became a middle school with a normal department.

Missionaries "Untouchable." In those days even the missionary was counted an "untouchable" by the high caste little girls. They would not receive a book from the hand of the missionary; it must first be laid upon the ground until purified from her touch, only then would they deign to pick

it up. They would not touch her person, nor dress, nor allow her to touch them. Truly a change has come about in the intervening years! And all because of the blessing of God on the persevering efforts of the first missionaries.

There is one whose name has not yet come into the picture, not a foreign missionary but an Indian sister, who had more to do with this influential school than any other, and I am sure if I had the opportunity to ask each one already mentioned if I should here pay a loving tribute to her the answer would be: "Please do!"

Miss Mukerjee. I refer to Miss K. M. Mukerjee, who for more than forty years labored in this school, beginning in her early twenties and continuing until within six years of her death. Miss Mukerjee belonged to a family of Bengali Brahmins of Calcutta. Her father was a convert under Doctor Duff, and a graduate of the Scottish Free Church College. He came to the Punjab when this daughter was but a child. He gave her all the instruction she ever had, and better than many schools could have given. She became well versed in oriental literature, and could talk acceptably with the learned of the land. She became proficient, as well, in Sanskrit, Persian, Urdu, Punjab, Hindi and English. Her mother tongue was Bengali. She was devoted to all that pertained to India, but above all her first loyalty was to Jesus Christ. For many years she served as headmistress in this school.

Official Tributes to Miss Mukerjee. The old log book, official record of Government inspection, during those years contains many fine references to Miss Mukerjee's splendid work. In 1903 it was recorded: "This school consists as for some years past of a central school and ten branch schools, containing in all four hundred and fifteen girls, of whom seventy-two are in the central school and twelve of these in the normal department. Miss Mukerjee was in charge. Bubonic plague was very bad. Three branch teachers died of it, and two 'callers' and many pupils. Miss Mukerjee kept the school up even to its usual standard through the late trying times."

In 1904: "Some disturbance has been caused by the conversion of a Hindu girl to Christianity, a sister of one of the teachers. Five of the normal girls gave lessons before the Inspectress with good results. Miss Mukerjee has again had a hard struggle against difficulties. Her zeal and high principle, her keenness for improvement and love of knowledge must communicate themselves to the girls, and make the school as it has been always a great influence in Gujranwala."

In 1914: "School suffered heavily because Miss Mukerjee was ill and could not supplement every one's work in each class as she usually does. The school is only kept going by her energy and zeal. She works very long hours at the school and then takes the weaker girls to her house where she gives them special instruction. Plague and malaria again took their toll. New communal schools in the city drew away pupils and the strain began to tell on Miss Mukerjee's health."

In 1919 there were serious riots all over India and intense anti-British feeling made it necessary to close all schools for many months. But in 1920 the Inspectress wrote: "Miss Mukerjee's personality is such that she was able to be the first to reopen school. She is so much respected that her quietly expressed opinions have had considerable influence and most of her pupils have come back."

Who Can Tell? Who can tell how many women in the great city of Gujranwala love the Lord Jesus Christ because of the life and work and witness of Miss M. K. Mukerjee? One mother brought her two little girls from Calcutta to live with their grandmother and go to our school, "because all of us women in our family went to Miss Mukerjee's school."

In 1927 she retired from the school and took up a work even more dear to her heart than the school, that of visiting in the homes of the city where she constantly met her "old girls" as wives, mothers, and grandmothers. The respect with which she was held made it possible for her to go where she pleased throughout the city. Her passionate love

for her Lord, her fearlessness in witnessing for Him at all times and in all places, her linguistic ability, and her persuasive powers made her work in the zenanas most effective.

Behold How They Loved Her. This remarkable Christian woman passed to her reward February 24, 1933. Two Sikh women attended her funeral. As they went up to the casket they carried a beautifully embroidered robe. Tenderly they covered the little, wasted, poorly clad body with the robe. Never can it be said more truly of any one than of Miss Mukerjee that "her works do live after her." There seems to have been some very fine seed sowing in this big city. When will the harvest be? God knows. But the seed is being sown with faith that some day there will be a harvest. And the little non-Christian girls go on singing the Psalms of David as they sit on their doorsteps in the summer evenings, bearing witness in their own way to the teachings of the Mission school in Gujranwala.

The fruitfulness of these schools for non-Christian girls is evidenced in the following story told by Emma Dean Anderson:

Amir Bibi. "One night shortly after midnight, I was aroused from my slumber by a gentle rap on my door which opened on the outside verandah. 'Who is there?' I asked. 'The one you have been expecting has arrived,' a voice reassured me and I knew at once that a young woman from a city sixty miles away had succeeded in what she had been planning for weeks. A fellow missionary had written that a young convert might come to me for protection and had requested me to believe her story and take care of her.

"After a few minutes of quiet conversation, I showed my guest to her bed and she was soon fast asleep. But there was no more sleep for me: I was faced with a problem that only God could help me solve. The remaining hours of that night I spent in prayer for strength and wisdom in dealing with this dear young woman who had given up everything for Christ.

"Amir Bibi had been a pupil in our school for non-Christian girls and had been faithfully taught the Word of God. The

Lord Jesus had been presented to her as the Son of God, Who had suffered and died for her, and as the only Saviour. While in school she had been married to the man her parents had selected for her. At first her husband did not object to her continuing to go, thickly veiled, to the school: he could read and was proud to have a wife who could read and write and make clothes for herself and him. However, when Amir Bibi began to talk to him of his need for a Saviour, he became very angry, forbade her continuing in the school and burned her Bible.

"If Amir Bibi would confess Christ openly, she must face the necessity of leaving husband and home and of going to the Mission to be baptized. Her teacher advised her to do nothing hastily but to consider carefully the consequences of such a step. At last she decided to follow Christ regardless of the cost. Then the missionary sent her to me. Imagine what it meant to this young woman, who had never traveled alone, to steal away in the late evening and come at midnight to a stranger's home! Nothing but the love of Christ constraining her could have given her such courage.

"In India, a woman may believe in Christ and give up all for Him, yet, if she has not been baptized into the Christian faith after she has reached the age of sixteen, she is not legally a Christian. When Amir Bibi arrived the ordained missionary was on his vacation. Since I was fully convinced that she had left the man only because of her desire to confess Christ openly, I felt that I must help her. How was I to have her baptized?

"God heard my prayer and sent help in a wonderful way. In the morning I learned that a minister of a neighboring church had arrived during the night to conduct services among the railway people, near the mission house. My heart was full of joy: I wrote to him explaining my difficulty. He sent a sympathetic reply, arranged that I have Amir Bibi at the church at a definite hour, and baptized her.

"I knew her husband would come when he found where Amir Bibi was. We had only two days to wait. When he appeared and demanded to see his wife, I told him that she

had come to me of her own free will and was not a prisoner. If she was willing to go with him, she could do so, but he must not enter my house. Knowing the law was on my side, the man assured me that he only wanted to ask her a few questions.

“When Amir Bibi appeared, he asked, ‘Why did you leave my house? Was I not kind to you? Why did you disgrace me by going away?’ ‘I left you for only one reason,’ she replied. ‘You know I am a Christian. I tried to get you to accept Christ, too, but you got angry, burned my Bible, and forbade my seeing any Christian women. I had to confess Christ openly. If you will let me lead a Christian life, read my Bible, and associate with Christian women, I shall go back willingly with you, and I promise I shall be a better wife than before.’

“Did the man say, ‘Come home’? No, with a defiant toss of his head, he lifted his foot, pulled off his shoe and informed us, ‘I have pulled off one shoe. I can put on another.’ Thus was Amir Bibi divorced.

“Her arms, neck, head, and ankles were loaded with jewels, which her former husband immediately demanded. ‘You know this is my own jewelry. My father gave it to me when I was married. It belongs to me,’ she pleaded. ‘Nothing ever belongs to a woman. Give it to me,’ he commanded. ‘It is mine, but I shall let you have it,’ Amir Bibi returned calmly. ‘I do not care about such things since I have found Christ, my Saviour. He is everything to me.’ Without a tear the girl unclasped the jewels and gave them to him. He left her, without even saying goodbye, and took another wife.

“We took care of Amir Bibi and sent her to school. A few years later she married a fine Christian minister and was a faithful wife to him: Into their home came several lovely children, who were dedicated and trained for Christian service.”

Chapter 9

A GALAXY OF SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS

I LIKE to think of these little schools for girls which go zig-zagging up and down our Mission field as *stars* shining in the midst of great darkness. Better still to liken them to *gardens* set in a dry desert land where so little knowledge or beauty has ever penetrated.

Once, when my travels took me into Assam, I was making my way to a girls' school in a certain town, where I was to be entertained and where meetings were to be held. It was evening time as I approached the place, a beautiful evening in the monsoon. The school compound was lush in its greenness; the flowers filled the air with fragrance and, to make the scene perfect, white-robed girls, in the graceful Assamese dress, were flitting here and there over the grounds. When I was told that the name of the school is "A Garden of Girls," I felt how appropriate it was and ever since when I visit a girls' school, the memory of that evening comes back, and I say to myself, "Another Garden of Girls."

In this chapter brief visits will be made to our schools for girls, except those in Sialkot, Gujranwala, and Pathankot, which have already had special mention. These other schools are designated as middle schools, those taking the pupils through eight years of instruction, and primary schools covering five years of work. Each school deserves a whole chapter, but the pages of the book are piling up and much ground is yet to be covered. I know you will like to be taken into each one for even a brief call.

Abbottabad. Abbottabad, an interesting town in the Northwest Frontier, is the only Mission station outside the province of the Punjab. Here we find one of our youngest girls' schools. As you approach the place you will find the

children sitting underneath the big trees, "camphor, chenar, pine, and the stately English oak which has a swing on one of its branches." The school thanks God for the big trees, for they have no buildings, no money yet to house the children who come from Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan, and Sikh homes.

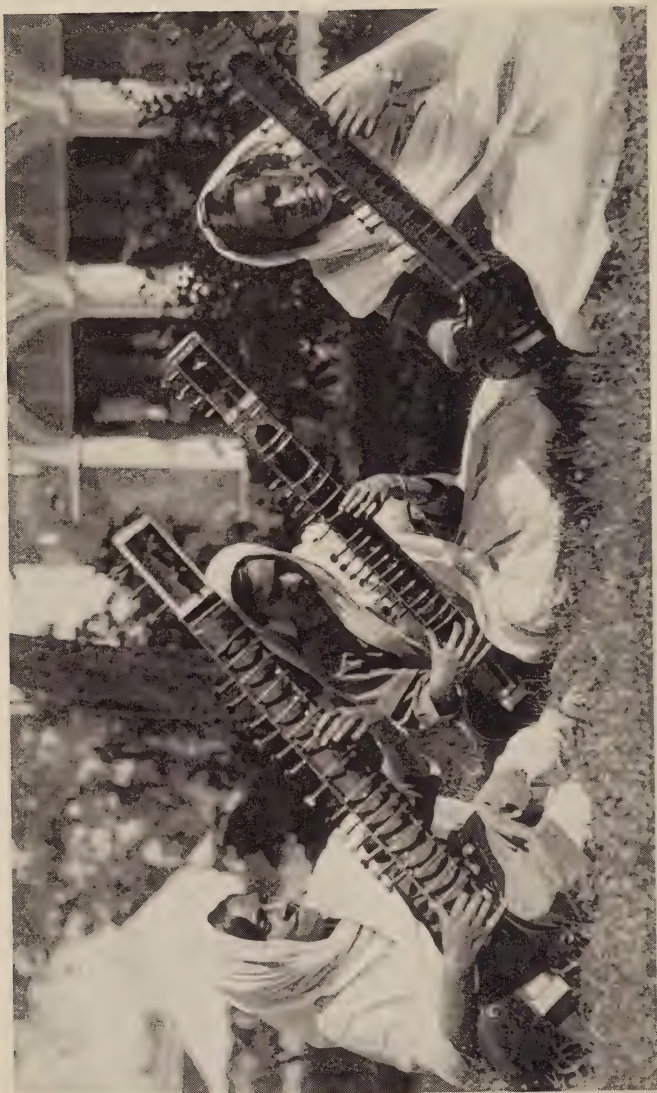
Like the poet Tagore's school in Shantiniketan, Bengal, they love their outdoor classrooms. But when it rains, what happens? The ladies open up their homes and take the children in. And the Government inspectress smiles with favor on this school which means that thorough work is done. Its finances are a real problem, but they have found God to be faithful in supplying their needs.

Rawalpindi. Down the railway line we come to Rawalpindi, our largest Mission station in a district of more than two million people and the city itself one of the most important in the Punjab. Here we have one of our five middle schools for girls. We inherited this school, as well as the Boys' High School, from the American Presbyterian Mission many years ago. Perhaps it would be more correct to say we bought and paid for this great Mission station. The work came into our hands in fine condition. In 1940 there were three hundred and fifty girls on the roll. There were twelve teachers, all Christian and well trained. Among other activities, the subject of temperance is kept prominently before the school. Four times yearly a temperance meeting is held.

Mary Evelyn Cathcart in 1938 was the superintendent of this school. She broke into verse when giving her annual report:

"A yearly report in a few clear lines
And plenty of interest too,
The Committee can glibly thus instruct,
But the problem is what to do.

"The school now runs with a little more space
While my children still overflow.
Three hundred fifty-five students remain,
With thirty-five lost as we go.



INDIAN WOMEN PLAYING SITTARS

See page 114

"A teacher was married in last July,
Inspections have come and are past.
The Board members came and filled us with joy
Of the kind that truly can last.

"Earthquakes have rocked us and yet our trust grows
With our eyes on the One above.
May He help us to serve Him day by day
As we think on His wonderful love."

Jhelum. When Miss Emma Dean Anderson was appointed to Jhelum in 1883, she found ten schools for little girls in different parts of the city, five for Hindu girls, five for Mohammedans. An Indian lady had started these. After studying the situation, Miss Anderson believed that better work could be done if these ten little schools could be united in one central school. The ten men teachers (at that time there were no trained women teachers) did not approve. But Miss Anderson waited patiently and was rewarded later by seeing all ten schools gathered into a suitable building and the work reorganized and started on new lines. She made no distinction of caste or religion, and the subject never came up in that school. The inspector was so pleased with the success achieved in getting all classes to work together so amicably that he offered Miss Anderson a Government post in the Educational Department. She thanked him for his appreciation, but said she came to India to be a missionary.

This school was carried on successfully for many years, then one sad day because of lack of funds and workers had to be closed. But the following story told by Annie Given, who succeeded to its principalship when Miss Anderson left India on her first furlough, reveals its fruitfulness.

Ruth. One morning a Mohammedan girl, about eight years old, came to the Mission school at Jhelum. She wore the poorest garments, barely enough to cover her body, and had a dirty face, hair uncombed, big bright eyes and a sweet smile. She wanted to learn to read and we enrolled her as Gulam Bibi, "Slave Lady." Being very studious she learned rapidly. Long before she could read the Bible she had com-

mitted many of its verses and stories, the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer.

Gulam Bibi's parents were poor. Her mother made a living by baking bread in a mud oven. Patrons brought their kneaded dough to her and she baked the whole wheat cakes. For this she would be given a bit of the dough or a small cake. Often she would keep her daughter out of school to help, then the missionary would visit the mother and coax her to let the girl return, because Gulam Bibi was a very promising pupil and the missionary had discovered that Christ was at work in her heart.

After passing certain standards, she was given teaching to do and then the mother was reconciled to have her daughter remain in school as she was earning more by teaching than she could by baking. Long before the age when a Mohammedan girl can openly profess Christ and be baptized, she had given her heart to Christ. Meanwhile, her mother had died and she lived with her father and brother, kept house for them, and continued to teach.

Baptized. In 1888 Miss Anderson went on furlough to America and Miss Annie Given took charge of the school. By this time Gulam Bibi had developed into a beautiful young woman. Miss Given soon discovered her deep interest in Christianity. She had been profoundly influenced spiritually by the life and testimony of Amir Bibi, a recent convert from Mohammedanism, and said that she was ready openly to confess Christ and be baptized. She was now eighteen and could, according to the civil law, legally change her religion. She was well aware that when she did so it would mean giving up her people and possibly facing persecution. Before baptism she asked for a new name, as her present one meant "Slave Lady" and she said, "I am not a slave now. I am free." She was given the name of Ruth. After baptism she came to the Mission house, as it was not safe for her to go to her home, but she sent word to her father and brother that she had become a Christian.

Persecuted and Imprisoned. At first her people did not seem angry and in true Mohammedan language said, "It is

her fate." But in the morning a messenger came from home saying, "Your father is very ill. Come home at once." She was advised against this as she was being deceived. Nevertheless, she started to go and, learning on the way that it was a false report, returned to the Mission house. Soon a crowd of men came from the city to the Mission, demanding that Ruth be delivered to them and insisting on seeing her. At first Ruth refused to come out to talk to the men. Later, realizing that if she did not meet her people they would blame the missionaries for forcibly keeping her, she went out. After a short conversation she refused to go with them and they angrily departed. Following this the Rev. Mr. Scott advised the ladies to come to his house so that he could protect them. When they started, the men from the city came rushing back and tried to catch Ruth. She escaped into the house, much frightened, and said to Miss Given, "Oh, Miss Sahib, pray." Told to pray herself, this new disciple made a most beautiful prayer asking God to protect and keep her.

For a few days after this, all was quiet. Ruth's brother would come and talk calmly with his sister, who explained to him the way of salvation and to Ruth's joy, he said, "Perhaps I, too, may become a Christian." But both Christian and Mohammedan friends warned her not to trust his love. Several days later Ruth's sister came and was granted an interview. She threw her arms around the girl and thus overpowered her. Men, hidden outside the hedge, rushed in, seized her, and dragged her away. Miss Given intervened but was shoved away while the mob cried, "We will kill you! We will kill you!" Realizing that to resist further would be fruitless and perhaps endanger lives, the missionaries permitted the mob to take the girl. One man seized her hair, another her shoulder, others her feet, and in great roughness and cruelty they dragged the screaming girl to the city half a mile away.

Rescued, Tried, and Freed. Indian Christians scattered themselves in different parts of the city to learn where Ruth was being imprisoned. The missionaries appealed to the

Superintendent of Police, a good officer, for help, informing him that a Christian young woman was being held a prisoner by Mohammedans. The girl was located, the door opened by the police, and Ruth was told to come out. She came looking disheveled and distressed and, crouching at our feet, said, "Oh, they made me repeat the Mohammedan creed! They held a club over my head! I said that I would repeat it but I do not believe it." She seemed in great distress but she was told not to grieve. When the officer questioned her she replied to every question, "I am a Christian." Asked where she wanted to go, she replied, "To the Mission house." There she was taken, and a brief court trial was held. At its conclusion Ruth was left with the missionaries and the ringleader of the mob was sent to jail. The father and brother also were given sentences of three months in jail with hard labor.

Ruth was now free but had to be protected and was cared for at the Memorial Hospital for a time. Afterward she entered our Sialkot Boarding School and was rated one of its best students. She seemed especially fitted for teaching, but developed eye trouble, so it was suggested that she consider offers of marriage. She was married to a young theological student, also a convert from Mohammedanism. Some time after her marriage she wrote to a missionary friend, "You know I always dreaded marriage. Men are always so cranky and hard to get along with, but it is not so with my husband. He wants what I want. We always want the same things and we are very happy." Ruth's home was a very happy one. God gave her several beautiful children. She was a splendid mother. One daughter distinguished herself in college and service. In later years she developed a serious nervous trouble, but even when her brain did not always function properly on other subjects she was faithful and clear in her testimony for Christ. And God used her in a remarkable way to bring many into a closer walk with Him. Her witnessing was with power, but behind her words was a life hid in Christ Jesus.

Ruth's Daughter—Flora Barkat Masih. Flora Barkat

Masih, the daughter of Ruth, entered the Avalon School when a mere child. After graduating from it, she became a teacher in that institution for fourteen years. When the way opened for her to go to the Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, how happy she was! After receiving her Bachelor of Arts degree, the Avalon School was looking forward to another long term of service from her. But a young clergyman in the Church of England was attracted to her and persuaded her that his need was great. They were married and today are living and working for Christ in old Narowal, one of the Church Missionary Society's best mission stations.

Pasrur. The story of the beginning of this school is given in another chapter. Dora Whitely has been connected with this important school for many years. She reports that more than three hundred girls have been under daily instruction. In 1939 three cousins came from the village where Ditt, the first low caste convert, lived. Two of these were blind and were added to the class in which a little blind boy had been working alone for almost a year. These little ones can now read the Gospels and write in Braille.

Pasrur School is willing to experiment. It had a Christian gardener. Two Christian young men asked the privilege of learning to work as gardeners, at their own expense. Their request was granted, so now they have a department for training young Christian men in gardening, a line in which there are very few Christians at present. Four boys are being trained. A high standard has been established for these. They must have passed the eighth grade, be non-smokers, and of good character. It is hoped this experiment will bring some economic help to the Christian community.

Dhariwal. Dhariwal is eight miles from Gurdaspur. It is the site of the Great Egerton Woolen Mills, a well-known Scotch company. A large community of Europeans live and work in connection with this mill. It draws upon the surrounding countryside for its workmen. Many of these are Christian and belong to the Dhariwal Church. The Mission has established schools for both boys and girls, and the company has been exceedingly generous in giving financial

support. This Mission out-station has grown so rapidly that it has become one of our main stations. There are eighty-four little girls in the Dhariwal Primary School, sixty of whom are non-Christian. The wife of the Chief of Police attends the classes and is glad to do the work assigned to the pupils.

Sargodha. Again the name of Emma Dean Anderson is linked up with the beginnings of a girls' school. She started the Sargodha School when the work began to develop in this great canal colony. It is still flourishing and is under the supervision of Miss Betsy Fleming. From its beginning six hundred and seventy-two girls have been touched. In 1940 there were eighty-three boarders and twenty-nine day pupils. As is the custom in all our boarding schools for girls, the pupils do their own work.

One of the pupils was a little seven-year-old Hindu girl wife. She died in the fall. The Sabbath before she died, Miss Fleming wrote, "I heard her crying. I went over to see what was wrong and she said, 'I want to go to Sabbath School.' I carried her over to the class and had a bed brought for her. For weeks she had been very quiet, but that day she sang most heartily, 'My Heart Is God's Garden.' The following Sabbath she passed away. When the little one died there was no weeping, wailing, or beating of breasts as the custom is in non-Christian homes when death comes. The Hindu father said, 'Ram Ratti kept saying, "I am going home," and we thought she meant to her grandmother in South India. We did not realize that she meant going to her future home, her home in God's great garden.' "

Sangla Hill. That unique Middle School has been under Flora Jameson from its inception. She worked out a new system in this new school in a new region. The cottages with their happy families have proved a great success. It was a great blow when the Government cut off the grant-in-aid from April 1, 1939. This meant a loss of more than four thousand rupees annually and crippled the work considerably. The enrollment and staff had to be decreased. Nevertheless, in 1940 seventeen pupils accepted Christ. During

vacation many girls taught others to read. Twelve girls appeared for the Government examination, and *nine* stood in the first division, while the three ranked high in the second division. This school celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in 1938. Seventy "old girls," teachers and missionaries came to recall the old days and to thank God.

Martinpur. This village settled by Christians from the so-called "untouchables" has been a most successful "laboratory experiment." And here the Mary D. Taylor Girls' School, organized when the village was young, had an enrollment of one hundred and eighty-six in 1938, the largest in its history. But the outstanding event in Martinpur, effecting not only the school but the whole community, has been the great spiritual blessing received through Mr. Bakht Singh Chabra, a convert from Sikhism and an evangelist, who spent one June month in the village. Although the weather was extremely hot, the church was packed daily from nine in the morning until after noon. The teachers took turns in caring for the babies. There were group prayer meetings in the afternoon, and at night an outdoor meeting. Many hearts were changed, old grudges forgiven, old quarrels forgotten.

In celebration of the joy of new unity in the village a large dinner was prepared, each family donating. At least four thousand were fed, as many came from near-by villages. Large groups walked to other villages singing their testimony. One woman who had walked nearly twenty miles was asked if she was tired. "Of course I am!" she said, "but for eleven years I did not go to church, so now I must do all I can." From Martinpur over one hundred and fifty, of whom sixty-five were men, attended the Sialkot Convention, walking with Mr. Chabra the entire distance of one hundred and fifty miles. They also returned on foot preaching by the way. Does this not remind one of the first-century Christianity? A teacher remarked, "Our whole village has changed. Instead of the immoral Punjabi songs, we now hear only Psalms and praise to God. We give thanks for what God has wrought."

About fifty young people of ability and influence in India have their roots in Martinpur. Among these are the Sub-Judge S. M. Burk, Indian Civil Service Assistant Commissioner, Lyallpur; Victor Kathu Mall, head of physical education at Gordon College; Hira Lal, Secretary S. P. C. A., Lahore; J. W. Chauhan, head of the Northwestern Railway Training School, Lahore. Behold in two generations what changes have been wrought! People with no outlook in the world save the most menial drudgery are today occupying influential positions, alongside those who were born into homes of greater advantages and privileges. Has it paid to help bring about this marvelous transformation?

Chapter 10

OUR PIONEER HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

THE Mission already had three fine schools where the boys could matriculate for college. It had, as well, a College for its young men, the Gordon Mission College, but it did not have even one high school for the girls. The Mission was now well advanced in years, at least forty-five years old.

“Oh that we could go on to high school.” Many little daughters, from the day of wee Piyari in the Girls’ Boarding School to that year, had received some education and were grateful; but now wistful, plaintive voices began to be heard in different places saying: “We want a high school for the girls,” “We want our daughters to keep up with the times.” A few women missionaries felt the need was imperative and began praying about it and agitating as well. The Christian girls of the Girls’ Boarding School who were facing their last year in that mother school sometimes sighed when they realized their school days were almost ended, and they were barely thirteen years of age. “Oh, if we could only go on two or three years more to a high school!” The Punjab had two high schools for girls at that time, but not in our Mission. One was in Lahore and the other in Amritsar, but these were too remote and too expensive for our Church daughters’ pocketbooks. Occasionally some more favored one did get into one of these, but so few.

The Dream Takes Form at Pathankot. Some of our devoted pastors began saying: “We long to have better facilities for educating our girls.” This cry met with prayerful sympathy in the primary school in Pathankot. The young girls had special prayer about it. By and by Rawalpindi seemed to be the chosen place for such a school to be opened, and the Mission so ordered. Miss Kate Corbett was willing

to undertake the new work. So plainly did it seem to be God's will that the author of "One Hundred Girls of India" gladly designated one-half the proceeds of that little book, \$800.00, to the hoped-for school in Rawalpindi. A plot of land was bought for the buildings, but the way was blocked again and again. Then the little girls in Pathankot began to feel, as they prayed, that it was God's will for their own humble school to be enlarged and to become a high school. It almost seemed like a fantastic dream, but unselfish desire and faith in God can work miracles.

Another Annual Meeting time came round and I went with others to it. The dear school children said: "We feel something is going to happen. We'll be praying during your absence." At that memorable meeting the subject came up, a vote was taken, and by a small majority it was passed that a Girls' High School should be opened in Pathankot by Miss Campbell. This proviso was added, "But there is no financial aid promised." This in itself was enough to dampen one's ardor, but it did not. It was an opportunity to test again the willingness of the loving Father to work miracles. A telegram went back to the little group in Pathankot, bearing the good news. The girls danced for joy. A High School, at last, for GIRLS and Pathankot to be its home!

How the Money Came. Then began more earnest prayer for money for buildings and a staff and land, and it *all* came in due time. It was felt that at least thirty-five thousand rupees should be in hand before beginning the buildings for the high school. This fund began growing, here a rupee donated, there one hundred rupees; then one day a missionary from Rawalpindi, the treasurer of the station, sent the \$800.00 over to Pathankot saying that since it was designated for a Girls' High School he did not feel it should be kept there. This made twenty-four hundred rupees to be added to the fund. About that time Monmouth Presbyterial, which had supported me for twenty-five years, in honor of this service sent \$1,000.00 to be given to the erection of the High School buildings. Another three thousand rupees to add to our fund. We now had seventy-five hundred rupees in hand!

Another Annual Meeting and a great surprise! A fund of twenty thousand rupees became available in the Mission. What should be done with it? It was decided after prayer and much deliberation that one half the sum should be devoted to men's work and the other half to women's work. A few devoted friends of the High School project for girls made a strong plea for this amount to be given over to enhance the growing building fund. Late that evening the vote was taken and carried that ten thousand rupees for the women's work should be set aside for the High School for Girls. The thrill of that moment is still felt by the one who with her little girls was praying for Rs. 35,000 for a building fund. One half now in hand! Rs. 17,500! God would surely send the other half. But from what quarter?

A Wonderful Government Grant. And now a new thing occurred. It came to my remembrance that I had read or heard that the Government would give rupee for rupee for educational work. Should I try for this grant for our school and so get another Rs. 17,500? The Educational Department was one hundred miles distant, in the city of Lahore. I knew no one there to help except our kind Inspectress and she was away on vacation, but I went over, not knowing what awaited me, only I knew I was to go. I visited the Principal of the Forman Christian College, Dr. James R. Ewing. Afterward he was knighted, and how pleased the missionary world was that the Government had recognized his worth as a great Christian educator. Sir James and Lady Ewing had perhaps more influence over the city of Lahore than any other persons. I told him on that visit why I had come. I felt he could tell me how to proceed. How kind, how sympathetic he was! Was it true, I inquired, that the Government sometimes gave rupee for rupee for schools? He said, "Yes, it is true, and since you are a big and growing Mission and this is your first high school for girls, I advise you to make application for this grant." "How shall I proceed?" I asked. He smiled and said: "I'll give you a letter of introduction to the Director of Public Instruction. He lives three miles from this place."

Thanking him, I climbed up into the old tonga and started off, feeling utterly inadequate for the ordeal of meeting the head of the Educational Department for the whole of the Punjab. I remember thinking, "What will he say when he knows I am asking for this money for a school in Pathankot, a humble town, in fact an almost unknown, backwoods place?" But I couldn't turn back. I went straight on, and drove right up to his bungalow and sent in my card. He was at home, and sent out a servant bidding me enter.

How kindly he greeted me. I gave him Doctor Ewing's letter. Having read it, he said to me, "And what can I do for you?" Then in a few words I made my request known and said: "Do you think the Government will give me Rs. 17,500 to add to the sum I now have for starting this school?" I think he saw my agitation as I awaited his reply, and he said with such a reassuring smile, "I don't see why it shouldn't."

What a weight was lifted from me! The money was coming! He explained that he would have to consult our Inspectress and if she approved he was sure the money would be granted.

As he said goodbye, he wished our school great success and added, "The money will soon follow." The Inspectress gave us a splendid recommendation.

A few days later the Treasury Department in Gurdaspur, the headquarters of our district, wrote that they had a sum of money for me, and would I come over and get it. I hastened over to the tehsil and I was handed out seventeen crisp, clean one thousand rupee notes and one five hundred one. Never before, nor since, had I handled so much money. We had just what we had prayed for—thirty-five thousand rupees.

Brilliant Indian Teachers. As money came in answer to prayer for the building, so did teachers come one by one, until we had a staff of ten well-qualified young women. A great desire came to have this school as largely Indian as possible, to have the educational part largely in the hands of the Indian teachers. Up to this time in our girls' schools

in the Punjab we had some very efficient Indian teachers, but not one had been given the position of headmistress. We now found one in Miss Mahli who seemed well fitted for this post. She belonged to a well-to-do Mohammedan family of Badomali who became Christian. The father lived for the purpose of giving both his sons and his daughters the best education that money could afford. This daughter, after finishing the course in Kinnaird High School for Girls in Lahore, was sent to Cambridge, England, and there took the Teachers' Training Course. She was unusually brilliant in mathematics, a subject that some of our girls found difficult. She became our headmistress. Her old principal of Kinnaird came over to visit our school one day, and was delighted to find one of her old pupils serving as headmistress and doing it so acceptably. She said to me: "You have done what I was not brave enough to do, made one of our young women headmistress, and I see she is making a success of it."

Miss Helen Maya Das, trained in Lucknow Isabella Thoburn College and in Columbia University of New York, joined our staff and took charge of the kindergarten department. She did a beautiful work with the little ones.

The Story of Answered Prayers. Sometimes the Punjab officials visited our school, and they spoke highly of our well qualified staff which graced the school in those early days of its existence. One came to Pathankot from Amritsar, the city of the Golden Temple, one day accompanied by a friend, another Hindu gentleman, a lawyer from a town near by, who had received his degree of LL.B. from an English university. How glad I was of the opportunity to tell them of the Government's goodness to us! Together we went from room to room in our beautiful new school building, and I recounted my desire for the womanhood of India, and of how this school was founded primarily for girls of ability who could not afford to attend the other two high schools of the Punjab.

As they stood for a few minutes before an open, double window in a dormitory on the second floor and feasted their eyes on a long vista of snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas, I told them that when the *desire* came, there was no money,

there were no girls, and that we were shut away in a town that had no ambition except to worship its gods of stone morning and evening. They followed with ever-growing interest the story of how all they now beheld came in answer to prayer—the land bit by bit, the money for the buildings, and best of all, the merry-hearted girls who now filled the buildings with songs and laughter all day long. The building which they so much admired had been prayed for daily for months, then money began coming, and after five years of continuous work, with fifty workmen on duty eight months of the year, this was the result. It had been pronounced both “strong and beautiful” by an expert building committee. It was a gift from a loving Father’s hand.

“See what Punjabi Girls Can Do!” “Yes,” said one of the gentlemen, “and worth far more to India’s ultimate good than that ‘dream in marble’ on the banks of the Jumma built by Shah Jehan, with two thousand workmen laboring for a period of twenty years.” The dining-room with its long tables scoured white, the color scheme of the room with the artistic border drawn by a girl in the senior class, all called forth words of approbation. “Just see,” said one, “what our Punjabi girls can do when given an opportunity.”

The kitchen was next visited, and the two visitors turned in surprise when they saw a group of girls singing and talking merrily as they deftly rolled out and flattened into shape hundreds of unleavened cakes for the noon-day meal. “Are these the girls,” they asked, “who help you in prayer, these good little housekeepers, and do they do all this aside from their regular lessons in this high school?” When answered in the affirmative, they said, “This is indeed remarkable. We know how difficult our boys find it to prepare for the matriculation examination by giving all their time to study alone. Your girls help in every department of the domestic life of the school and still do well in the university examination. We saw in the Gazette that all your girls who appeared in the late examination passed, while one third of the boys in the Punjab were successful.” I quietly an-

swered, "God helps us, otherwise our work would be a failure."

Best Loved Spot. Then I had one more room to show them ere they left the premises, and that was the best loved spot of all. I led them across the quadrangle with the tennis courts, up the flower-bordered path, into a wide verandah, and opened the door into a room that was devoid of all furniture and decoration except some matting on the floor and a few Scripture texts on the walls. It was full of golden sunshine. I said to them, "This is our Prayer Room. Into this place our girls come singly, or in groups, to meet with God and He hears and has given us all you have seen." With tears in their eyes they looked reverently at the sacred spot, and the friend from the city of the Golden Temple said slowly, "I begin to understand. Please show us over the whole place."

Church and Dispensary. I then guided them across the road to the Little Church, "the House of God" they called it, and told them simply of how God had given us money and building material for it. Every evening the school girls met in it for one hour's prayer and praise. I next showed them, just back of the church, the dispensary for women and children, nestling so modestly under the shadow of the old fort, and told them of the daily attendance of a hundred or more women and children who flock into its secluded enclosure for the help which they always so lovingly receive from the nurses. It was a joy to witness again to the prayer-answering God Who had put it into the hearts of our fellow-townsmen, Hindus and Mohammedans, to give largely toward the erection of this building, while one had given the land for the building and my brother in Topeka, Kan., had furnished a set of beautiful instruments for it. It took two years' prayer to get this, but God was faithful and gave us just what was asked for.

Temperance Hall. With a prayer for the visitors, I led them across the road to the new building that was under erection, and bade them listen to the almost miraculous way God was helping in erecting a commodious hall for the

rapidly growing temperance society. I told them the story of money prayed out of Hindu money-lenders' pockets, out of officials' and policemen's pockets, out of farmers' and coolies' pockets, and of how it was gladly given. Pointing to thirty or more workmen busily engaged on the rising walls of the new hall, I continued, "Many of these men whom you see working are smokers, but before undertaking this work each mason, carpenter and coolie promised to abstain from smoking while at work on this building. This Mohammedan who is so skillfully carving the brick for the arched doorway finds it hard to do without a smoke from seven in the morning until noon, then again from one until sunset, but he wouldn't think of breaking his promise. Not a cigarette, pipe or *hugqa* could you find inside this wall. They call it the 'Second House of God in Pathankot.' "

Turning to the two men, I said: "I've told you so little, and that so poorly, of the way God hears and keeps us, His little ones. My heart is full. I long for you to know and love my Saviour too." The friend from Amritsar who had been deeply touched now said: "Sister, hear my request and please grant it. Secure a beautiful white marble tablet and have engraved on it these words: 'All this in answer to prayer,' and have it placed out here where the roads meet, so that all who pass by may *see* and *read* and *understand*."

Miracles in Educating Girls. The Senior Inspectress of Girls' Schools in the Punjab, Miss Stratford, said to me one day when visiting our school, "Your Mission has performed miracles in the matter of educating girls." I looked at her a bit surprised, and she continued, "Other Missions and the Government have done much for the uplift and education of girls of the higher classes, and a fine work has been accomplished, but you have gone out into the villages and brought in the very dregs of little girlhood, the daughters of untouchables, and see what has been the result. I've watched your schools in Sialkot, in Sangla Hill and in Sargodha, and finer girls could not be found anywhere. I know what they were like when they first entered these schools. They had to be scrubbed and freshly clad and often doctored

in their first days of school life." And then she looked around on the high school girls and continued: "Many of these are daughters and granddaughters of those same village untouchables. Where would you find more winsome girls than these? And you even dare to prepare them for the stiff Government examinations, and I know how well they pass." Her words of commendation touched me deeply. That evening she asked the privilege of attending our evening prayers, saying, "I want to hear your girls sing."

Miracles in Changed Lives. Then I remembered the impression made by these girls on a leading United Presbyterian layman who visited our Mission in 1922. He had been taken out to the villages first of all after his arrival, and shown the sad conditions of the untouchables and was told that our Church was largely built up from these. He had just come from a visit in Egypt, where he had met so many of our wonderfully fine and cultured Egyptians who were built into our Church there. The contrast sickened him at heart. He spoke out plainly of how hopeless our task seemed to be. He said, "Why waste your time on these?" Several missionaries, broken-hearted, explained how it all came about. He reached Pathankot in his tour. He saw the high school girls there and they met his approval. "These are wonderful," he exclaimed. "I never saw finer girls anywhere. So dignified in bearing, such charming manners, and—yes, beautiful!" He was quietly told that many of these were daughters and granddaughters of those village untouchables, that Christian education and training, through the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit, had brought about this transformation. From that moment he understood what the transforming power of Jesus can do in even the lowest of the low. This friend of missions, Mr. Fred C. MacMillan, will not object to his experience being incorporated in this history of our Mission. He has given this little story to many audiences in the homeland. We thank God for his understanding heart.

Others Continue the Work. When I left Pathankot in 1918 to take up work for All India under the World W. C.

T. U., Miss Josephine Martin became principal of the Girls' High School. She carried on most efficiently. She came rich in experience, having had several years in educational work in both Sialkot and Pasrur. Since her decease the school has been in the capable hands of Miss Lois Buchanan, Miss Vida Graham, and Miss Willa Ramsey, and others. Year by year the girls matriculate and go out to various centers. Some find their way to college, others to the Ludhiana Medical School, and some become happy homemakers. All seem to be usefully engaged and serving their Lord faithfully. Later the Avalon School, which had been under the Board of Foreign Missions in its formative years, was taken over by the Women's Board and given the name John and Jane Denham Memorial High School for Girls in recognition of a fund given by Mrs. William Taylor in memory of her brother and sister and designated for the purchase of this school.

Chapter 11

THE KINNAIRD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

THE thirst of high school girls for more knowledge became almost insatiable. They began pleading for a college for women. "We have been taught that men and women should have equal rights. There is a college for the young men, why should not we have one?"

Not such a far cry either from those days when their village grandmothers used to say to us, "Why waste your time trying to teach us? We are only cattle. Go to the men. God gave them all the brains." And now these granddaughters dared to assert the equality of men and women!

We explained to these keen young minds that it was not possible for the Mission at that time to start a second college, but we felt confident that God would provide some way for their legitimate desire to be fulfilled. And He did!

A Christian College for Punjabi Girls. The Kinnaird High School for girls in Lahore had now reached a period in its existence when it felt the imperative need of opening up classes for college instruction. This was started in a humble way, but rapidly developed into a full-rounded college for women. It became a degree college affiliated with the University of the Punjab in English, History, Political Science, Economics, Mathematics, Philosophy, Astronomy, Urdu, Hindu, Punjabi, Bengali, Sanskrit, Persian, and French. The aim of the college is to give a Christian education, and the unity of the college and its traditions are preserved in chapel and Bible classes which all the students are required to attend.

Our readers may be interested in three of the eight rules for resident students:

1. All students are chaperoned when they attend public functions.

2. Daily outdoor exercise is compulsory.

3. Every student must be provided with a mosquito net when she comes to college and use it when necessary.

A prominent Indian Christian leader, Mr. B. L. Rallia Ram, the General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for India and the Hon. Secretary of the Board of Directors of the newly formed college, expressed what many were beginning to feel concerning the need for such an institution: that, "The position that women have come to occupy in the national life of India during the past few years is significant. This factor of far-reaching importance is necessitating a new emphasis on women's education. Its importance is being recognized by the Government as well as other agencies. The province of the Punjab is in the forefront of this progress." High schools for girls were multiplying rapidly. Avalon was the third high school for girls in the early nineties. Three years ago the Punjab had more than forty high schools for girls.

Our Mission a Charter Member. The Missions of the Punjab were exceedingly grateful to the promoters of the Kinnaird College. Five of them became charter members of the Association of the Kinnaird College for Women in Lahore. Our Mission was one of the five. One of our duties is to help maintain the staff by providing one teacher. This we have done faithfully and efficiently. At the present time Margaret Ballantyne is our representative on the staff. In the past we have had Eleanor Chambers and Addaline Brandon. Fannie Martin, who was one of our outstanding village missionaries in the Zafarwal and Gurdaspur districts, became the Warden in the College. She has done heroic service in piloting domestic matters through those days when buildings were few and overcrowded. She made the students appreciate the value and beauty of becoming good house-keepers.

Vice-Principal—Poet-Artist. One of our own Mission girls has had the honor of being Vice-Principal of this college since it was started, Miss Hladia Porter, M.A. (Wooster, U. S. A.). She is Lecturer in English. Miss



MOTHERS OF SHEIKHUPURA MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Their Babies were Baptized the Previous Day

**None of these babies were attended
at birth by doctor or nurse.**

Porter is the daughter of Doctor E. L. Porter, for many years president of the Gordon College, Rawalpindi.

This union institution has lately moved into its beautiful and spacious buildings out near the canal. Miss Porter has done much to beautify the new grounds. She has collected small trees and shrubs for years and now they have their avenue of Taxila pepper trees, Nabha orchard, Stratford Rose garden, and hundreds of pots of plants from many places that are making the desert green and blooming. She also delights her students and Christian world of India with her verse-making talent and is an artist as well. We are glad that a daughter of one of our missionaries is helping to mold so many young, beautiful lives of our Punjab womanhood.

Kinnaird's Christian Influence. Visitors to the College have been greatly impressed with the morning chapel exercises. The girls come quietly into the unadorned hall and seat themselves in rows on the matting which covers the floor. A few moments of silence in the presence of God, a hymn, a few words of Scripture, and prayer. A sense of the nearness of God and of His holiness is felt to a remarkable degree.

This is all exquisitely described by one of the old students, a Mohammedan young lady who graduated from the College. Under the title "Reminiscences of College Life," she says:

"October has come once again. It always brings sweetly poignant memories back to me. Even if I were cast upon a desert island like Robinson Crusoe's where there were no means of ascertaining dates and months and no records kept of time, I feel sure that I could not fail to feel the advent of October. The morning breeze, the twilight, the cool and dark shadows of houses and trees, the cawing of the baby crows—all these and several other things herald its coming in the inhabited world. I simply adore it because it was in this month that a new chapter in my life began, the omission of which would have deprived me of much that makes life rich and beautiful. It was in October like this when I joined the Kinnaird College—my Alma Mater!

Memories of Chapel. “Seven long years have passed since then and yet it seems as if it were only yesterday. How vividly I remember those quiet and calm mornings when we all sat waiting for the chapel bell. Even the trees on the compound seemed to be sunk in deep meditation at that hour of the morning. Sitting on the matting in the three minutes’ silence that preceded the hymn singing and prayers, one could see oneself through and through. One felt as if a strong torch light was flashed on oneself. Thus being able to realize one’s weaknesses and needs it was easier to ask for blessings accordingly. The atmosphere of the room (which had nothing in it but some matting, a few pictures hung on the walls, a piano, a table and a chair for the one who led the chapel) used to be so holy that when we stood up to sing we felt as if we were standing before the throne of God.

“It is ages since I have set my eyes on a hymnbook owing to some unavoidable circumstances. I can now recall a few of my favorite hymns. The one that, of late, has been ringing in my ears begins with the words, ‘Abide with me.’ Last summer I happened to pass by the St. Denys’ School Church at Murree. It was a very quiet and beautiful Sunday evening and the above hymn was being sung in the church. I stood outside transfixed till the last words died away in the air, and I walked home slowly. I for the first time realized that night that there are certain chords in the human heart which may sometimes remain mute even to most vigorous appeals but which at other times may respond to the slightest touch.

“It is long, very long, since I have heard church bells. Sunday morning in College used to be so exquisitely charming. As one heard the bells ringing in the distance one felt an urge to go to church and worship the Almighty. What satisfaction and peace of mind the attendance of an early service brought to the sad and dejected!

“Beginnings”—Perhaps of Eternal Life! “Beginnings have always interested me—the beginning of a new term in College, the beginning of a month, the beginning of a day,

the beginning of a class, the beginning of a book—all these have their charms. I remember very clearly the beginning of weeks. One woke up on Monday morning happy and refreshed, ready to plunge into work. I can recall those memorable lines which the Principal read out almost every Monday morning before the three minutes' silence:

‘So here hath been dawning
Another blue day,
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

‘Out of eternity
This new day is born,
Into eternity
At night, will return.’

“As a body we did not celebrate very many festivals in College. The two important occasions which received our attention were Christmas and Basant (spring). From the early days of December we started singing Christmas hymns at chapel. As the days passed we sang more and more fervently. What inspiring songs they were!

“At Basant we all wore yellow and decorated our rooms with yellow flowers. Even the rice that we ate that day used to be yellow. Everything seemed to have received a new lease of life. The trees on the compound stood shining in the sun with their new and tender leaves. They seemed to be enjoying the light and sweetly scented March air. When we all played games in the open or walked about, the College compound looked like a mustard field in full bloom.

“Such are the memories of the days spent in the Kinnaird College. I am thankful, very thankful indeed, to God for opportunities for the training of the mind and the awakening of the soul. He knows best if I have availed myself of them or not.

“May Its Light Grow Stronger.” “In a country like India where poverty and ignorance have formed a vicious circle, institutions which impart knowledge and enlightenment are badly needed. But they are conspicuous by their

absence. Under the present circumstances the existence of the Kinnaird College is a great boon to the country. It is like a lamp in a pitch dark place. May its light grow stronger and brighter every day! India is too poor to supply all the oil that is needed to keep it burning. Most of it comes from beyond the seas where it is collected drop by drop by kind and loving hearts."

The moving spirit and the presiding genius of this much-loved institution is the Principal, Miss I. T. McNair, M.A. (Hon.) University of Glasgow. She is quiet, but forceful. She inspires one to do great things for the Master Whom she humbly follows in every detail of the College life. To this College the Avalon graduates and others may and do come when the door of opportunity opens.

Chapter 12

WOMEN OF COURAGE

THERE has been much misunderstanding in the Western mind over the status of woman in India. Generally speaking, it has been thought that she always occupied an inferior position, was a mere chattel in the home, a nonentity in the community, and of no importance in national affairs. In this period of India's history the reverse of this is more like the truth. Because of ignorance and poverty, both men and women have suffered and still suffer, but a new day is dawning. The women will never be the same again. It is fully time that we began to understand them.

Autocrat of the Home. Perhaps in no other country has the mother in the home such autocratic powers as in India. She controls all matters pertaining to the family life. Even among the most primitive peoples, among the untouchables, the mother is recognized as a power. She it is who holds the purse and buys the food and clothing for the family. When sitting beside them in their little mud homes and listening to their experiences, I have sometimes said, "Are you not often cheated by the shopkeepers? You tell me that you are so dull-witted that you cannot remember what I teach you. Surely you are not able to do your little accounts when buying food for your family." Laughingly they would respond, "We would like to see the shopkeeper who could cheat us. We know how to count our pennies." And, oh, how pitifully meager the few little coins they handled, the earnings of the husband or son who did not get more than five or ten cents per day.

These mothers also arranged all the marriages for their children. When asked how we did this in America, and we told them, they would exclaim, "What, the young people do it themselves! Why they have no *sense* for such an impor-

tant matter as that! Suppose a son should choose as his bride a girl concerning whom we could not approve! Oh no, we like our custom better."

In the Hindu Pantheon. In ancient days India had many outstanding women, those who wielded power. In the Hindu pantheon there are not only many *gods*, but goddesses as well. The great gods Siva and Vishnu have their female counterparts in Kali and Lakhshmi, and the favorite god Ram had his Sita. In the devotion of the people, these goddesses are not second to their husbands. I have sometimes thought this female worship may have added a little to the prestige of the weaker sex.

In War Times. In the great Mogul period, Mohammedan women played important roles; some even went into war. Nur Jahan, the exquisitely beautiful wife of the Emperor Jahangir, frequently mounted her gold-bedecked elephant, and, unveiled, went out at the head of her army and did great exploits with her soldiers who gave her implicit obedience, while alas! her lord and husband remained behind in the royal court drinking and revelling. This queen is, even today, far more highly praised than her consort. In modern times India's women have stood before liquor and opium shops pleading with their brothers not to buy. Later, when they could not be persuaded to desist, they were arrested and sent to prison and to concentration camps without a word of complaint.

Asiatic Women's Conference. Before leaving India in 1931 I had the privilege of attending one of the most unique conferences ever held in the ancient land. A call went out to the women of Asia, from fourteen prominent Indian ladies, representing all classes in India, to meet in Lahore, North India, for one week's conference to discuss, as they stated in their call, "their own distinctive characteristics, and to foster these for the enrichment of human unity."

They declared that "in the extremes of honor and of serfdom accorded to womanhood, Asia is one. In its worship of the family, in the hopes of the here and the hereafter that it places in the child, in its marriage codes, in its

illiteracy, in the present renaissance—Asia is one.” They also emphasized that “Oriental civilization has ideals concerning the sanctity of life, conceptions of art, philosophy and spirituality, all of a complementary nature to those held on these subjects by other continents.”

A call went to each of the thirty countries of Asia to send, if possible, ten delegates and free entertainment would be given by the people of Lahore. Many countries responded. Delegates arrived from China, Japan, and Korea. Persia was represented by a charming, cultured little lady. Afghanistan had three handsome Mohammedan ladies. Iraq, Iran, Syria all sent delegates. Siam was there and the Dutch East Indies. All made contributions to the great gathering. All subjects discussed pertained to the uplift of womanhood. A beautiful spirit of love and harmony prevailed. One of the leaders was Rajkumari Bibi Amrit Kaur, a daughter of a Rajah who gave up his right to the throne of his fathers when he became a Christian. She is an outstanding leader in all India.

The women leaders have begun to recognize the evil consequences of early marriage and are working for laws that will help to remedy this. An acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Lakshmi pati, said in a lecture on “Women and Social Uplift,” “I plead for equal opportunities, equal rights, equal privileges. It is up to the men in India to realize that women’s cause is their cause.”

Doctor Muthulakhshmi Reddy, of Madras, has done heroic service in helping to free young girls from temple service, which meant they were dedicated to the gods, and so became the prey of evil priests and worshipers. Doctor Reddy was the first woman to be elected a member of the legislative council in British India—she was appointed Deputy President of the Madras Legislative Council. She has been a consistent member of the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union for many years.

Talented *Sarojini Naidu*, India’s beloved poetess, is a well known personality in England, Europe, and America. India

is devoted to her. She it was who penned these lines during the World War, entitled:

THE GIFT OF INDIA

Is there aught you need that my hands withhold?
Rich gifts of raiment or grain or gold?
Lo! I have flung to the East and West
Priceless treasures torn from my breast
And yielded the sons of my stricken womb
To the drum beats of duty, the sabres of doom.

Gathered like pearls in their alien graves,
Silent they sleep by the Persian Waves.
Scattered like shells in Egyptian sands
They lie with pale brows and brave, broken hands.
They are strewn like blossoms mown down by chance
On the blood-brown meadows of Flanders and France.

Lady Hydari, who passed away in June, 1940, a devout Mohammedan lady, was one who succeeded in getting many of her people to discard the purdah. She was a tower of strength to her husband, sharing in all his interests. He was Sir Akbar Hydari, the prime minister of the Nizam of Hyderabad and probably the most distinguished Indian politician outside Congress. Lady Hydari had great influence in Hyderabad society in dissolving ancient prejudices.

Helen Maya Das, a former teacher in our Pathankot Girls' School and a prominent worker in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who has rendered much service in our Mission, was a delegate to the Asiatic Women's Conference. She brought in a resolution calling on the Conference to work for prohibition in their respective countries. This passed unanimously. Afghanistan was the first to heed this call. The missionaries who were there as visitors thanked God for this new day in old Asia, an awakened womanhood.

This chapter must not be closed without bringing into this galaxy of Asia's splendid womanhood one who, perhaps, has done more for the education and uplift of India's depressed and suffering womanhood and childhood than any other. Some of my readers will know that I refer to *Pandita*

Ramabai. She was the daughter of a great Brahmin scholar who, himself, taught her so well that she earned the title of Pandita. She was left a widow while still young. After being led to Christ, largely through the influence of the famous Christian, Nehemiah Goreh, she devoted all her courage, all her initiative and tenacity of purpose to bettering the lot of her Indian sisters, especially that of the unhappy widows. She founded a home for them in Muktu, near Poona, South India. At times she had twelve hundred under her training. There was no regular support for her work. Once the Viceroy visited her and was visibly touched. He said to the little lady, "And who supports this great work?" "God," was her reply. "Yes, yes, I know, but to whom do you look for funds to come in regularly?" Again she replied simply, "God." And God never failed her.

Twice by invitation from the Pandita I visited her home for widows and saw for myself her marvelous work. She gave me the privilege of speaking to her women, one thousand or more, in the spacious chapel. I heard wonderful stories of how the Holy Spirit worked in their lives. I heard them pray, a great wave of prayer going up audibly from hundreds kneeling there on the floor. I saw the many activities carried on by this practical educator—farming, dairying, spinning, weaving. I saw the printing press where hundreds of Bibles in Marathi were being turned out, and bound, and made ready for shipment, all the work of the women.

I talked with the girls she had trained to help translate the Bible into her mother tongue, the Marathi. She herself had studied Hebrew and Greek and taught them, so the translation might be in accordance with the original tongues. I saw her pupils erecting brick walls, with brick they had moulded and burnt in kilns. Some of her brilliant students were sent to college and earned degrees. Her motto was, "A woman is capable of doing all kinds of work a man can do. All she needs is the opportunity." She gave her life in providing this opportunity. And through all her service she remained intensely feminine. Once the father of Rudyard

Kipling said to me, "I admire India's women. They are so feminine. They are just glad to be women."

Their Faces Toward the Light. Out of the humility and meekness of India's women has come strength. Today we see her taking her place in the new world order. She is displaying magnificent courage and tenacity. A fortitude and love and a capacity for self-sacrifice, service, and suffering that causes Gandhi to acclaim woman as not the weaker but the nobler sex.

At least one hundred and seventy million women and girls are awakening in India with their faces turning toward the light. Three million of these are in our own Mission field who are stretching out their hands for more freedom to live the life God has ordained for them.

Chapter 13

TWO PILLARS IN THE PUNJAB CHURCH

ONE was the *Theological Seminary* and the other the *Christian Training Institute*. The beginnings of these institutions were so interwoven in early days that it is difficult to separate them. Missionary leaders were few, often not more than two to carry on the rapidly developing work. As baptisms increased and little Christian centers formed, the need for Indian pastors became imperative but they had to be trained. An institution for theological training had perforce to be erected, so also was a school needed for preparing students for the Seminary. Doctor Barr's name is linked largely with the beginnings of these two educational institutions. They started in a very primitive manner—a few students brought together and housed in small, one-room mud huts, the classes seated on verandahs or under the shade of trees.

Thakur Das. The student life involved real sacrifice and produced some strong, stalwart leaders. Several of the converts of those days came from the higher castes, some came with previous training. One was George Lawrence Thakur Das, a high caste Hindu lad. He was endowed with a great intellect. He soon rose to be a teacher in the Gujranwala city school for Hindus and Mohammedans. He studied privately. In December, 1870, he passed the Calcutta University entrance examination and after this under the tuition of Mr. and Mrs. Martin he studied mathematics, mental and moral philosophy, and English. He was then offered the alternative of going to Lahore College or to prepare for the gospel ministry. He chose the latter. Under the Reverend J. P. McKee he studied theology, church history, the Greek and Hebrew languages. All this time he was earning his

living by teaching. On December 27, 1875, he was licensed by Presbytery to preach the gospel. In 1884 he was appointed Superintendent of the Pasrur Mission District. He became the author of several books on religious subjects and his influence was far-reaching. His son has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Lahore for many years.

Policy of the Pioneers. Doctor James S. Barr was the first manager of the Christian Training Institute. From this school thousands of boys from the upper classes have gone out to be ministers, teachers, and leaders in other occupations, while other thousands from the lower classes are serving India in the humbler walks but witnessing for Christ. We have shared these trained young men with other Missions. At one time Methodists in the Punjab frequently said to me that many of their pastors were "Psalm-singing United Presbyterian young men." At the foundation of all the thinking of older missionaries was the conviction that India must be evangelized by the Indian Church and all the policies adopted by them were directed toward the building and equipping of that Church for its great commission. This was their prayer for these institutions which today stand as monuments to their faith and courage.

Jiwan Mall. Another convert came from Hinduism and joined the Mission in those formative years. A "writer of Urdu" was required for the Boys' Middle School. A candidate was found one day in the person of a handsome young Hindu, a resident of the western part of Gujranwala district. It was reported that he was not only an expert writer of exquisite Persian and Arabic characters but an inquirer as well. Doctor Barr engaged him. Jiwan Mall, for that was his name, came after school hours to be taught spiritual truths and one day he asked to be baptized. Doctor Barr told him that since he was only in temporary charge of Gujranwala he would like the baptism to be postponed until the return of Doctor McKee from furlough. When Doctor McKee arrived and was told about the young man, Jiwan Mall, he said, "I will arrange. Even though it breaks up the city school he must be baptized."

A day was set for the ceremony. They went down to the city for the usual Sabbath morning worship. News of the impending event had spread abroad. The streets were crowded leading right up to the place of worship. Doctor Barr conducted the service. At the close of his sermon he said, "Jiwan Mall, come forward." Breathlessly the audience waited while this high caste young man fearlessly stepped out and went forward. He was questioned concerning his faith, then amid intense silence and not a word of opposition, he received the rite of baptism. Doctor McKee said afterward he trembled for the safety of Doctor Barr. Doctor Barr in his memoirs says, "I hadn't a particle of fear. I knew Jesus was there." After Jiwan was baptized, he turned to the audience and told them why he had become a Christian. Up to that time very few high caste people had become Christians and comparatively they are still few in number.

The following morning Doctor Barr, with the young convert, marched across country to Zafarwal. "On reaching Pasrur," he wrote, "we encamped for the night. In the evening we heard a woman saying, 'Oh, my son; my son.' She was accompanied by two men, and Jiwan cried out, 'My mother and brothers are here.' " Doctor Barr said quietly, "We will receive them kindly. Give your tent to your mother and give your brothers means for cooking food so that their caste will not be affected." The weeping woman rushed to Jiwan, threw her arms about him, and begged him to repudiate Christ. Jiwan never faltered. He was exceedingly kind to his mother, but said he could not give up Jesus. They spent the night and next morning returned to their home, eighty miles distant. Long afterward the mother came to this son and made her home with him.

Jiwan Mall took the theological course and was ordained a minister. For many years he served as pastor of the Gujranwala congregation. When the Training School was well under way he became head teacher with Doctor Samuel Martin as headmaster. One of my earliest recollections is of listening to the Rev. Jiwan Mall preach in Urdu and try-

ing to see how many words I could distinguish. He was one of the most rapid speakers to whom I ever listened.

Doctor Robert Stewart. In 1881 Doctor Robert Stewart joined the Mission. He had been requested to come out and take charge of the Theological Seminary. At last some one had been secured who would devote his time to the Seminary untrammelled by other burdens. It seemed ideal: the students were still few in number and he could devote some time to the preparation of much-needed textbooks. But the Training Institute was again without a head and would the new missionary kindly take it under his care, at least for a time? Doctor Stewart, like those before him, shouldered the double burden and did heroic service. He came into the Mission unusually well qualified for this work. He not only had a keen, scholarly mind but true Christian culture as well. His constant aim was the training of the individual, be he high caste or outcaste, to a life of nobility.

The Stewarts were located in Sialkot in a bungalow on the North Compound called Barah Patthar. Here the Seminary students, also the score or more of Christian Training Institute students, were housed in small rooms. They had all been moved over from Gujranwala. More and better accommodations became an absolute necessity. Doctor Stewart now became a builder. He had a fine plant erected for the Training Institute which stands today a monument to him. Later the Seminary students were crowded out by the influx of more and more boys into the Training School. The young theologues found a new domicile in a rambling, old, two-story rented building near the city church. It was in 1896 that the twelve young men plus their wives lived and studied together, and all passed through that great spiritual awakening which truly made them outstanding leaders in the Church. Perhaps in no other year before or since has the work of the Holy Spirit been so manifest as in that year. With but one exception, so far as my memory serves me, all those young men became self-support pastors.

Other Trainers of Men. Later the Seminary was moved back to Gujranwala. A fine property was bought in a

suburban quarter and suitable buildings erected. At last all professors and students were housed adequately and comfortably. The staff now had four professors, two foreign and two Indian. Doctor T. L. Scott devoted many years in teaching theology and was greatly beloved by the students. Doctor J. A. McConnelee did a splendid work there for several years, also the Rev. Henry Nesbitt. It seems fitting that now a son of Doctor Stewart should be the Principal of the Seminary which owed so much to the father. Doctor Harris J. Stewart, worthy son of a worthy father, is at the present time in charge of this noble work, ably assisted by the Rev. J. H. Colvin and two Indian professors, Doctor Labhu Mall and the Rev. Wazir Chand. Under the guidance of these devoted instructors one hundred and nineteen students of the Seminary have gone out as self-support pastors and in this year, 1941, there were twenty-seven students in its classes.

The *two pillars* were now separated by forty miles and each carrying on a separate existence, though one in spirit.

The Christian Training Institute has had the ministrations of excellent leaders. Doctor W. B. Anderson's sweet influence still lives in the lives of many. Doctor A. B. Caldwell, Doctor E. E. Campbell, Rev. J. H. Colvin, Rev. Robert Maxwell, and young, energetic Rev. Robert Foster have all made valuable contributions, as have others. This institution ranks high in the Punjab as a training school for Christian boys and young men. It is noted with pardonable pride that its head is one of our own trained Indian men, Mr. Hakim Din. For several years this young college man with his M.A. degree and his brave little wife served as missionaries in Java.

Poetic Service of Doctor Shahbaz. There was a convert from Mohammedanism, the Rev. Imam-ud-Din Shahbaz, D.D., who, while not a teacher in either of these institutions, had great influence over many of the students. He was pastor of the congregation which was attended by many students in the early days. Perhaps his greatest contribution to the church was what I now relate. From the beginning of the

Mission there was a hunger for the Psalms to be put into meter so they could be used in praise service. They were chanted in some churches. A small attempt was made to remedy this when Doctor D. S. Lytle and Mary Campbell were asked to prepare some of the Psalms for singing. Portions of fifty Psalms were reduced to meter and set to Indian music. These were acceptable and some are still used today, but more and better translations were desired.

It was discovered one day that in the coming of this young convert we had one whose soul was full of the God-given gift of poesy. To him was entrusted the task of putting all the Psalms, yes, every verse of every Psalm, into meter. He first reduced the Psalms in Urdu into metric version to be sung to Western music. This was fairly satisfactory for those who were Western-trained, but it was not until he translated them into Punjabi to be sung to the soulful Punjabi, or oriental, music that they captured the hearts of all the people of North India. This was literally true. City streets and village lanes began reverberating praises to God. Christian and non-Christian were singing the sweet Psalms of the Shepherd King.

Doctor Shahbaz did not understand how to reduce the tunes into our musical notation; but, we had one in our midst who did know, our quiet, gentle, talented Mary Rachel Martin, who offered her services. She secured an elderly Punjabi musician and hour after hour for months she listened while he played on his sattar—seven-stringed instrument—and she picked out the notes and put them in place so they could be sung by Westerners. The Indians knew the tunes. In this tremendous labor of love Miss Martin was ably assisted by Henrietta Cowden, Mrs. William McKelvey, and her sister, Josephine Martin. Soon, instead of objectionable songs, indecent love songs, the Psalms were taking their place and calling on all peoples to praise God.

It may not be out of place to say that this introduction of sacred music into the song life of a people who love to sing is one of the greatest gifts our Church has contributed to India. I wonder sometimes if the songs of David ever

sounded sweeter in the Hebrew tongue sung in the hills of Judea and in the great temple in Jerusalem than they do in the plains and hills and the humble mud churches in the villages of the Punjab on the day of worship.

Praise ye the Lord!

Chapter 14

GORDON COLLEGE

DOCTOR R. R. STEWART has prepared this chapter on Gordon College which he has served as principal since 1934. During his years he has won a prominent place in the botanical world, having brought together in the College a collection of some thirty thousand mounted specimens of flowering plants and ferns. He has co-operated with many scientists and scientific institutions throughout the world, and has himself added a number of new species of flowering plants, mosses, and plant diseases, especially rusts, to the known varieties. His collections have been chiefly from the northwest Himalayas with particular emphasis on Kashmir and the Punjab Hills. He has brought some ten thousand specimens to work on in the Herbarium of the New York Botanical Garden while in America.

Mrs. Stewart has been a partner in the fullest sense of the word, having co-operated with him in the field of Indian botany and doing a fine work in her own way, specializing in nature study. When girls were admitted to Gordon College, she took the keenest interest in the venture and has served as Dean of Women.

Doctor Stewart's history of the College follows:

Its Genesis. There are few educational institutions in the Punjab with a longer unbroken history than that of Gordon College. Long before our United Presbyterian Mission took up the work in Rawalpindi the foundations had been laid by our friends of the Presbyterian Mission. On the tenth of March, 1856, the Rev. J. H. Morrison arrived in Rawalpindi from Lahore and almost immediately he started a school with twenty boys in attendance. By February, 1857, there were a church and a school building, but the infant institution nearly died later in the year when the famous Mutiny of

1857 broke out. The attendance dropped to five but before the end of 1858 there were sixty boys attending. The school met a real need and the numbers rapidly increased. There were one hundred and thirty-five in 1859 and a branch school was started in the Cantonment Bazaar. At this period the population of Rawalpindi was only sixteen thousand, while it is about eight times that size now.

In 1892 the Presbyterian Mission transferred all its work in Rawalpindi to the United Presbyterian Mission as their nearest station was one hundred and seventy miles away in Lahore and almost all of our stations were nearer. The primary school, started by Mr. Morrison, was now one of the largest and best schools in the province with an enrollment of more than a thousand pupils. By this time there was a demand for the opening of a college as parents did not want to send their sons clear to Lahore.

Made a College by the United Presbyterians. The year after taking over the school the United Presbyterian Mission gave permission to open junior college classes. There was no money to provide a separate building and until 1902 the two college classes had to make the best of very narrow quarters. The same teachers taught both in the high school and college classes. The first class of fourteen students was admitted by the Rev. E. E. Fife, who was also in charge of the High School. It was some years before the infant College had a president or a staff of its own.

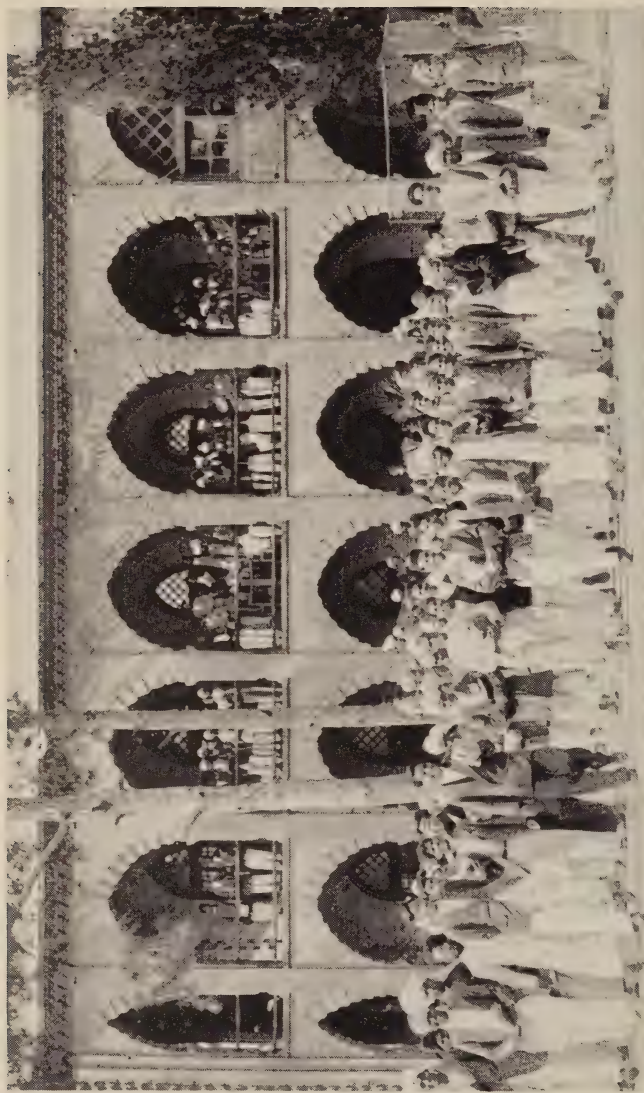
Mr. Fife could not have done much for the College as his health broke down and the Rev. G. W. Morrison became principal in October, 1893. His first official report is as follows, "Perhaps the most noteworthy event of the year in this branch of the work was the beginning of a college department. This is the first venture our Mission has made in the way of giving so high an education. Twelve or fourteen have studied in the first-year class. The plan is, for the present, to have only a two-year course, preparing the students for the first arts examinations. Should the present venture prove successful, the full course will doubtless come in time."

Prepares for University Examinations. In India, colleges are not able to give their own degrees but prepare their students to take the examinations set by the Universities. The University of the Punjab, for example, prepares the syllabuses and the examinations taken by our students and those from dozens of other colleges, and in the opinion of the public the best college is the one which has the highest percentage of passes. According to this standard, Gordon College has had an excellent record, often standing first in the University, but we have never been satisfied merely to do well academically. We have tried to train our Christian students for leadership in the Church and to give our non-Christian students the opportunity to know what Christianity is and commend the Christian way of life and win souls for Christ's Kingdom.

For several years the new College had no separate report. It was not until degree classes were started and a separate plant built that the college had a principal who was not in charge of the high school as well. During its nine years of infancy the principals changed rapidly. The third was the Rev. J. S. Thompson who took the place of Mr. Morrison when he went to America on furlough in 1895.

Our first good result in the University Examinations was as early as 1896. The entire report for the year was as follows: "The Gordon Mission College in connection with the Pindi Main School has increased this year and this was in part due to the results of the last F. A. Examination. Four boys were sent up from this College and all passed with credit, one of them leading the whole Punjab in English and History."

New Buildings. In 1896 Doctor J. S. Barr took charge of the College and High School and the Rev. W. B. Anderson was appointed to assist in the work. Again the report was very brief: "The Gordon College has done fairly good work during the year. The Superintendent reports the building and apparatus as deficient for the work in hand." Doctor Barr stated that the College needed a new building and felt that the College would be much more prosperous if it could



Willard Price

GORDON COLLEGE, RAWALPINDI

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be obtained. The first literary society was started about this time and was attended by both teachers and pupils and the present Barr Literary Club seems to have started in 1900 in honor of Doctor Barr.

In 1899 Doctor Barr resigned and Doctor W. B. Anderson wrote the annual report. For the first time the College had a report of its own but it was still very brief. By this time there were forty-three students and efforts were being made in America to secure enough money for a College building. He wrote, "We are now praying earnestly that the Lord will put into the hearts of the people at home to increase the contributions toward the new building until they are sufficient for the need. We hope that by this time next year we may be able to report a building well under way."

The new building did not come as fast as Doctor Anderson had hoped but the 1901 report was a very happy one as it was possible for the College to take a big step forward. Eleanor C. Law and Ina Law Robertson, of Chicago, gave \$12,000 and with other gifts enough money was collected to build the present main building with eight classrooms and a central hall and in addition one dormitory, Gordon Hall. Professor W. E. Nicoll arrived from America to help Doctor Anderson and the first third-year class was admitted in 1902 when the College was transferred to the new site.

At this period the new College was well outside the city and there were hardly any buildings between the City Church and Municipal Hospital at the end of the Raja Bazaar and the new institution. Similarly toward the Murree and Kashmir Road nothing had been built and there were wheat fields from the College to the brick fields beyond the Murree Road. There was one bungalow on the site now occupied by the President of our Municipality and on the fourth side the Municipal Park was much as it is now except that it was more beautiful as no buildings had been erected in it.

There were two bungalows on the site assigned to the College, a few servants' houses and the homes of a few Indian Christians. One of the bungalows is the one which

the Downs have occupied for some years and the other is still at the rear of the main building and after various alterations serves as offices, B. Sc. Chemistry Laboratory, Staff Room, etc.

When the new buildings were erected under the superintendence of Dr. T. L. Scott it was thought that they would be large enough for many years. Prof. Peter Ponsonby says that he suggested to Doctor Anderson that Gordon Hall should be larger, but he replied that he did not think that there would ever be more than forty resident students. In those days there was little demand for a college education. The principal and professors had to search for students and it was some years before the attendance went to one hundred.

Strong Christian Leaders. The new third-year class was opened in 1902 and the Christian staff consisted of the Rev. W. B. Anderson, Prof. W. E. Nicoll, Prof. Dutt from Bengal, and Prof. Peter Ponsonby, a Tamil from Ceylon, who came to us from Forman Christian College in Lahore. The first three did not serve the College for long periods but Professor Ponsonby served for thirty years and is still with us and still responds to special calls. He is loved by many generations of students and can still call large numbers of them by name. He is a mine of information about College affairs, and much of the data about our old students and professors was only preserved because of his interest in historical matters.

In 1903 the Rev. J. H. Morton replaced Mr. Anderson as Principal. Doctor Anderson felt the call to district evangelistic work and resigned from the College, but he always had a great love for the institution, and when he became Secretary of the Foreign Board in America he did much to maintain the interest of the American Church in our growth and development. Now that he is dead the General Assembly has approved of raising a memorial fund for him and the first \$10,000 raised is to be given to build us a Chapel.

Mr. Morton was one of the best principals the College has had and he is still remembered by many although he only served from 1903 to 1909, dying of tuberculosis while still a

young man. The College was small and individual attention was possible. Colleges and hostels in Lahore were glad to welcome Gordon College students when they went to the metropolis for higher study as experience had proven that they were reliable and usually did well. Mr. Morton was greatly loved because he loved his pupils. An eye witness told me that once Mr. Morton felt that he must administer corporal punishment to a Christian student who had misbehaved. He gave the beating in Gordon Hall courtyard with tears running down his cheeks and all present were deeply moved.

During the regime of Mr. Morton there were three professors besides Professor Ponsonby who added much to the life of the College. The first was Professor W. E. Nicoll, who had served in the Philippine Islands in the American Army. He was transferred to other work when Professor W. L. Porter, of Yale, was ready to take up full work in 1905. Professor Porter was a good scientist and was the real founder of our science departments and of our scientific prestige. Those were the days of small beginnings. The first two candidates who attempted the Intermediate Science Examination in 1906 failed. In 1907 three appeared and two passed. In 1908 there was only one candidate and he passed. In 1909 twenty-three tried and twenty passed. This was a remarkable class as so many of them occupied or are occupying leading positions in the medical profession. Several became professors in the Lahore Medical College. Others became Civil Surgeons, Colonels in the Indian Medical Service, and hold positions of usefulness. Our present Civil Surgeon, Colonel Jamal ud Din, is one. This class was a special one as the Medical College ceased to teach the pre-medical course and the work was turned over to the University. The Lahore colleges were not ready to take all who wanted to prepare for the new test for admission to the Medical College and Professor Porter did these men a very good turn by inviting them to Rawalpindi.

Another professor deserving a note is Harris J. Stewart, now a D.D., and Principal of the Gujranwala Theological

Seminary. He was the first of a succession of American "short term" teachers who lived in the hostel and added so much to the life of the dormitories. He lived in the quarters now occupied by the Chummary. In the American colleges of Egypt and the Near East it has been the practice to have a number of these short termers on the staff but the great distance and expense have not made it possible for Gordon College to utilize very many. All but two of those who have served Gordon College are still in Christian service. The list is as follows:

H. J. Stewart ...	1904-07	C. A. Stewart ...	1913-14
Milford Barnes ..	1907-08	John Meloy	1914-17
W. H. Merriam ..	1910-13	T. C. Pollock	1922-25
H. R. Ferger	1910-13	F. G. Dickason ..	1926-29
R. R. Stewart ...	1911-14	J. Reid Graham ..	1929-32

The Riot of 1907. There was a riot in Rawalpindi in 1907, the fiftieth anniversary of the Mutiny. Coming toward the city from the courts the mob damaged a garage next door and then proceeded to destroy the property of Professor Nicoll and Professor Porter and set their furniture on fire. They were living in the house recently occupied by the Downs. The two storied bungalow was occupied by the Mortons. It was defended by a brave servant and a soldier guest and the mob turned its attention to Gordon Hall. They tried to break into the quarters occupied by Professors Stewart and Barnes, but the students persuaded them to move on. They finished up by setting fire to the Church furniture and attacking the workshops of Sardar Buta Singh. The shock of this riot greatly affected the health of Mrs. Porter and in spite of medical attention she had a nervous breakdown and the Porters had to leave for America, never to return. Professor Porter was a fine scientist and his going left a great gap in the science teaching of the College which it took several years to fill adequately.

It seems that Biology was first taught in 1907 and Physics and Chemistry in 1904 when the first regular science class

was admitted. Professor Nicoll may have taught some science to Arts students even earlier.

The year 1909 was a difficult year for the College. Mr. Morton went on furlough in the spring and Professor Porter was made Acting Principal in the expectation that he would carry on until the return of Mr. Morton. His wife's health deteriorated and he, too, left, never to return. Since leaving us he has taught Geology in Davidson College, North Carolina. The Rev. E. E. Campbell served as temporary principal during the summer and at the annual business meeting of the Mission in October the Rev. Robert Maxwell was appointed to fill in until the return of the Mortons. When the news of the death of Mr. Morton arrived it became necessary to select a permanent principal and the Rev. E. L. Porter, at that time Manager of the High School, was elected in April, 1910. The death of Mr. Morton was a shock to many and the Mission issued a Memorial volume and his students and friends placed a tablet and photograph in the Hall and established a memorial medal.

Period of Expansion. With Doctor E. L. Porter's appointment the third period in the life of the College began. The period of infancy was spent as a guest in the High School and lasted from 1893 to 1902. The formative period lasted from 1902 to 1910. The third period of growth and expansion coincides with the principalship of Doctor Porter which lasted from 1910 to 1933. When he took charge there were less than one hundred students. When he retired there were more than five hundred. Six men went up for the University Examination of 1910 while in the class of 1933 there were nearly one hundred. Fee income increased from Rs. 5,500 to Rs. 58,000 and the staff from ten to twenty-seven. The number of subjects taught, the number of books in the Library, the equipment of the laboratories and the physical equipment of the College increased greatly. West Hall, the first two stories of Morton Hall, the Science Hall, the dining-rooms, and servants' quarters, the electric system and a water system were all added while he was in charge. In addition the land behind our best tennis courts was pur-

chased and a bungalow for the Principal was erected. All these improvements which cost well over Rs. 150,000 were made without any grant from Government. Of this sum about Rs. 100,000 was secured by Doctor Porter from the members of the Sixth United Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, Pa.

It would make this article too long to say much about the professors who served with Doctor Porter. Many of them are still in the service of the College. Professor Ponsonby retired in 1932. Professor Abdur Rahman died in 1936, four years after his retirement due to ill health. For some years he taught Persian but in his later years he was a tower of strength to the English Department. Professor Ponsonby was very versatile and was able to help in other departments in time of need. He still keeps up his interest in all sorts of subjects from shorthand on the one hand to French and Astronomy, not to overlook philately, on the other. Professor W. H. Merriam first came to the College in 1908 and was transferred to Gujranwala as Treasurer of the Mission in 1921. Professor Merriam is remembered by many for his courtesy, faithfulness to duty, and for a good game of tennis.

One of the big advances while Doctor Porter was Principal was the development of the Science Departments until there are now some two hundred and fifty students in the first- and second-year classes and about sixty in the B. Sc. classes. B. Sc. classes were first started in 1927 and the first candidate, Sant Singh, passed in 1929. Away back in 1911 two brilliant students of the College obtained B. Sc. degrees, but the University regulations were different at that time and these men obtained the degree with English, Mathematics, and Astronomy as their subjects. In 1927 B. Sc. classes were opened in Botany and Chemistry and in 1931 Physics was added. Our record in science has been very good and our science equipment is better than that in most colleges, especially in Chemistry and Botany.

New Administrative Measures. Doctor H. C. Chambers succeeded Doctor Porter in March, 1933, and continued until 1934. He helped secure two administrative measures which

have made for efficiency and associated a larger number of people in the management of the College. The first was the formation of an advisory committee, the Principal's Council, to help in the non-academic running of the College, and the second was the formation of a new College Board with a wider representation. At first the Managing Committee consisted of five members of the U. P. Mission. After many years this committee was associated with a committee of five from the Synod of the Indian U. P. Church. This Joint Board had the supervision of other institutions as well as the College and the College felt that it got very little help from it, so the College asked the Mission for a Board which would deal only with the general policy of the College. The new Board has, in addition to representatives of the Mission, representatives of the Christian staff, of the Indian Church, and one representative each from Forman, Kinnaird, Edwardes, and Murray Colleges. As Doctor Chambers had had little to do with educational institutions for many years, he desired to take charge of the financial rather than the academic side of the College and in the autumn of 1934 became Bursar instead of Principal and Doctor R. R. Stewart was elected in his place.

Since 1934 Doctor R. R. Stewart has been Principal. He came to the College first in 1911 and except for furloughs has been in charge of the Biology Department since that time. Until he became Principal he also took part of the teaching work in B. A. English. When Doctor Stewart became Principal, Doctor Wallace J. Downs, who came out in 1919, was elected Vice-Principal. He had been in charge of both the Physics and Chemistry Departments until his sudden death on February 28, 1941, and a great deal of the efficiency of these two departments is due to his able teaching and to his unusual executive ability. Doctor Downs was a man of wide interests and did a great deal for the development of athletics both in the College and outside. He had a good deal to do with the development of the hostels and also of the Leper Asylum as Honorary Superintendent.

Co-education. During the past six years there has been a good deal of development in the College. The number on the staff and the number of subjects taught have increased along with an increase of students from five hundred and thirty-eight to six hundred and sixty-six. A large part of this increase is in the science classes, both Intermediate and Degree. Girls have been admitted to all classes since 1934 and beginning with seven the number has increased to twenty-six. Some thirty years ago before Kinnaird College had been opened in Lahore we admitted a number of girls, but when adequate accommodation was available in Lahore we ceased to admit women students. Of late years the interest in the education of women has increased by leaps and bounds, and requests kept coming, urging us to admit girls. The number appearing and passing the matriculation examination has increased more than ten times in ten years, so that there is now room for a first-class college for women in Rawalpindi but since none has been started the girls have been pressing into the colleges for boys. If we had accommodation and could run separate classes for the girls we could have had larger numbers but although the College stage is not the best time to start co-education we have not had as many difficulties as might have been expected.

Cramped Quarters. With the rapid growth of the College in the last ten or fifteen years we have begun to feel very cramped. We no longer have plenty of space for games and badly need more classrooms and larger laboratories. The B. Sc. Chemistry Laboratory has been enlarged twice in the last six years so that we can accommodate forty students at one time. In 1940 thirty Physics B. Sc. students were admitted to the new third-year class and several were turned away. This is the first large class we have had in this subject at the degree stage but the Junior classes have overflowed on to the verandah for lack of space in the Junior Laboratory. The Biology Department, too, has no room to expand and both Herbarium and Museum are overcrowded. In 1937 a second athletic field was purchased near the Murree Road which has to some extent eased the pressure at

the College Field and enables us to reserve the old field for hockey.

French and Political Science have been introduced recently and an M. A. Class in English was started in October, 1940. We are now teaching eighteen subjects including Modern Indian Languages and our staff consists of twenty-eight full-time and four part-time men excluding two full-time men in the athletic department and two librarians.

Athletics have been an important part of the program of Gordon College from its inception. Changes of emphasis and popularity are noticeable. Cricket and football were played in the early years, but cricket has not been played for nearly thirty years and hockey has become the most popular game with football dropping into second place. The College has distinguished itself in certain minor games rather than in hockey or football although we had an excellent hockey team in 1940. We have won the University Championship in Basketball for nine years in succession and have won championships in volleyball.

The Future. What of the future? With world conditions as they are it is dangerous to prophesy. God has blessed us for the forty-eight years we have existed as a College and we look to the future with trust and courage. Our old students are to be found all over India and occupy important and useful positions in all walks of life. In the last year many have joined the Army and a number are known to have gone to the Near East. Large numbers have become doctors, lawyers, engineers, and merchants. Many have become teachers and preachers, and a goodly number have become scientists, botanists, chemists, and physicists. The motto of the college is "Seek and ye shall find" and as seekers and teachers we strive to be useful and are laboring to make India a better place to live in and to help bring in and spread God's Kingdom.

At present two sons of our India Mission are giving their services under life appointments, helping to build the Gordon College of the future. The Rev. J. B. Cummings, Vice-Principal of the College, is the son of Dr. T. F. Cummings,

whose books on the teaching of Urdu and Punjabi have helped so many missionaries to be more efficient as linguists. Professor Cummings has served in Gordon College since 1924 and much of its success is due to him and his wife, a daughter of Dr. T. E. Holliday, also of our India Mission. Rev. James D. Brown is the son of Dr. M. M. Brown and he has been on our staff since 1939. Mrs. Brown has served in Egypt and is the daughter of Dr. J. W. Liggitt, of Philadelphia. Thus the stream of missionary life flows on to make Christ known in India.



THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT KOHAT

See pages 133-135

Chapter 15

THE FRONTIER

KOHAT AND THE LITTLE CROSS-CROWNED CHURCH

IN that delightful book entitled, "Far North in India," which was written by Dr. W. B. Anderson and Dr. Charles R. Watson, Doctor Anderson said that India had two doors, a back door and a front door. For three centuries at least, European nations, Dutch, French, Portuguese and British, entered India through the back door. This door suited business purposes; the harbors were good, railway construction easy, a dense population, and all these lent themselves to utility as they should for the traffic at the back door. But in the extreme northern point, between snow-capped columns of the Himalayan walls, has been built by the Architect of the Continents, the front door of India. This majestic entrance is called the Khyber Pass. From ages away beyond the most ancient memories of history it has been the door through which pilgrims, traders, armies and colonies from Central Asia have entered the enchanted land of the south.

The Pioneers in Kohat. Our Mission in the years that have passed has pushed far north, not yet up to the gate itself, but some of the fruit of our mission work is found in many towns in that front-door region. Some of the humble village Christians have sought new fields for more lucrative positions and have ventured far and wide. Occasionally one hears of a man of the north having been led to Christ through the testimony of a Punjabi Christian servant who has lived and worked in his home. In a few places where several Christians have migrated, a congregation has been formed.

Kohat, far north, with a population of thirty-six thousand, was such a town. The story of Kohat as related by its first missionary, an English lady, Miss F. Davidson, is thrilling.

Her connection with our simple work has been so intimate that we have felt each belonged to the other. Her field of labor was in Peshawar when she heard the call to go to Kohat. She was visiting in Mardan one day. She writes: "When kneeling at the window, I could see the hills of Buner and Swat, blue in the distance, fields brilliant green and golden, with flowering mustard. The Voice was heard, 'Kohat next!' 'But Lord,' . . . then came the thought of all it would mean. Kohat, where no missionary had ever worked. . . . Kohat famous for its murders, its uncivilization and its glory in it. But after all, is not that just the objective for the *Call*, not the objection?" So in that quiet afternoon the *pact* was made. She left the working out with God.

Shortly afterward the subject was broached to a few friends; they were aghast. "Leave Peshawar, how can you? And why Kohat?"

Official Permission Secured. She and a friend one cold day motored out to Kohat. If *need* constitutes a *call*, it was loud enough. The poky, filthy little zenana municipal hospital had been without a worker for a long time. Not a trained midwife in the place, women dying of sepsis weekly. "Yes, for that we need your help; we want you to come." "And how about mission work?" "Well, don't press that, but come," the Mohammedan civil surgeon said.

The two ladies mounted the tower at the boys' Islamic school to look around; a scene of desolation lay about them. The riots had taken place a short time before, and literally half the bazaar was burned or broken down.

The second step was a visit to the proper legal officer. He banged his fist on the table: "Don't come, don't, don't. You don't know. Kohat has the worst reputation on the Frontier. It's useless; it's suicide. Oh well, if the Chief who is over me gives permission, do as you like! I am off to England this year for good and I don't care what happens!" Later the chief legal officer gave permission. A house was found, a bond signed for so much (about three times the usual rent), and things seemed to be shaping up.

Kohat Objects but Yields. But Kohat had been caught napping. The people heard it was a missionary who was coming. The missionaries, curse them! had established themselves in every big city on the Frontier, and then they destroyed the practice of the Hakims (native physicians) and undermined the influence of the Mullahs (Mohammedan priests). One town, Kohat, had so far escaped and by all their power they would endeavor to keep it free. Two men were sent to Peshawar to warn the missionary to keep out of it, or they would take the law into their own hands; a murder more or less, what was that? The landlord of the rented-out house said, "No, I cannot let you have my house." But scores of difficulties were overcome and Miss Davidson packed up her few possessions and moved into Kohat. Then began the siege of Kohat!

The conferences in the city were many and varied as to how to oust the "Mission agent." "Shall we burn the house down?" It was mere mud and not so easy. "Shall we raid it?" But she has an Afridi servant who would give his life for her even though she be a kafir (infidel) and he has five or six friends with him at night, and the police-post is within call.

The final assault was made in the big mosque. Elders and greybeards came in from the villages and were gathered there to decide what to do. The missionary knelt in her stifling, fly-crowded room praying, praying till she was exhausted. Then sleep came. Four o'clock she awakened. The Afridi faithful servant came in a little later, wonder in his eyes. "Well, what has been decided?" "Miss Sahiba, it is all over, Kohat is ours."

Here Is the Story. The chief maulvie, a fine looking old man, wanted to keep his own good name and influence and to please all parties. He wanted to retain his influence among his own people, and yet did not want to fall afoul of the authorities. Night after night he would ejaculate, "Ach! Ach! Ach!" at the top of his voice to impress the people. "You have come and are staying, well——, but remember, the first gospel you sell, and the first convert you make, we'll

finish you," drawing his hand across his throat. "Not your Afridi friends, the proper legal officer, nor even the Viceroy, will be able to cause you to escape your fate." Nevertheless, within three years he himself asked Miss Davidson for a Bible.

And now the American Mission (U. P.) in Rawalpindi comes into the picture of Kohat. Miss Davidson had been working earnestly, breaking down prejudice among the leading people of that notorious city. She also sought the fellowship of a little group of Christians from among the untouchables, who had drifted in from the Punjab. *One* she found who really knew the Lord, and he became one of the foundation stones of the little Kohat church.

This man wrote: "When I first came to Kohat in 1924, there was no church, no gathering of Christians. I wandered around to find someone to have fellowship with. One day in Atu's house I asked, 'Are there any Christians here?' 'Hush' he said, laying his finger on his mouth, 'not so loud, yes,' he whispered. 'I am one, and there are three other families here, but you must not breathe it abroad. No one can be a Christian in Kohat.'

"But we few got together to pray that God would send someone to lead and strengthen us. Later I found a Hindu Sadhu who asked me of Jesus. I said, 'I will tell you as much as I can remember of the beauty of Jesus if you, in exchange, will teach me to read.' In one year I was able to read the gospel, and then my heart awoke and the flame of love and desire to serve my Lord and Master began to burn. That autumn rioting broke out. Half the city was burned to ashes, and all the shops in the main bazaar were looted and gutted. I sat by the roadside, with the flames shooting sky-high and the houses falling around me, the noise of shooting, screams of terror, corpses of many victims lying about on roadsides, and voices of anger and fighting deafening me. Scared to death, and feeling sure that the end of the world had come, I cried out with tears, 'Lord, save me! Save Kohat! Send someone to help us, Lord!' . . . When I took up the collection on Christmas Day, five years later, the first

Christmas in our beautiful new church and saw with my own eyes the company of Christian worshippers, I thanked God that He had answered our prayers and done such wondrous things for Kohat. Great strength has been ours; Christ has stood with us, otherwise we should have been defeated, and trampled under foot! May He have all the glory!"

Again we see this promise, "You ask I will do" exemplified in this humble man's witness. In 1929 I had the privilege of spending two days in Kohat with Miss Davidson, and the following account was written shortly after that memorable visit:

Kohat Church Erected in 1929. "On April 21st another link was added in a chain of churches, which are being erected at long intervals along the border of the North Western Frontier Province, when a new house of worship had its cornerstone laid in Kohat.

"About six years ago a group of inquirers found a friend in a good Christian officer, who was stationed in this town. He took a great interest in the men and had them well instructed. Later some of them were baptized and so formed the nucleus of a Hindustani church in Kohat.

"Three and one-half years ago a missionary (Miss Davidson) came into turbulent Kohat, and made her home in a rented house inside the city walls. She at once identified herself with this group of humble Christians, though her own special call was to the tribes on the border. Her home was always open to the visitors who freely came to her from neighboring tribes. Shortly before this, the Presbytery of Rawalpindi had begun taking an interest in this place and having satisfied the Mission rules of comity, which allow the first Mission on the spot that is able to maintain the work the right to undertake it, this Presbytery began the definite work of organization in Kohat. A young Punjabi man was found who was willing to serve as pastor. The work grew and prospered, and the rented unsatisfactory place of worship was outgrown. Plans were started for raising a fund for a permanent church home. Rawalpindi Presbytery

promised Rs. 1,200. The United Presbyterian Synod designated Rs. 500. Kohat itself, with Mr. Heinrich as promoter, and many outside friends raised over Rs. 1,000. Other border churches and groups of Christians in the Khyber, Thal, Parachinar, etc., sent sums of money to help this new sister church. The Rev. J. C. Heinrich, of Rawalpindi, came over and superintended the work. After a long, weary search, a wonderful plot of ground was secured for the new church, just inside the barbed-wire entanglement on a commanding hill. Here the foundation was laid.

An Impressive Cornerstone Laying. "Then came the impressive ceremony of laying the cornerstone on the twenty-first. A beautiful awning was set up beside the building under erection. The morning was full of brilliant sunshine, the surrounding hills seemed full of peace, though in truth they were not, for excited Shiah and Sunnis were even then preparing to attack each other. The town which was torn asunder by communal hatred a few years ago looked on calmly, while little groups of Christians wended their way up the stone-covered hill to the building under erection. Tongas and motorcars came bringing some officials and their wives who had shown an interest in this Christian work.

"The Rev. J. C. Heinrich and the chaplain, the Rev. E. Claydon, of Kohat, conducted the service. English hymns and Punjabi Psalms were sung. Mr. Heinrich gave a brief history of the congregation and the brave self-denying efforts to raise the Rs. 5,000 for the building. The chaplain spoke most feelingly of the fine spirit of cooperation among the different denominations on the Frontier. Not long ago he attended the dedication of the Khyber Church by the Bishop of Lahore. When this same church was asked to contribute to the erection of the Presbyterian Church in Kohat, it rejoiced to do so. He himself counted it a privilege to be present at the ceremony of cornerstone laying that day. Brigadier Kirkpatrick laid the stone. The Punjabi pastor offered prayer. No racial distinction was manifested that day. English, Scotch, Danish, Pathans, Punjabis and Americans were united in paying tribute to Him Who alone can

heal the hurt of nations and peoples. Peace and goodwill were felt throughout the hour's service. No one perhaps rejoiced more than the missionaries who have thrown in their lot with the people of Kohat.

"Because of former raids and dangers from uprisings, the cantonments are hedged about by miles of barbed-wire entanglement. The two missionaries live inside the city walls in a new house which they have recently built as a home for themselves. This house is built in Pathan-English and it is beautiful. Surrounded by brave but excitable Pathans, these two ladies go in and out fearlessly among the people. In that memorable morning service, an English lady of prominence in Kohat, in speaking to me of these two earnest missionaries said, 'And I believe they are safer than we who live inside the barbed-wire entanglement.' Yes, truly, for 'the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them.'"

Miss Davidson and her friend lived twelve years in Kohat. They saw some of their Pathan friends, men and women, led to Christ; then they moved to another difficult field, like the Apostle Paul, to tell the good news to a people who had not yet heard of Jesus.

But the little church was left to carry on. For twenty years it has stood on that stony hill, a strongly built, but plain little building with its dome surmounted by a beautiful white cross. The pastor is an earnest Punjabi, having had his training in our Theological Seminary.

So the fanatical populace of Kohat, that was not going to allow one missionary entrance into its precincts, now has a church that bears aloft the emblem of Jesus Christ and a community of His followers who worship peacefully in it.

Chapter 16

A GREAT SPIRITUAL AWAKENING

IF I had my heart's deepest desire as I begin writing this chapter, it would be that I might have the united prayers of the members in our Church as I write the record of how God one day visited His humble children in our mission field in India and how through them blessings flowed out even to far distant places in that great land.

Preceded by United Prayer. The revival came as a great surprise even to many who prayed for it. Not many of the "babes in Christ" had ever heard the word *Revival*, very few knew the meaning of it, but there was a hunger to know more of God, and so earnest prayers began to go up to Him who is the source of all blessing.

It is interesting to note that as far back as 1859 when the Mission was only four years old, a call went out from the two or three missionaries in Sialkot to missionaries over India for united prayer, and a circular was sent out to different parts of the country urging the brethren to engage in this exercise. This was cordially responded to. In the Mission Report of that long ago it was stated that this is surely a sign that God is about to do great things for India. In 1864 much emphasis was placed on prayer. In the early eighties little prayer circulars were issued by our Mission for its members and in them were requests for prayer for different objects, but always there was a reminder to pray for a *Revival*. Elizabeth McCahon, of sainted memory, never forgot to keep this most important of all requests constantly before us.

Before that time very few sermons had been preached on the work of the Holy Spirit. I heard one back in the Zafarwal days by Dr. James S. Barr. He had been reading a book by Doctor Owens on the Holy Spirit. This was the

first time I had ever heard a sermon on this tremendous theme. On that memorable Sabbath morning, we listened spell-bound while Doctor Barr with a glow on his face gave us deep teaching. Kanaya and his family, who were there, and all the members of the congregation were thrilled by this old, but to us new, truth about the Holy Spirit. After that Doctor Barr gave us much teaching along this line.

Many missionaries began praying definitely for an out-pouring of the Spirit, but not yet the members of the Indian Church.

Sought by Sialkot Girls' School. May I now give you in some detail what a group of little girls in the Girls' Boarding School of Sialkot did to help bring to pass the greatest spiritual blessing that ever descended on North India? Had men planned this, the power would have come only through the great ones in the Church, but God was about to use His little ones, the weak ones, the often "unwanted ones" to be channels through which the Holy Spirit could work.

It was evening in that school and the girls had met in the long, narrow study for prayer. The "one hundred" were seated on the coarse matting that covered the rough brick floor. No furniture in the room except a small stove to keep the girls comfortable from the cold during the winter rains. An old-fashioned clock, high up on the wall, ticked solemnly as Maryam, a pupil-teacher, and youngest daughter of Kanaya, said, "Sisters, let us sing the fifty-first Psalm this evening. Let us sing it prayerfully with every head bowed." Greatly touched were the hearts of those who listened from an adjoining room as the sweet girlish voices sang the Psalm that had been penned in penitent contrition so long ago in old Jerusalem. How earnestly they sang—

"Wash me wholly from my sins,
Cleanse me from my guilty stains."

A sob bursts from one aching heart as they sing on very softly now—

"Cast me not away from Thee
Nor Thy Spirit take from me."

Maryam's voice had an exultant ring as they sang in closing—

“Freed from guilt my tongue shall raise
Songs Thy righteousness to praise.”

The lesson that followed was from the second chapter of the Revelation, the Overcoming Chapter. “Sisters, have you and I lived the *overcoming* life today?” Maryam asked. “Our hearts are yearning tonight for all that is to be given to those who lead the overcoming life, the tree of life in the paradise of God with its cool refreshing shade, the ‘white stone’ and the ‘new name’ written thereon, but are we willing to pay the price? Let us bow our heads and ask God’s Holy Spirit to show us clearly wherein we have failed to overcome sin today.” Every head was bowed as she led them in prayer. She talked with Jesus, believing Him to be standing beside them in the plain little study room. She told Him some of them desired very earnestly to overcome every sin, and yet how miserably they failed! how that very day several of the girls had shown bad temper in the schoolroom when the teacher had reproved them for not having learned their geography lesson, and how the teacher had said, “I thought Christians were not allowed to become angry.”

“Dear Jesus,” Maryam pleaded, “help us to so live that the unbelieving around us may know that we are following in Thy footsteps. We want to overcome every sin. Help us, for Thy name’s sake.” Several little faces were damp with tears as they arose from prayer.

Quietly they all stood now, each in her place, and one by one the younger children passed out into the open courtyard after saying good night to Maryam.

My heart, and the heart of Miss Kate Corbett—we had charge of these one hundred brown-faced girls who were gathered in from city and village homes all over the mission field—rejoiced as we noted the prayerful spirit that was coming over the school. As we passed down the long verandahs a little later, looking into the brightly lighted dormitories to see that all was as it should be, we were pleased

to see child after child kneel beside the white cots. Sometimes a little form would be seen shaking with sobs as the sins of the day were confessed to the loving Saviour.

Two Little Girls' Confession. Two little girls were overheard discussing a theft they had committed in the morning. When no one was looking they had slipped into the store-room which was unlocked and had filled their pockets with rice and red peppers.

"Don't let us confess it tonight," said Bissee, the older girl; "we can do it just as well in the morning."

"No, Bissee," said Jiwan, "I cannot rest until I have the burden off my heart. Jesus saw us do it. Don't you remember that Miss Campbell said yesterday Jesus might come any time? What if He should come tonight? Let us go and speak to the Miss Sahibas now. I saw them pass down the verandah a few moments ago. There they are, over by the kitchen door bandaging Hannah IV's sore foot."

"I wouldn't like to wash that dreadful sore, would you?" said Bissee. "Yet Miss Corbett does it every day so tenderly."

"It is because she loves Jesus," whispered Jiwan, for now the two girls had drawn near the place where Miss Kate Corbett was tying up the ugly sore on poor, suffering Hannah IV's foot. They waited until she had finished her task, then told her of the sin they had committed. Forgiveness was granted; then the teacher and two little girls knelt down on the ground and prayed for hearts to be kept clean and pure.

Older Girls Under Conviction. In the study, the older girls were busy preparing the next day's lessons. When the clock struck nine, the girls stopped work and left the study, all except a few who wished to have a little talk with Maryam. Of those who lingered in the study one was Hannah, a slender girl with delicate features. She nearly always had a pleasant smile, and her pretty way of looking up brightly, when any one addressed her, gave her an attractive appearance. Tonight there was a thoughtful look on her face, not at all sad but as if she were thinking deeply. She

came into the school when she was only two years old, an orphan rescued by some of the missionaries. She was now eleven years old. Isri, a tall, loosely built girl, came up and threw herself down carelessly by the side of Hannah whom she dearly loved and who was a classmate. Martha, a pretty girl of thirteen, also drew near. She belonged to the eighth grade. If she passed the next examination she would be ready to enter either the high school or normal department. Viro and Nasiban, her classmates, and Bhatto, the wag of the school, completed the group that gathered around Maryam.

They were silent a few moments. At last Hannah exclaimed nervously: "Maryam, what is wrong with us? Every time I open my Bible these days something says to me, 'You are leading an inconsistent life. You profess to want to do good, and you pray to be made good, yet you allow your ugly temper to control you at times, and often you are full of selfishness.' "

"Hannah, if you are selfish, what about me?" cried Isri. "Why, you are always thinking what you can do to help someone else, while I—Oh sisters! I don't believe it is possible for me to live the overcoming life."

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new," quoted Maryam, very gently, as she took Isri's hand in hers.

"Yes, I know that is what the Bible says. It may be I'm not a new creature. I think I'm a Christian when I am in church or Endeavor meeting. I feel so good, but it is different when I go into the kitchen or play-yard. I forget all about it then, and think only of having plenty of fun, no matter what trouble it may give others."

"We all agree with you, Isri," now spoke Bhatto, "since that night you went blanket hunting and found a snake." The girls on hearing this could not refrain from laughing again at poor Isri's expense.

"Why must you always remind me of my folly that one night?" said Isri, half-laughing, half-crying, at the remembrance of it.

"It is too bad, sisters, to tease Isri in this way," Maryam

now interposed. "We should rather look down, each one into our own hearts tonight. I've been thinking a great deal of late about our spiritual condition; especially since Miss Campbell gave her report of that wonderful convention held in Lucknow. You remember, sisters, the day the sweet-faced Mrs. Mott visited our school and gave us that beautiful talk on the 'I shall not want' of the twenty-third Psalm. That and Miss Campbell's account of Dr. John R. Mott's lecture on Bible study and prayer have made me feel deeply concerning these things. The conclusion I have come to is this, we need more Bible study for our own spiritual growth and more prayer. Oh, my dear sisters, let us pray until God pours out His Holy Spirit upon us!"

"Yes," said Hannah. "We need the pentecostal blessings right here in our own school."

"Girls, I may be wrong," Isri now said, "but I begin to feel there is no Holy Ghost in our church these days. We do not experience what the early disciples did! And nobody preaches about the Holy Ghost! I never heard a sermon on that subject."

"Neither do I want to hear one," Nasiban now burst forth with a scornful smile on her face, "if it makes me want to undergo all those early disciples and martyrs endured. Ugh! Think of the trials they had! Hungry, beaten, stoned, imprisoned, beheaded! Here are Maryam and Hannah longing for similar experiences. I think we have enough praying in this school now. Every morning and evening! And as for Bible study, we have to learn it from Genesis to Revelation and back again, besides the catechism that I'm always forgetting. And the worst of all are those examinations we have every year. Enough to drive one crazy! I'm sleepy! Let's break up committee meeting and go off to bed."

Nasiban's Conversion. All the girls, except Hannah and Maryam, now arose and crossed over the courtyard into their places for the night. When these two were left alone, Maryam said, speaking of Nasiban's outburst, "When will our sister give her heart to Jesus? I know her mother, and she longs to have her daughter prepared for the Lord's work."

"Let us make Nasiban a special object of prayer," said Hannah. To this Maryam readily agreed. Nasiban had a marvelous conversion a few months later as the old-fashioned clock, high upon the wall, slowly struck the midnight hour which ushered in the new year. The girls were all in the study. They were praying for Nasiban. She seemed utterly indifferent.

"Pray, girls, pray for Nasiban tonight as we have never prayed before," Maryam pleaded. Weeping, they prayed. Nasiban sat bolt upright, a mocking smile on her face. Solemnly the clock ticked away the last minutes of the old year. It was now fifteen minutes to twelve. Miss Campbell moved closer to the dear girl and said, "Nasiban, do you know what we are doing here tonight? We are praying for your soul's salvation. Have you no concern for yourself? For nine months we have been praying for you. God's Spirit has pleaded with you. Do not dare to resist longer. Fifteen minutes left in which to make peace with God before the end of the year. This may be the last time Jesus will pass your way. Oh, come to Him now, Nasiban." The girls prayed on.

Presently Nasiban said: "Where is Maryam? I've sinned against her and must ask her forgiveness. Do take me to Maryam." She rushed outside and found her and threw herself down beside her in a wild fashion, calling out, "Sister, for Jesus' sake forgive me the great wrong I did you. Ask God to save me." Then she began praying for herself: "Oh, God, save me. I've been so stubborn and wicked. I do come and give my heart to Thee. Save me now, save me lest I die."

The hard heart was melted now, the stubborn will had yielded, and Nasiban arose with a bright light on her face. With a sweet smile she said to Maryam: "It was hard to give up, but I am happy now. I must go back and tell the girls." She entered the room just as the clock began striking the midnight hour.

"Sisters, rejoice with me. Your prayers are answered," was her greeting. "I've given my heart to Jesus."

Great joy had been experienced in that school in past days, but nothing equalled what we felt that night. The battle was a hard one. Victory was sweet to the dear girls. The girls realized that night that the Kingdom of Heaven is taken by violence. A thanksgiving meeting was held in which earnest hearts poured forth thanks to God for all He had done that wonderful 1896.

Three years later this story of blessing was penned in a land ten thousand miles distant. And now forty-five years later and still ten thousand miles distant it is being retold. Neither time nor distance can efface from the memory the joy of that blessed year. Its sweet influences are felt in North India today. This gives one beginning of a work that remade men and women in our mission field. We suspect that there were other beginnings, but we know of none greater than this one at Sialkot.

Chapter 17

A GREAT SPIRITUAL AWAKENING (Continued)

IT WAS morning in the Sialkot Girls' Boarding School, and all the pupils were met in the study for prayers before beginning the busy day's duties. Miss Corbett was conducting worship and Miss Campbell was seated beside her. Very earnestly they sang a portion of the one hundred and third Psalm. All who could joined in reading the eleventh chapter of Luke. "I want all to memorize the thirteenth verse," Miss Corbett said. "'If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?' You remember we had a talk about this the other evening. Dear girls, how much, oh! how much we do need the Holy Spirit."

Prayer Groups Multiply. Maryam arose and asked if she might be allowed to speak. Permission being given, she gave an account of the conversation that was held in the study the evening before. "I suggest now that we fix some time daily when we can all join in prayer for this blessing we so much need. The only difficulty in our way is to find time for this extra praying. We are busy every hour of the day, some of us working from four in the morning until nine at night."

"I know what we can do," said Martha, "we can spend from nine till half-past nine every evening, if the Miss Sahibas will give us permission to do so."

After considering the matter carefully, the two teachers felt it would be well to allow the girls this half-hour for united prayer every night, and told them of their decision that evening. Only those who so desired were to pray; there was no compulsion in the matter.

That evening as the clock struck nine several of the girls

followed Maryam out from the brightly lighted study into the courtyard, on down into a dark corner where they stood and prayed one after another. This continued night after night. Finally the circle became so large it was thought best to have it divided into ten or twelve small circles, so that each girl might have opportunity to pray. Had you been there in those nights, dear readers, you would have seen group after group of girls passing from the study to the courtyard. One of the circles is standing under the delicate foliage of the acacia tree. The bright moonlight is falling softly on their upturned faces. Their eyes are closed, their hands folded. A ten-year-old girl is praying: "Dear Jesus, we do want to be better girls. Please make us so we will not want to sin all the time. Help us to obey our teachers. Make them good, too. We need Thy Holy Spirit."

Another prays: "Take away, please, all desire to sin. The heathen laugh at us when we lose our tempers and say, 'Oh, you are no better than we are.' Do please give us Thy Spirit. We are asking this just as we would ask our mother for a piece of bread, believing we shall receive it."

Still another prays: "Bless the good people of America who have sent the Gospel of Jesus Christ to us. Give them Thy Holy Spirit."

And as we listened to these pleading voices of our little sisters in the quiet Indian night, our eyes filled and our hearts grew warm. We, too, prayed very earnestly that God's Spirit might come and dwell in the heart of missionary, as well as native Christian, in America as well as India.

"Bless the good people of America!" prayed the girls of India. Who knows how many of the blessings showered down upon America have come in answer to the prayers of these dear children?

A Memorable April Sabbath. Two months quickly passed away. A Sabbath morning in April had come. It was calm and bright, as all such mornings in India are. The girls were early astir making preparations for church going. In the hot summer months the service began at seven o'clock. By half-past six the girls had formed in line in front of the

heavy courtyard gate. Very neat and pretty they looked as they marched through it a moment later, each one clad in a clean suit of clothing with the soft white muslin veil draped gracefully over head and shoulders. Four abreast they marched on down past the garden with its hedge of roses, on out to the dusty highway, where they had a mile to traverse before reaching the city church.

This road was always full of people going to and from the city of Sialkot. Many times the passersby would stop and exclaim in surprise: "What a family of girls!" "How neat and clean they are!" "Who are they?" "Where are they going?" Then someone from among themselves would reply: "Oh, those girls are being taught by the 'Padre lok' (missionary people) to become Christians. The idea of taking so much pains with girls; they can't learn anything. Why women and girls are nothing but cattle!"

The girls, if they heard the uncomplimentary remarks, were too accustomed to them to give any heed, and marched on steadily to church. On this particular morning they reached the church only a few minutes before time for opening service. They always filled the front pews in the church. There was a little flutter of excitement in getting the girls seated. When this had died away, the minister arose and introduced to the congregation a stranger, a minister with an earnest face and clad in plain white muslin garments, such as are worn by the common people.

The girls looked up in surprise when this minister announced as his text Acts 1: 8—"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." They whispered one to another, "Is not God sending us this message today?"

In solemn tones the minister began: "The one great need of our Church today in India is the presence of the Holy Ghost. We have our churches and church services; our membership roll and all the forms and ceremonies; but we do not have Holy Ghost power. Oh, that is what we need! In order to receive this power we must be willing to separate from all known sin; we must yield ourselves entirely to the leadings of the Holy Spirit. Today there is much preaching

without this power. A water-carrier might just as well expect to quench the thirst of a multitude famishing for drink by carrying around and showing them an empty water-skin, as for a preacher to expect to save souls by going out and preaching without the indwelling of God's Holy Spirit."

For an hour he talked, and the dear children, as well as all in that well-filled church, listened with rapt attention. He closed with this prayer: "Oh, we do need the Holy Ghost! Give us Thy Spirit, oh God!"

The Stranger Preacher. A little later that week the school learned more about the stranger who gave the heart-searching sermon that April morning. He was the pastor of the Church Missionary Society's congregation in Narowal. Our Mission was a neighbor of Narowal on the Zafarwal side and always had friendly relations with it. Narowal had followed quickly in taking up the work among the untouchables. At that time they had a fine work built up among them. Narowal was also well known in the missionary world as having had a large number of converts from Mohammedanism. This was largely due to the life and efforts of a very outstanding English missionary, the Rev. Rowland Bateman. These converts had been well instructed, and many were occupying high places in Government service. This young pastor, Ihsan Ullah, was one of the converts. He belonged to a family that was noted for its piety and zeal in strictly adhering to all the rules of the Mohammedan faith. His mother was a deeply religious woman. Her children were taught to pray five times daily. When Ihsan Ullah was about sixteen years of age, the missionary, Mr. Bateman, offered to take him to a physician in Amritsar who was a specialist in eye trouble to have his eyes examined. They were in a serious condition. The mother said: "Padre Sahib, I would not trust my son to any one but you. I know you are a religious man and would not let my boy forget the set time for prayer." Mr. Bateman promised. In those early days this pioneer missionary traveled all over the country on a fine riding camel. Roads or no roads troubled him not.

One morning he sent word to the mother: "Send your

boy over. I'm off to Amritsar." Ihsan Ullah climbed up behind Mr. Bateman on the camel, and with a little growl and the tinkle of bells, the willing, well-trained animal turned into the tree-lined highway that led to Amritsar, the City of the Golden Temple, forty miles away.

When the time for afternoon prayers came, Mr. Bateman said: "Now, my boy, it is time for you to pray." The bashful youth did not know the promise made to his mother, and he was so surprised that this Christian man should remind him, a Mohammedan youth, to pray his Mohammedan prayer that he stumbled and fell into a muddy pool.

Mr. Bateman said kindly: "Give me your soiled suit and I'll wash it while you pray." This started Ihsan Ullah thinking about Jesus Christ. If faith in Him made this Padre Sahib so considerate there must be something in it worth while, and from that day he set his face toward Jesus Christ. I've heard Padre Ihsan Ullah tell this story himself when asked how he was led to Christ.

Ihsan Ullah's Experience with General Booth. After his baptism, he suffered much persecution but never wavered in his faith. He finished the high school in Narowal, then went to the Divinity School in Lahore, was ordained, and became pastor over the fine congregation in his native town. He visited England and spoke acceptably in many places. While there he came in contact with General Booth, the great leader and founder of the Salvation Army. Later when the General paid his first visit to India, he requested Padre Ihsan Ullah to be his interpreter in the meeting which had been arranged for him in a great hall in Amritsar. Gladly was the service undertaken by the young pastor. I've been told it was a marvelous meeting that night: Christian and non-Christian filled the hall. The General denounced *Sin* as only he could do, and the interpreter followed him in fiery zeal. Suddenly he stopped and cried out, "Oh, General, I am a back-slider; I'm convicted of sin and cannot go on." The General patted him on the shoulder and said: "My dear brother, go on now, forget yourself, think only of these poor sinners, and afterward we will discuss your case." In broken tones he finished

interpreting, then had a little talk with the General, and went out into the night. He had a new vision. He now realized something of what it is to be led of the Holy Spirit. He gave himself anew to God's service.

This was late Saturday night, and he had to be back in Narowal for an eleven o'clock service the next day. There was the forty-mile journey to make in his old, two-wheeled, springless cart. Promptly on the hour he was in his pulpit Sabbath Day, but still under the spell of that wonderful meeting. As he looked down over his congregation now filling the pews, he knew he loved them more than ever before. After a hymn and prayer he said to the audience: "Brothers and sisters, I have no sermon to give you today. I have only an experience to relate." Then he told simply and feelingly what had taken place in his own life and sat down. Tears rolled down many faces in that gathering, and some cried aloud. And now a strange thing took place in that orderly Episcopalian service. Many began confessing their faults before the service was ended. Neighbors who had not been on speaking terms begged each other's forgiveness. Old quarrels were forgotten, a new spirit of love had come. The revival fire had burst into flames in Narowal. It spread out to the villages.

Revival Fire in Our Theological Seminary. In those days of blessing when every feast was a love feast, Ihsan Ullah crossed over the border of their district into the United Presbyterian mission field and met on the road a young man whom he had long known. He accosted him very earnestly: "Mallu Chand, are you a true Christian, have you given your heart wholly to God?" Mallu said, in speaking about it afterward: "I was greatly annoyed, even angry, and I said, 'Padre Sahib, are you losing your mind? You know my whole family is Christian. You know I am studying in the Theological Seminary preparing to be a preacher. 'Yes, yes, I know, but do you know the power of the Holy Spirit in your life?' "

Then Mallu said: "I was suddenly convicted of terrible sin in my own life, and I fell down weeping and cried out,

'Oh, Padre Sahib, pray for me, pray my sins may be washed away.' " Peace and cleansing came. The two went on their way and met another young student from the Seminary, Labhu Mall. Padre Sahib, looking at him searchingly, said: "Labhu Mall, are you a real Christian? Do you know the power of the Holy Ghost?" Labhu Mall told me the story himself, shortly afterward, and he said: "It seemed that my heart was pierced by a sword and I fell to the earth weeping and crying for mercy." He arose a new man. All this took place in a short spring vacation when the young men were back in their village homes. Later they two and ten other students, twelve in all, were back in the Seminary. These two told what God had done for them, and one whole night was spent by the twelve in getting right with God. The Revival had come into the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Sialkot.

All the students were married men. The wives had overheard some of the weeping and could not understand the meaning. Some said: "Have our husbands gone crazy?" After being told by their mates what they had experienced the women were on their knees in humble confession and pleading for a share in the spiritual blessings God was bestowing. They thanked God for the coming of the young pastor from Narowal. The school girls did not yet know what had taken place in the Seminary, but they prayed on.

Monday, Tuesday passed. The interest became intense. Wednesday evening more than the usual number of girls went down to the city church for prayer meeting. The meeting that evening differed in nothing from the former meetings. It was marked by the same dry talks and long prayers that had long ago killed all spiritual life. The children grew restless and there was a little sigh of relief when the benediction had been pronounced and they were at liberty to go.

The Holy Spirit Falls on Many Girls. Then men, as was the custom, passed out first. Then Miss Campbell arose to take the girls out one by one. As she did so she heard the sound of weeping close beside her. Turning half round she

saw Ruth, a former school girl, but now the wife of one of the Seminary students, weeping bitterly. This was the same Ruth whose story has already been given, a convert from Mohammedanism. Going up to her, Miss Campbell said: "Ruth, why are you weeping so bitterly?" "Oh, I have grieved God's Holy Spirit today. When the pastor gave the invitation to any who would to pray, the Spirit said to me, 'Ruth, pray!' I was afraid and refused. Now I'm afraid I've driven the Spirit away. Oh, what shall I do! Only last night I promised God to do just what He would have me to do, and now I've disobeyed."

It was not strange that she hesitated to pray. No woman's voice had ever been heard praying aloud in prayer meeting. It was not the custom. The revival changed all that. Putting her arms around Ruth, Miss Campbell tried to comfort her. She whispered to her, after a moment's silent prayer for help: "Ruth, the school girls are still here. Won't you pray with them?"

She began to pray with her voice trembling, but in the excitement that ensued no one knew what she said. After her first or second sentence every girl began weeping. Isri, the fun-loving girl, who was sitting on one of the front benches, next the aisle, jumped up with a scream and rushed out through the open door into the churchyard. "Isri, what is wrong with you?" the teacher asked. "Pray for me," she gasped.

Prayer was offered, and God in his tender love sent quick relief to the bursting heart. Afterward when she could talk about it she said: "When Ruth began to pray all the sins of my past life arose before me like a great mountain. I felt if I did not get forgiveness quickly the mountain would fall on me and crush me. Then it was, not knowing what I did, that I screamed and ran outside the church."

Isri now came back into the church and helped the two missionaries and some of the Indian workers in praying and talking with the other girls. After an hour or so the girls were started homeward. It was a touching scene, as they, with tear-stained faces, filed out of the churchyard into the

crowded thoroughfare. They tried hard to keep back the sobs, so that they might not attract attention, but every now and then a sob would burst forth from an aching heart. When at last they were inside the school courtyard and the great heavy gate had closed upon them, shutting them from the outside world, the weeping began anew. Supper was forgotten.

The next few hours that passed inside those high brick walls will never be forgotten by the Miss Sahibas who labored with sin-burdened and sin-crushed hearts. God had answered the prayers and was leading young hearts that night to hate sin and to turn away from it with fear. Sins that had been laughed at and passed over as little faults now arose before the girls and seemed to shut them out from God's presence. Unconfessed and hidden sins were acknowledged before God that night.

Oh, may it not be there are some among God's children in America who should allow the searchlight to come in upon their souls and reveal to them everything that is polluting, unclean, defiling, in the heart or habit of life!

"Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord!"

Great joy and peace came after full surrender was made. "To think," exclaimed Isri once that memorable night, "that I almost doubted the existence of God's Holy Spirit. I know His power now. I feel it in my own soul."

Revival Fire Spreads to Village Homes. After experiencing this blessed new life for a few days, the girls began to long for their friends and relatives to receive similar blessings. Some of the more impulsive wanted to start right back to the village homes to tell their people the good news. When they spoke to the Miss Sahibas about it, the reply they received was: "Girls, you cannot go back to your homes alone. Some of you live forty miles distant, and we cannot afford to send anyone with you. We do sympathize with your desire. Here is something you may do. Tomorrow we will give you a holiday, and if you like you may spend the whole day in writing to your friends." This pleased the girls exceedingly well.

Early next morning the writing started. In a short time the over-burdened girls were all busy, some making pens from reeds, some writing, while the little ones who could not yet write were seated by the older girls dictating heart messages for the loved ones in the distant village home. Never had such a pile of letters awaited the faithful Jassu who carried the school mail as he found next morning. Never had letters from the school been so fragrant with earnest messages as those that left the school that morning. Usually the girls wrote home once a month briefly, something like the following:

DEAR AND RESPECTED PARENTS:

By the grace of God, I am well. I pray you may also be kept well. I am making good progress in my studies. (No matter how low the grades this message always went home.) Please send me some spending money. I need hair oil and a pair of shoes. Pray for me. My salaams to all from the greatest to the least.

The writer is your daughter ———

The change that had come in the hearts of the girls was plainly seen in the letters written that day.

When one of these white missives reached a poor village home a few days afterward, and was handed to the parents by the rural postman, they requested him to read the letter, as no one else in the village could. Good naturedly, he stopped long enough to do so. As he stood under the old banyan tree, with its air roots lightly touching his bright yellow turban, he was surrounded by most of the little girl's relatives, all of whom were deeply interested in her.

The father sat upon the low mud wall that surrounded the one-roomed mud hut. The mother stood timidly, a little apart, holding the baby boy.

"What a long letter," said the postman, as he took out two closely written sheets from the envelope. "Are you sure my daughter wrote it?" the mother inquired anxiously. "Is she well?" "Oh, yes; her name is signed here all right."

"Read it," said the father.

No wonder they all listened so attentively, for the postman was now busy reading the burning words that had been penned by the little daughter:

"Oh, my dear parents," she wrote, "a great blessing has come to our school. Will you not pray and pray until God sends His Holy Spirit into your hearts? Don't live any longer in sin. We belong to Jesus. He is coming again. It may be very soon. Are you ready to meet Him? Are you doing all you can to get the neighbors ready for His coming? Begin praying tonight. Ask God to show you what is wrong in your lives. I am praying for you. God bless you all." When the letter was finished the silence was broken by one of the men saying: "Bhagan has been taught of God. Let us pray now." Standing and kneeling, that band of poorly clad people poured out their hearts before God and asked that they, too, might receive the "showers of blessing."

This was the beginning of the work of grace in that village and in many others where the children's letters were received.

"I thank God for my little daughter," a big, brown man said to me one day. "I have been brought to God through her prayers."

Labhu Mall and Mallu Chand, the two young theological students, came out to the school occasionally for prayer and to tell of God's wonderful work in their Seminary.

Gives Rise to the Sialkot Convention. One evening they came in to tell us that they had decided to visit the Christian Training Institute (three miles distant). This was their old school and very dear to them. The students in that school had not had an opportunity to have a share in the great blessing they had received, and they longed to pray with them and tell them how God had dealt with them.

Two hours later they returned, sad and dejected. They had not been given an opportunity to meet the boys. Some misunderstanding concerning the revival had evidently crept in, and the school management felt the boys should be guarded against what they felt was largely emotionalism. Labhu and Mallu knew the deep spiritual need of the boys and felt sad they could not help them.

Labhu prayed so earnestly before leaving us that night: "Oh, Lord, please grant that the place where we were forbidden to speak tonight may become the center from out of which great blessing shall flow to all parts of India." This prayer was literally answered. Not long afterward a young missionary was placed in charge of that school, Dr. W. B. Anderson. He called together a few prayer warriors, Mrs. Alice McClure, Rev. McCheyne Patterson and others, and put before them a proposal to call on all who longed for a Spirit-filled Church to come to Sialkot for a week. The Convention would be held on the premises of the Christian Training Institute. Three hundred or more came. The next year nearly one thousand found their way to the Convention, and ever since the Sialkot Convention (see Chapter 23) has been held in ever-increasing power. It has been called by some the "Keswick of India."

God gives so lavishly to those who ask and who trust Him.

Chapter 18

THE BIRTH OF A SELF-SUPPORT CHURCH

IN the beginnings of the great movement toward Christ among North India's untouchables it did not seem possible that the word self-support could ever have any connection with it. That possibility seemed as far away and inaccessible as the summit of Mount Everest. Unthinkable that a people subject to such gruelling, abject poverty, a half-starved, illiterate, down-trodden people could ever hope to become a self-supporting, self-propagating Church. Mount Everest has not yet been scaled, though several brave attempts have been made and some success attained, but thank God this chapter can and will testify that a Church numbering thousands has started along the road in brave successful efforts to sustain itself in its humble environments.

In the eyes of the opulent Western world with its grand cathedrals, magnificent churches, well-paid, well-educated ministry, well-fed, well-clad membership, these humble village churches in North India do seem beneath the notice of their more highly favored brothers in Christ.

But *life* is what really counts and where there is life there will be growth. The Gospel seed was sown in faith, and is now springing up into a great harvest. This chapter will attempt to give a history of the beginnings of self-support and of the great strides it has made and is still making.

It was an outgrowth of earnest prayer which brought on the revival and this in turn led to the forming at first of a few small churches, having as pastors men guided by the Spirit. At great personal loss these pastors placed themselves on the altar of sacrifice and took as remuneration for their labors just what their little flocks felt they could give.

First Self-Support Pastor. Here is the story of the *first* self-support pastor:

On a sandy bank of the River Ben stood the village of Nidala. In appearance it resembled the one thousand other villages in the Zafarwal Mission District. Its one thousand inhabitants lived in tiny mud houses that were joined one to another. A few narrow streets ran through the village. In one corner down in the poorest, meanest quarter lived a handful of Christians—a dozen or more families. This is the reason we are interested in Nidala.

They were a poor people, even for India. Some of them, at times, bemoaned their fate: they worked early and late for the farmers and received so little in return. The children, with pinched faces, would often cry, “Roti! Roti!”—“Bread! Bread!”, and there would be no roti to give. The parents wondered at such times if life was worth living. When this despondent spirit would take hold of the hearts of the Christians, the blind wife of the leading Christian in the village would call them into her home and repeat to them promise after promise from God’s Word. She had suffered, too, but her faith was so strong and her hope for the future so bright that soon the wail of despair would give place to psalms of triumph and the Christians would go back to their places of labor with new courage.

About a quarter of a mile up the stream, on its north bank, the Mission had erected a comfortable cottage of sun-dried brick for the Reverend Ganda Mall and his family. They had been assigned to this place a few years previous to the one in which the work of grace began in Sialkot.

Rev. Ganda Mall was pastor of the Nidala congregation. He also had charge of the work in the surrounding villages. He will be better known to those who are acquainted with the history of “Our India Mission” as the son of Kanaya—the second son. He found his wife in the Girls’ Boarding School, Sialkot, when Miss McCahon had charge of that work. Khajji, a beautiful young Kashmir maiden, became his bride when sixteen years of age. They were very happy in their Nidala home: their six children, three boys and three girls,

were still at home with them. Their eldest child, Khalil, was a boy of thirteen.

One sultry day in July, 1896, when the sun had burst forth in all its hot fury after a week's heavy downpour of rain, the minister and his wife were seated in the long, narrow room that was used as church, sitting-room, and guest chamber. The minister was preparing a sermon, while his wife was busily employed in making a dress for the baby girl, Sosan. In the English tongue she would have been called Lily, for that is the meaning of Sosan.

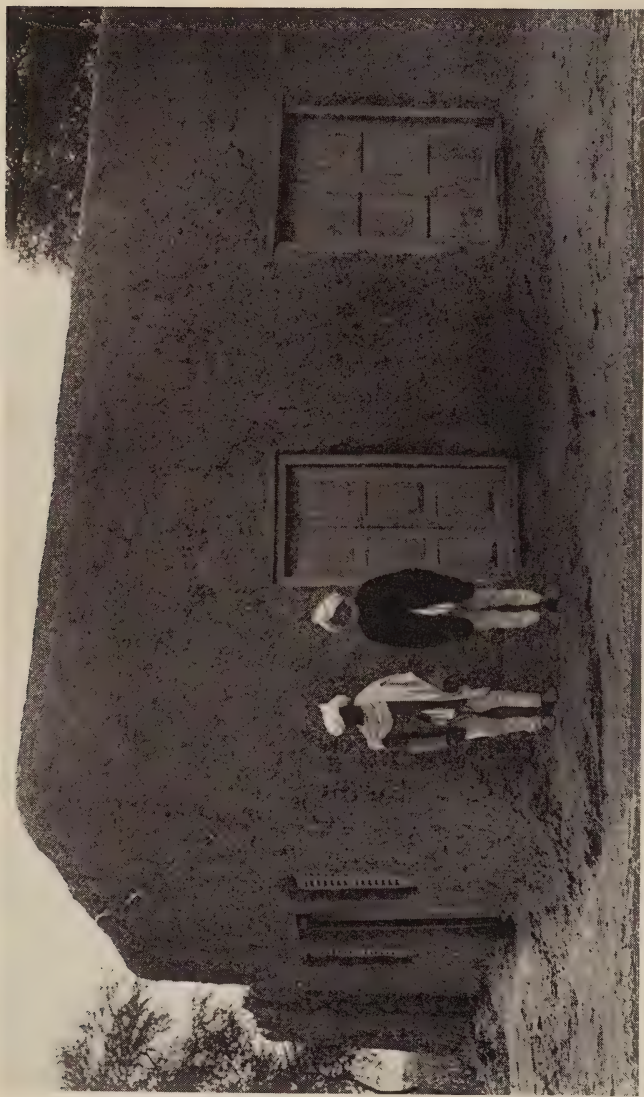
Maryam's Letter. After a long silence between them Ganda Mall looked toward his wife and addressing her, as the oriental custom is, "Mother of Khalil, what do you think of Maryam's letter? I have been reading it over again."

Maryam, the young assistant teacher in the G. B. S. was Ganda Mall's youngest sister. "I hardly know what to say," his wife replied, carefully. "I have not been pleased with the stories that have come to us lately of the great religious excitement in Sialkot, but Maryam is a good girl, and her letter puts a different light on some of the stories told us."

"Still we need to be careful," the minister now said, "lest our sister be led too far in this new way of thinking. It was all very well for the disciples and early Christians to practice self-denial in everything. I do not think it is required in this age. Maryam has always been a devoted Christian. She always has lived in close touch with the next world. While I am not in sympathy with this new movement, still I cannot but be impressed by her letter. No preacher could have written a better one."

The letter under discussion that afternoon had been written by Maryam after much prayer. One day she came to me and said, "Oh, that my brother Ganda Mall might be filled with God's Spirit for service. What a power for good he would be among our countrymen!" From that day she began praying definitely for this brother and during that time wrote a letter urging him to a more consecrated life.

Many rumors reached the minister and his wife in their country home, forty miles from Sialkot, during that eventful



OLD MUD CHURCH AT ZAFARWAL

Kanaya (right), with Kalu—Two Elders of this Church

See pages 50-52, 159-164

summer. They heard that women were praying in public, that Christians wept over their sins and oftentimes made public confessions. "If the Christians confess that they are sinners, what will the non-Christians think of them?" said the mother of Khalil one day. She seemed to forget that if there were sins in the lives of the Christians, the unbelieving neighbors knew them whether confessed or not. They pondered much on the strange reports from Sialkot.

Historic Zafarwal Prayer Meeting. When vacation came in August in the Sialkot Girls' School, accompanied by Maryam, the writer went to Zafarwal where she had spent several of the happiest years of her life. They left Sialkot early one morning. The journey of twenty-six miles was made in a two-wheeled, seatless, springless cart. No wonder they were glad at evening time to catch a gleam of white minarets through the foliage of pipae, banyan, and palm trees. They knew the toilsome journey's end was near, Zafarwal and the Mission Home were near.

Maryam's youngest brother, Joseph, walked out a mile to meet the two weary travelers. A glad welcome awaited them in Scott Garh, where Kanaya still lived. After a little rest the writer looked across an open space of freshly plowed ground to the Mission premises where stood the red brick house that had been erected by Doctor Barr for the missionaries' home. A glimpse of the dear old home brought to her mind so many memories of joy and sadness that her heart was full. As she now sat in retrospective thought, far from those dear to her in days past, some of the Christians came to her and said, "We are going over to the church for prayer meeting. Won't you come with us?" No second invitation was needed to be given for attending prayer meeting in the Zafarwal Church.

It stood only a few rods in front of Kanaya's home. What a homely building it was! Made of mud, four mud walls, a mud floor, and a mud roof! The outer walls were plastered with clay, the inner had a coating of whitewash. The mud roof leaked during the rainy season and left great black streaks on the walls. There was coarse matting on the floor.

Only a few pieces of furniture were in the church: a few old benches and chairs, a table that filled the place of a pulpit, a bright red cover with a text embroidered in silk covered the table. This had been made and given to the church by Kanaya's third daughter, Rukko, who died a few years after completing the course in a medical college.

"No, the church was not beautiful," but the missionary who had been absent from it for some time thought it the dearest church building in all the world. Its associations were precious. She remembered the sermons she had heard in it, the prayers offered, the souls saved in it, the blessed communion seasons when, side by side, these brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ had sat and partaken of the emblems of His broken body and shed blood.

The prayer meeting that evening was a foretaste of what was to come. The Rev. W. T. Anderson, who had charge of Zafarwal at that time, said during the evening: "I would like to have Brother Ganda Mall come over for a few days and help us in a series of meetings. I will write a note asking him to come."

The next morning a messenger was dispatched across country with the note. In a few hours' time he reached the Nidala parsonage. Rev. Ganda Mall opened the note and read:

"DEAR BROTHER:

Some of the Christian workers have come to Zafarwal for a few days. This seems an opportune time for holding a series of meetings. Won't you and your wife come over and help us?

"Your brother in Christ,

W. T. ANDERSON"

"Just as I expected," muttered Ganda Mall, "the religious excitement has reached Zafarwal and it will soon spread all over the country."

What Shall We Do? He showed the letter to his wife and said, "Mother of Khalil, what shall we do?"

Ordinarily her reply would have been, "Do? You know

what we will do! You will go to Zafarwal while I stay at home with the children. You know I cannot leave them; then, there is the cow to be cared for, too."

But this was not an ordinary occasion. Her reply was, "We will go." Her husband looked at her in surprise, while she continued, "Go and call in that neighbor woman who will take care of the four older children. I will get the two babies ready while you saddle the horse; then we will start for Zafarwal."

Now Ganda Mall loved and respected his wife. Several years before he had said to me, when we were one day talking about what Christianity had done for India's women, "I do thank God for my Christian wife. She has been such a help to me. I nearly always take her advice. In fact I may just as well tell you that I always take it. She is so wise."

So on that day he immediately proceeded to carry out his wife's wishes, though he could not understand how a motive could be strong enough to persuade her to leave their four children. The neighbor woman came in and received instructions as to the care of the children and the cow. The pony was saddled and brought to the door of the courtyard where Ganda Mall helped his wife to mount. She held Sosan in her arms, while little Israel was happily seated back of her on the quiet pony. The minister, after getting his Bible and a cane, was ready to start. He walked beside the pony, now guiding it with his voice, now using the cane when necessity demanded. Some threatening clouds came rolling up from the west as they set forth on their journey, but they heeded them not. Their hearts were set on carrying out a purpose that had been forming for some time. Was not God calling them to Zafarwal to help counteract this strange, new teaching? They pushed on very bravely through muddy roads and swollen streams, while the rain fell upon them in torrents, drenching them again and again. Nothing dampened their ardor. On the way Ganda Mall said to his wife, "Let us prepare a sermon that will put a stop to this revival movement that has reached Zafarwal at last." "Let us do it," his wife responded heartily. He began thinking out the

main points of his sermon, speaking of them occasionally to his wife who was busy suggesting suitable references from the Bible.

It was growing late when they finally reached the Christian village wet, muddy, and tired.

The congregation had met in the church again for prayer. Some of the people saw Ganda Mall and his wife pass by the open church door in the deepening gloom. They went over to his father's house for the night.

Conference on Self-Support. At eight o'clock the next morning the Christians met again in the church. The women, as they entered the church through one of the side doors, crossed over the room and sat on the opposite side, while the men sat near the door. Brother Ganda Mall and his wife came in. She crossed the room and sat beside me while he joined the men on their side of the room.

Mr. Anderson presided over the conference that was held that morning. The subject was "Self-support." How could the native Church of India become a self-sustaining Church? This was a burning question in the Mission in those days. Not one pastor, as yet, was wholly supported by his people.

The meeting opened with a season of prayer. When the subject was first presented to the people they had little to say. They did not understand it. They did not think they could do more than they were already doing. But as they thought upon it the interest grew, and one after another, Kanaya, Kalu, and some of the younger men arose and gave suggestions as to how the churches could gradually become self-supporting. Ganda Mall remained silent. He sat quite still, leaning against the wall listening to all that was said, but saying nothing himself. The morning meeting closed about eleven o'clock. At two o'clock in the afternoon the Christians met again in the church, where the morning subject was resumed. Ganda Mall still remained silent. Toward the close of the afternoon session, Mr. Anderson looking over where he sat, said: "Brother Ganda, have you nothing to say on this important subject?"

Ganda arose and, looking about him in a dazed sort of

way, said in a hesitating manner: "I believe I agree with all that has been said," and sat down again. I kept wondering why he did not show more interest in the meeting. Usually he was first on the floor to speak in conventions. He always seemed to enjoy speaking. I did not know the struggle he was passing through. The sermon he had so zealously prepared had passed away from his mind and God was dealing with his soul. To him the question of self-support came as a personal question. A voice seemed to say to him: "You know it is right, what will you do to help it on?"

In the evening a consecration meeting was held. Hearts were touched as one after another of the brothers and sisters arose and gave themselves anew to God's service.

Ganda Mall's head, during this impressive service, began dropping lower and lower. He seemed filled with troubled thoughts. When the meeting was almost ready to close he arose, and stood leaning against the wall for support. "Brothers," he cried out, "pray for me! A heavy burden is on my heart. God wants me to do something and I do not know what it is. Oh, pray for me!" Mr. Anderson and another native minister went over and, standing one on either side of him, prayed.

Ganda Mall's Great Decision. The hour being late, the meeting was dismissed and the congregation passed out quietly. A few remained for more prayer, Ganda and his wife, Maryam and myself, and two or three others. We all knelt down in front of the table and prayed. By this time Ganda Mall was groaning in anguish of spirit, "Oh, what shall I do?" "Brother," said the native minister, "will you not yield yourself to God? Will you not give up whatever God wants you to give up?"

With sobs this strong man prayed, "Dear Lord, I do not know what it is Thou wouldst have me to do. If Thou wouldst take my dearest and best I give them now to Thee. All is Thine. I want to please Thee in everything."

The little circle prayed one after another, pouring out their hearts before God. When they arose Ganda Mall called

his wife to the back part of the church and talked quietly with her for a few minutes. Then he called me to join them. As I drew near he said, "Sister, I know now what it is God wants me to do."

"Brother, what is it?"

"God wants me to give up the eight dollars a month salary I have been receiving from America and to take just what my own poor people can give me, in order that our people may learn to support their own work."

On hearing this, tears of joy flowed down my cheeks. Was not this an answer to prayer?

The missionaries had long felt that this matter must come from the people themselves, that the Indian pastors must renounce willingly foreign support and take the little the poor people could give them before self-support could be a fact. Here was a beginning. The Spirit of God alone could persuade men to endure the suffering that would surely follow one who adopted this course. Suffering there would be. The poorest people of the land were the church members. Yet God had said to the very poor as well as to the rich, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." An Indian pastor stated it in this way, "Are the poor to be debarred from the blessing of giving?"

But what would Ganda's wife say to all this? The little woman stood there with downcast eyes for a few moments, then said touchingly to her husband: "Father of Khalil, don't do anything hastily. Think of me and think of the six children."

Ganda thought about them. All night long he walked up and down his father's fields thinking it all over again and again. He prayed over it in the silent night hours. He did not want to make a mistake.

The next morning the pony was saddled and the family started home. Very little was said as they journeyed. The day passed quietly when they reached home. Night came—ten o'clock—the children were fast asleep in bed.

A Family Victory. Ganda's wife came up to him and said earnestly, "I am willing now. I knew yesterday God wanted

you to give up your salary, but I was afraid to consent. I felt we would suffer, perhaps starve. I am willing now for you to take this step, for," she added sweetly, "if God wants you to do it, will He not provide?"

Ganda Mall was so overjoyed that he exclaimed, "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" "Oh, don't you think I thanked God for my Christian wife," he told a friend the next day.

So great was his joy that he awakened the four older children—Khalil and Jamil, the boys, and Lizzie and Ismat, and told them what he and their mother had been led to do for Jesus Christ's sake. They listened wonderingly to what their father told them. When he had finished, Khalil said, "Thank God for such parents. We cannot do much to help you, but if the time should come when there would not be much to eat and we hungry, we would not cry nor trouble you in any way."

Then the family knelt down and thanked God for victory won. It was a greater victory than they knew. A victory not only over their own hearts and lives, but a victory for the Church of Christ in India. It was the beginning of a self-sustaining, self-supporting Indian Church.

The next day some of the Zafarwal Christians went over to Nidala. The road was muddy and the River Ben in such high waters that it was well-nigh impassable. A big flood had come down that morning and was sweeping from bank to bank. The ford was a quarter of a mile wide. An hour was spent in crossing this treacherous stream that was so full of quicksand.

The Rev. Ganda Mall saw the party coming and hastened down to the river's brink to welcome them as they came up out of the stream. The first words that could be heard above the din of the raging flood were, "Praise God for victory won. Come right up to the house and we will have a thanksgiving meeting."

The little company, tired and splashed with mud and water, hurried up the sandy bank as well as they could. The warm welcome that met them as they entered the mud cottage soon caused them to forget the fatigues of the

journey and they entered into the next hour's thanksgiving meeting with grateful hearts. It was good to be there and to hear what God is willing to do to those who yield themselves wholly unto Him. Ganda related the experience he had passed through.

A Congregational Victory. One duty yet remained for him. He must tell his congregation of his action. How would his people receive this news? That afternoon he sent word over to the village for all the Christians to come over in the evening. He had something important to tell them.

During the day, the minister, his wife, and I had a few minutes for a little quiet talk. Ganda then told about the sermon he had prepared that was to check the religious fervor that was beginning to burn brightly in many hearts. "We went to Zafarwal," he said, "to strike a blow at this work. What could I do against it? I saw it was of the Lord and I was more deeply touched by it than was any other. Such a change has come into my life. I hardly know that I am the same person."

At nine o'clock that night the Christians in Ganda's home seated themselves on matting that was spread out in the damp courtyard and there under the bright light of the full moon awaited the coming of the village congregation.

The men worked late in the evenings and by the time supper was over, it was nine o'clock before they could get started to the meetings. It was a little past nine when the courtyard gate opened and Ganda's congregation began filing in. I knew the people well, and watched their faces closely as they came in, one by one.

First came the wealthiest man of the congregation, a leading member, who received five cents a day for his work. His wife followed him. Then another man and his family, and others, until fifteen or twenty were seated. All were ready for the service to begin. The minister opened the meeting with praise and prayer. A portion of Scripture was read and explained. The fourteenth verse of the fourth chapter of Esther was his text, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" He felt

this was a message God had sent to his own heart. With deep earnestness he said to his people, "Brothers and sisters, you know that for many years the good people of America have put their hands into their pockets and taken out money for our country, with which we have builded churches and schoolhouses, educated our children, and supported our pastors. Now, brothers, don't you think we ought to do likewise? Should we not follow their example in building our churches, educating our children, supporting our ministers, and sending out missionaries? In order to do my part in this work I have given up my salary from America and will take what the Lord sends me through the people of my country." This was only a little of what he told his people. After he sat down he buried his face in his hands. What would his people do now?

The richest man in his congregation, the member with five cents a day, arose to respond. Then it was my heart almost caused me to say, "Brother Ganda, how can you do it? What is eight dollars a month to the people of America?" for I was looking intently now into the faces of this poor people. Their pitiful condition touched my heart deeply. The ragged garments, only half covering their bodies, the sad faces of men and women, the pinched, starved faces of some of the children, all appealed so strongly to me that for a few moments I almost lost my joy over the victory won for the cause of Christ and His Church in the touching scene before me.

The brother responded to his pastor. As he stood there calm and dignified, I thought he would surely reprove his pastor for his course. I could almost hear him saying, "Pastor, how could you do it, when you know our poverty? Our children are often hungry. We sometimes have only one meal a day. We have heard the people of America always have two meals daily, clothing to cover them and houses to shelter them. America would not miss the eight dollars a month." What a joyful surprise to hear instead the man's earnest ejaculation:

"Thank God for such a pastor! We have known for a

long time we ought to do more. If God will forgive us the past we will do better in the future. God will bless the people of America for what they have done to help us. Let us, brothers, show our love for the Lord by helping others. Pastor, you know we do not have much of this world's goods, but when you are hungry we will be hungry, too. We will divide the last crumb we have with you." To this all the people heartily responded, "Amen."

The joy that was felt that night in the hearts of missionary and Indian Christians can never be told. The power of God was manifest in a new and wonderful way.

At midnight this little flock of God's children in that dark village sang in closing these words of the Psalmist:

"What fit return, Lord, can I make,
For all thy gifts on me bestowed?
The cup of blessing I will take
And call upon the name of God.

"With sacrifice of thanks I'll go
And on Jehovah's name will call,
Will pay to God the vows I owe
In presence of His people all."

Chapter 19

SELF-SUPPORT IN ACTION

DURING those days when Nidala and its pastor faced the problem of a self-supporting village congregation, two young students in the Theological Seminary in Sialkot who were finishing their last year's course faced the same problem. They were Labhu Mall and Mallu Chand who had already gone deep into the things of the Spirit during the revival.

Labhu Mall was on his way home from prayer in the Girls' Boarding School one night when he felt God wanted him to do a new thing. He stopped at one side of the road, knelt down in the darkness, and gave himself unreservedly to God to be used as He directed for the building up of His Church in the Punjab. He knew something of what it would mean, a village congregation with practically no pastor's fund, and all the members living constantly on the edge of starvation, but God who was leading him out would provide. Later he took his young bride to a poor village congregation and served there faithfully and uncomplainingly till a call came from an unusual quarter. A professor was needed in the Seminary, one who could teach Greek. He was chosen. He said to the committee who visited him, "Do you realize that I have promised God not to use foreign money for my support? Can the Synod provide for my support from my own people?" This was a testing time for the Synod. It had had only foreign teachers up to that time and they were paid by American funds. After weighing the question, the Synod decided it could raise an Indian professor's fund and the Rev. Labhu Mall was installed as Greek professor in the Seminary. He has served there many years. Year by year the graduates have gone out on the self-supporting basis. The report of 1940 gives the number of one hundred and nineteen self-supporting pastors in our Punjab Mission Field.

All over North India the name of Rev. Labhu Mall is known in Christian circles. He is in great demand for Bible schools and for evangelistic work during the summer holidays.

When he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, some of his friends felt the Church had honored itself in bestowing it.

Mallu Chand, a devoted friend of Labhu Mall, was also settled in a poor little village congregation with his devoted wife. He did a notable work among his people. One day a call came to him to do a unique service for the uplift of his people. It came from Sargodha, the newly opened Canal region. Would he come over and help the migrating Christians to settle on land? It sounded like a strange dream, settle people on land who had always been debarred from owning land, yet it proved to be true. Mallu Chand, who had a bent for business, saw in this a great opportunity to help his people "get on in the world" and he accepted the call.

Now land transactions usually mean litigation and it was not long until Mallu Chand found himself in Lahore, the capital, attending court cases. He found a young Hindu lawyer whom he engaged to help him and a warm friendship sprang up between the two. The lawyer was a high-caste Hindu, well-to-do, living in a fine home. Mallu Chand was from a humble village home of a caste that as yet had no dealings socially with the Hindu of more favored castes. One day the matter in hand kept Mallu Chand till late in the day, too late for him to return home. A storm was brewing. When he suggested leaving, the lawyer said, "It is now late and the weather unsettled. You must be my guest tonight." Mallu was in a dilemma. His lawyer did not know his antecedents. Would it be honest to accept his hospitality and not let him know that he, while an educated, cultured Christian business man, had come from a caste that the lawyer's friends would not tolerate? Mallu did that evening one of the bravest things that I ever knew one to do. He told the lawyer who his people were and said, "I must



PADRI SHADI KHAN AND PADRI LABHU MALL

See pages 169-172

not embarrass you by accepting your hospitality. *You* may not object, but your people would." The lawyer, deeply touched, threw his arms around Mallu and said, "I've long counted you a dear friend, but tonight this brave confession has increased my love and respect for you and I now count you as my own brother. You will stay and occupy the best room in my home." Only those who know the power of caste in India can fully appreciate the significance of this incident.

Shadi Khan. Long before the advent of these three courageous leaders in the great self-support movement there lived in the district of Gujranwala a young man of the humble ones who found Christ and became his devoted follower. This was Shadi Khan. He had scant opportunity for receiving an education, but an urge was in his soul always for mental and spiritual development. Here and there he picked up a bit of learning which he wisely used. He married a young woman who was like-minded. In 1885 when he was thirty-one years of age he was ordained pastor of a congregation in Othian. He served his people until 1938, when he retired.

He was the father of eight children, four sons and four daughters. At no time was his salary more than eight or ten dollars per month. So wisely did his wife use this that all were well-nourished in the home, all neatly dressed, and the pastor himself always clad in spotless white muslin garments. As the children grew older they were sent away to boarding schools. The eldest son received his M.A. degree, the second his B.A., while Zinat, the eldest daughter, after finishing the high school course in Avalon, Pathankot, entered the Women's Medical College in Delhi and after six years' strenuous study received her medical degree. Today Doctor Zinat Shadi Khan is a well-respected physician in a fine hospital. The other young folk have all done equally well.

Perhaps the secret of the great blessing in this home can be found in the little prayer room which the pastor added to his humble home. He always arose early and repaired to this place for meditation and prayer. I think he would not

mind this incident being related. There was a time in his life when the huqqa (pipe) in the early morning hours had a great attraction for him. It was prepared by his loving wife and brought to him. To him it seemed a necessity, besides all the Punjabi men used it.

One day a letter came to him from his three daughters who were in the Avalon School asking him to please give up the use of the huqqa, saying they felt his spiritual influence would be greatly enhanced by so doing, as well as his health improved. These three girls had been studying in their temperance society the bad effects of narcotics on the body. Out of hearts full of love for their father they went straight to him with what seemed a strange request. He was annoyed and replied that he saw no harm in smoking the huqqa. It was a social custom, besides he could think more clearly when smoking. But he was disturbed and prayed much over the vexing question. Finally he became convinced the girls were right, that smoking was an unnecessary, expensive habit, and he wrote them his decision and thanked them for dealing so honestly with their father. This testimony he gave in congregations and in presbytery meetings and many young men followed his example.

How happy I was one day when he came up to me and said, "Oh, I do thank God for my dear daughters!" I understood what he meant.

A beautiful life was transferred to the other side when he quietly slipped away at the ripe age of eighty-six. His beautiful help-meet had preceded him a few years.

India is rich in characters like the above who are capable of being developed into spiritual giants. They await the opportunity. Shall we give it to them?

The Testimony of Visitors. A secretary from America who visited among India's self-support pastors' homes wrote: "I have never seen such heroism anywhere as this of these educated men and their wives who, for the Master's sake, bury their lives in these unspeakably poor Indian villages to become the self-support pastors of these unspeakably poor congregations."

The first Christian church was founded in Jerusalem by St. James. It lives today, two thousand years later, so the old Greek Orthodox Church will tell you. One of its members, a young Arab, Farit Salman, accompanied me on a hurried visit I paid India in 1938. We left Jerusalem one winter day by bus for Damascus, then on across the desert by bus, seven hundred miles to Baghdad and on to Busra by train where we took a steamer for Karachi down the Persian Gulf. I was keenly interested in what the reaction of this young Arab Christian would be to the young Church in India. What would this Arabic speaking Greek Orthodox member of St. James Church in the Holy City, so proud of its long, long history, think of it?

He said little until we reached my old Zafarwal home and there one evening he had a heart-to-heart talk with four of the village pastors, tall, lithe, handsome young men like himself—well-educated and able to converse with him in English. He learned that these devoted men came from the humble poor in the villages. I saw he was deeply impressed. When one asked Farid how long since his people had accepted Jesus Christ, was he a second or third generation Christian, he looked puzzled a moment, then smiled and said, "So far as I know from what my ancestors have told us, my family has been Christian since the first church was founded in Jerusalem." Then he told him something about St. James Church. A look of awe came into their faces. One arose and kissed Farid's hand, signifying his respect for the ancient Church to which the young Arab belonged. After our return to Palestine, I heard Farid tell his people something of what he had learned in India, of a marvelous Church growing up there. "I feel," he said, "that we Palestinian Christians are lazy and indifferent concerning religion. Why, in India when a man accepts Christ he starts out to win others. We have not done so. Let us awaken!" He was called upon to give this message in Jerusalem, in Lydda, in Haifa, and across the Jordan. Then a deep spiritual movement started among a group of members in the old Orthodox Church of Jerusalem.

Chapter 20

MASTERY OF TONGUES

It is often asked, "What are some of the distinguishing qualifications so vitally necessary to make one an efficient missionary?" First, of course, is a close walk with God, listening to Him and obeying Him, a heart full of love for all classes of people, a cheerful disposition, patience that is not easily exhausted, *and* a good use of the language spoken by the people. This last is not always easy to acquire, and yet without it one is seriously crippled in the service of the Master.

In the beginnings of our Mission and for more than forty years we had no trained language teachers. That the early missionaries did succeed in acquiring both Hindustani and Punjabi fairly well speaks of great determination to succeed. In 1889, when Doctor T. F. Cummings arrived in India and studied the subject, we learned that there was a new and better way of becoming proficient in the languages.

As our India Mission was honored of God by leading in the mass movement and in self-support in the Punjab, so it has been able to lead in developing an effective method of mastering the local languages of Hindustani and Punjabi, and in setting the model for those who use Hindi, Jamil, and Telugu.

Ear-Tongue versus Eye-Book Method. When Mr. T. F. Cummings began his missionary career in India, he followed the usual method of language study—the a-b-c's, the primer, easy readers, the grammar, and the dictionary. His progress was fair, but not phenomenal. Owing, however, to failing eyesight and his location for village work in the Pasrur district, he was compelled to take up the study of Punjabi by ear, quite without the aid of the eye, and also to continue his study of Hindustani by the same Ear-Tongue method.

In time the superior results achieved in this way led him to realize that God had given ears for learning languages, and not eyes, that those born blind easily learn to sing and to talk but those born deaf, yet with good eyes, never acquire normal speech.

Continuing ill health providentially compelled him to be absent from his district work on the plains, and so gave opportunity for investigating and testing on new missionaries the advantages of using the ear-tongue method rather than the eye-book method. Personally convinced that this was the only effective method, he persuaded new missionaries when they came to follow this idea.

Six years of annually demonstrating to the Language Examining Committee that those who followed this "ear-tongue rhythmical fluency method" did immeasurably better than those who followed the old eye-book method, persuaded this committee to recommend to the Mission that the method be made obligatory for all new missionaries for the first year.

Our Language Examiners Delighted. As a result of this change our new missionaries became noted for their speedy and accurate acquisition of the Hindustani and Punjabi. One of the language examiners said, "One does not need to be a good linguist to master the language by this new method." Another said, "It has formerly required three years to get a good working knowledge of the language. This new method enables one to accomplish as much in one year." Others mentioned one who preached acceptably in the district work after ten months of study; another said that accuracy of pronunciation, readiness of utterance, intelligibility and quickness in understanding the people were characteristic of these students, and that the language output of the Mission was 500 per cent better than by the old method.

Missions Unite in the Landour Language School. As these results were observed by other Missions they took up with the same method until during the summer of 1939 one hundred and ninety-one pupils of the first and second years came to the Landour Language School from sixty-seven different

Missions, where Hindi, Hindustani, and Punjabi were spoken, to take advantage of this method under the direction of the Rev. Robert Cummings, a son of Doctor T. F. Cummings.

“The reason that this ear-tongue rhythmical fluency method is so effective,” says Doctor Cummings, “is that it parallels that method by which nature hands on languages from one generation to another. It has been discovered that the new missionaries are deaf but do not know it, and it requires weeks and months of patient training to teach them to hear. Hindustani and Punjabi have some forty consonants and twelve vowels and diphthongs that are like English sounds yet not just the same. Unless the training is patient and exacting some never learn to hear or make these sounds. This is where a training in English sounds (phonetics) is valuable. So, too, one must give different ‘tunes’ to Hindustani sentences and a different ‘accent’ if he wishes to talk as the people do.

Childhood’s Own Way. “The principles are practically those that every child follows:

“1. It does not ask for a book, nor how to spell the words of its mother tongue. It learns by ear.

“2. It speaks fluently whatever it speaks, and it speaks in sentences.

“3. It copies exactly the sentences that it hears in sounds of letters and words and in the tune of the sentences. The adult hears the four t’s of Hindustani (t, th, *ṭ*, *tḥ*) and thinks they are like our English t, though not one of them is the same, but a child learns to make each of the four different.

“Every adult becomes an expert in hearing his own mother tongue. If a foreigner speaks our language, we at once recognize that he is a foreigner by his ‘terrible accent,’ but when we speak his tongue, he (but, alas, not we) recognizes we are foreigners by our terrible American accent.

First-Year Requirements. “The new method aims to equip the year-old missionary pupil with a good working knowledge of his vernacular. So the Landour Language School requires all first-year students to pass in the following subjects:

“1. Conversation with a native.

“a) Everyday subject.

“b) Any parable or miracle of the Gospel of John or of Luke—chosen at time of the examination.

“2. Reading the gospels in character.

“3. Ability to give correctly all the difficult sounds of the languages.

“4. Recite readily, fluently, and accurately six hundred sentences which illustrate all the sounds, genders, persons and numbers, tenses and moods.

“5. Writing in character also required.

“These principles might be applied to any and all languages and aid the mastery of the languages in all fields as much as they have done in India.”

Our Debt to Doctor Cummings. Our United Presbyterian Church may well thank God for Doctor Cummings who in a time of much suffering worked out this new method of acquiring languages, which has not only made more efficient *all* our missionaries since 1891 but hundreds of others in other Missions who have availed themselves of this Language School in Landour. Other Missions in South India have adopted some of his methods.

We are taking the liberty of incorporating in this history a portion of a bright, sparkling write-up of the “Inner History” of this new venture by Doctor Cummings. In it he tells of days of discouragement, of times of criticism, of progress made, and of final victory.

A Star Student. Perhaps his *star* pupil was the Rev. W. J. Brandon. He was one of the first. Doctor Cummings wrote, “Brandon was a delightful pupil. His mastery of sentences by the score, the hundred, the way he showed continual progress, and the tremendous list of words that he brought home from a sermon in Punjabi for which he had not yet had any training was a marvel. How he could talk! Doctor S. Martin wrote me that when Brandon was outside the tent as they were itinerating together he could not tell whether it was Brandon or a native who was talking.”

In reply to a questionnaire sent out over the missionary

world asking about the results of language study, the replies came—"Six or seven years consumed in study and about one-half can handle the language fairly well." A committee with Doctor Charles R. Watson as chairman was appointed to investigate. In 1909 it was reported, "After six years 53 per cent can use the language fairly well; 47 per cent do *not* after six years."

God made it plain to Doctor Cummings after a long struggle that he was chosen of God to teach this method. Here is one of his experiences: "One night on my way to prayer meeting as I crossed a little brook bridge, the Lord said, 'It is a small thing to make thee a blessing to the United Presbyterian Mission. I'll make thee a blessing to the ends of the earth. *Do this.*' So I strove for two years to make both ends meet while I carried on, and in the spring of 1912, Doctor W. W. White, of the Bible School in New York City, asked me to join his staff and go to China to investigate language matters. Since then I've had a free hand to work it out, and a laboratory in which to teach and get back reports from students demonstrating that the method worked anywhere, everywhere—Korea, China, Persia, Tibet, Burma, Siam, the heart of Africa, and of South America, and in Arabic."

Doctor Cummings has been able to persuade a committee of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, on Training New Missionaries, that the method is applicable to any and all languages and should be made obligatory for all.

Chapter 21

THE WOODSTOCK SCHOOL FOR MISSIONARIES' CHILDREN

LANDOUR, MUSSOORIE, UNITED PROVINCES, INDIA

ONE of the things missionary families are called upon to do is to separate. It begins when the young recruits leave their homeland in answer to the Master's call to life work among a strange people that may live halfway round the world. It comes again to the missionary family with children when, for their proper development and education, they must be sent at an early age hundreds, even thousands, of miles away to school. Often this has meant sending them alone to friends or relatives in the homeland, or the mother's going home with the children to remain with them several years while the father served on alone in the foreign field. The institution in India that has very considerably eased this problem for such families is Woodstock School for Missionaries' Children.

Theo M. Taylor and his wife, who was Lois McLaughlin, both served for a period of years on the teaching staff of Woodstock. At my request Mr. Taylor has prepared the remaining paragraphs of this chapter.

Some sixty-five hundred feet up in the first range of the Himalayas, and approximately one hundred and fifty miles due north of Delhi, is situated Woodstock School. This school is exemplary of the finest ideals in the cooperative efforts of the various mission bodies operating in India today. Here, from the middle of March until the first week in December, a student body, now numbering in the neighborhood of four hundred and fifty, gathers each year. This location, being in the latitude of Jacksonville and New Orleans and more than a mile above sea level, is such that it affords a comfortable

climate for Europeans even in the hottest months of the year.

History. Landour is really a suburb of Mussoorie, "Queen of the Hill Stations." In 1814 the British established an army depot in Mussoorie as a sanitarium and rest station for the troops, and by 1830 it had become such a popular resort place that it was well known throughout India. By 1834 the British East India Company, being represented in India by so many British families, felt the need of a suitable school for their daughters. Schools had already been opened for boys, but nothing had been provided for girls. In consequence of this the East India Company founded a school in Landour, to which it gave the astounding and beneficent name: "The Institution for the Propagation of Female Education in the East." This was the beginning of what we know today as Woodstock School; and it is an interesting fact that coolies and other natives on the hillside still know it as the "Company School." The East India Company continued to operate the school until 1876, when it became a private school for girls and was given the name, Woodstock.

It was not until after the turn of the century that Woodstock became a school for missionaries' children; and the Presbyterians (U. S. A.) were the first to see its possibilities as such. They took over the school and ran it for some years alone. It was not long, however, until other mission bodies were invited to have a share in the responsibilities and advantages offered by such a school. The United Presbyterians were among the first to join with the Presbyterians in this cooperative enterprise. Today there are eight India Mission groups, either fully cooperating or affiliated, represented on the Board of Directors.¹

Management. Mission groups are related to the school in one of three ways. Those which give annual grants in aid, and provide one or more teachers on the staff are denominated "fully cooperating," those giving only grants in aid are termed "affiliated," and all others come under the head-

¹ These are: North India (Pres. U. S. A.) Mission; Punjab (Pres. U. S. A.) Mission; Sialkot (U. P.) Mission; Methodist (U. S. A.) Mission; Church of the Brethren (U. S. A.) Mission; United Church of Canada Mission; Disciples of Christ (U. S. A.) Mission; and Assemblies of God (U. S. A.) Mission.

ing "unaffiliated." A Board of Directors made up of three representatives from each fully cooperating Mission, three from the school staff, and one from each affiliated Mission, with the Principal an ex-officio member, meets annually for the transaction of the necessary business. To this body the Principal makes his annual report. Various committees of the Board meet more frequently during the year to carry on the particular tasks to which they have been assigned. The Building and Curriculum Committees have been kept especially busy with the ever increasing pressure of growing enrollments and advances in educational science and methods.

Program. Woodstock, being largely an American school though situated in India, caters necessarily to both the American and English school systems. The grading is upon the English system, but American texts and curricula are generally used, excepting during the last two high school years when the dual character of the educational program becomes even more pronounced. Separate classes during these years become an absolute necessity in order that British subjects may be properly prepared for the Senior Cambridge examinations, and American children for American college entrance examinations where necessary.

The school takes children from kindergarten age through high school, but children below the first grade are not ordinarily received in boarding.

The curriculum is as full, and well rounded, as that of any public school its size in America. In addition to the regular teaching staff a highly qualified music staff is maintained which ministers to the cultural side of student life. Adequate provision, both of teachers and equipment, is made for such subjects as sewing, cooking and handicrafts for girls, and for mechanical drawing, woodshop and metal shop for boys. Well stocked biology, physics and chemistry laboratories are also available to the students of the high school department.

A very definite place is given in the general program of the school to Christian teaching and the Christian way of life. Every student, be he Christian or otherwise, is compelled to take the courses in Bible each year, the very first

period in the morning being given over to it three days in the week. On the other two days at this time one period is given to a chapel service in the auditorium and the other to Student Government. To both of these, the whole student body comes.

During the main part of the season a Junior Church is maintained which meets in the Kellogg Church near the top of Landour Hill. It convenes just prior to the regular morning service which vacationing missionaries attend. Christian Endeavor Societies, Boy Scouts and Cubs, Girl Guides and Bluebirds are active throughout the school year. The school orchestra, under the direction and tutelage of the music staff, renders a high quality of music in both school and church.

Staff. The school staff is composed of some thirty members, all of whom are Christians. Of these, twelve or more give largely of their time to the high school department. The members of the staff are all well qualified for their particular posts, and carry on their work with a marked degree of efficiency. About half are Americans (including Canadians) and the other half are British or domiciled Europeans. The music staff usually numbers six or seven and the majority of students spend some time in this department annually. The Rev. Dr. D. Emmet Alter, of our own United Presbyterian Mission, is now (1941) the Principal of Woodstock.

Buildings and Equipment. The school, until the present European War broke out, was adequately housed. However, since the beginning of hostilities the pressure of increased enrollments has made a heavy demand upon the boarding facilities at Woodstock. Many British parents and domiciled Europeans who ordinarily would have sent their children to England or the Continent for their high school work or its equivalent have retained them in India. Latest word is that the school is running at capacity, and that a building program is going forward in an attempt to keep a jump ahead of the demand. It is known, however, that the limited facilities have forced the turning away from its doors of numerous applicants for admission.

Due to the keen foresight and practical building abilities

of the Rev. A. E. Parker, who immediately preceded the present Principal, most of the school buildings are of sturdy construction, and generally well designed to suit the semi-tropical conditions of a long rainy season. A modern, well lighted, and acoustically good, auditorium with a deep and well appointed stage is one of the popular features of the recently built high school building. One of the features particularly popular with the student body is an indoor swimming pool that is in use during most of the school year.

The topography of Landour is not such as easily to lend itself to a building program, but the school buildings have been well laid out in consideration of the difficulties to be overcome.

Student Body. We have already seen that the student body numbers about four hundred and fifty. Of these 75 per cent are Americans (including Canadians), and about 12½ per cent are native Indians. The remaining 12½ per cent is made up of British subjects and other Europeans. There are a few Indian Christians, but the majority of the native students are Hindus. Mohammedans, Parsees and Sikhs are also represented on the student body. This makes for a very cosmopolitan student group, yet one which has sown in it the seeds of toleration, brotherly love, and international good will. There is very little friction between students and no racial distinctions gain any place in the life of the school. All play together, study together, work together, and eat together. Close friendships are formed during student days that transcend all racial and national boundaries, and these endure through the ensuing years.

Accomplishments. The final test of any educational institution is the character and quality of the student lives that pass through its doors out into the world. Such is certainly true of Woodstock. It is a fact that the majority of Woodstock graduates, when they have returned to America and Britain for their collegiate work, have quickly gravitated to the upper scholastic brackets of their classes. They have entered American colleges and universities without examination, and have continued to maintain a high standard of

work. Many of them, too, have made achievements in the field of athletics and music. Old Woodstock students, in recent years, have been top-ranking students in their classes at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Smith and Mount Holyoke, to say nothing of those who have made similar records in our church-related colleges.

Not the least in accomplishments is the significant fact that a large percentage of Woodstock graduates, doing their college work in America, have the ideal before them of returning to India at the end of their training period as full-fledged missionaries that they may take up the missionary torch from their parents and carry it forward until India is won for Christ.

Part Two

By Emma Dean Anderson



EMMA DEAN ANDERSON
as a Retired Missionary
and as a Recruit in 1881

Chapter 22

THE BOYS' INDUSTRIAL HOME AND TECHNICAL SCHOOL

VERY early in the history of our work in India we find homeless and helpless children being cared for by our missionaries. To them in 1857 the English Government gave twenty certified orphans and this eventually led to the beginning of our industrial training for boys.

Fruitful from Its Beginnings. There was no special building in Sialkot where these children came, that could be secluded, so there was nothing to prevent ill-disposed persons from whispering dreadful things in their ears. They were not willing to care for these children themselves, nor did they wish to see the missionaries doing it. Some of the children were made to believe that the reason the missionaries were feeding them so well was that they intended to fatten them, kill them, box them up, and send them to foreign countries. One little child was found crying over the dreadful fate that awaited him and nothing could be said to convince him it was all lies, so at last he ran away. Supposed parents also appeared, and claimed some as their own. But others were added from time to time, among them several very bright boys who afterward became very earnest evangelists. One boy was rescued from a wandering tribe of thieves and sent to the Mission. He became an earnest follower of Christ and a faithful minister of the Gospel of Salvation. From among the girls rich fruit was also gathered for the Master. Among them was a gypsy girl, Mary Anna, who became the Mission's first Bible woman and faithfully followed her Lord and served Him and the women of India even unto old age.

Located at Gujranwala. In the year 1863 the boys of the orphanage were transferred from Sialkot to Gujranwala, and placed under the care of the Rev. J. S. Barr. A suitable

building was erected and industrial work done. Years went by and the boys passed out of the home; rapidly increasing work along other lines demanded the full attention of the missionary, and the orphanage was closed.

During the great famines of 1900 and 1902 many boys were rescued from death by starvation and brought to Gujranwala. The former orphanage building, renovated and enlarged, housed these boys, and the Rev. Osborne Crowe was placed in charge along with his other work in that city and district.

Its Importance Recognized. Mr. Crowe was not only a faithful minister of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, but also a trained and skillful workman, so in the foundation work of our now noted Boys' Industrial Home and Technical School, the Mission gave of its very best, and thus placed its seal on the important place given to this institution. In addition to the original site, the Government gave a piece of land for enlargement that until this day is free of tax—another token of the importance of the work done in that place all these years.

The first buildings erected from famine work funds and Government donation had of necessity to be put up hurriedly and cheaply, and have since been rebuilt and enlarged.

The Training Given. The boys who were brought from other parts of India had to be taught the language of the Punjab. They were just out of heathendom. The majority of them had been worshipers of idols and were illiterate, so the first work was to make Christ known to them as the only Saviour and teach them to read God's Word. The first manual training given to them was along the line of weaving, tailoring, shoemaking, and carpentering. These were things done all over the country and the boys had seen them done, so it was not hard to interest them. Later on, other trades were introduced.

As these boys grew to manhood and became able to take care of themselves, the most of them passed out of the institution, other boys were received, and now for convenience we shall speak of this training school as the B. I. H.

Before many years had passed, the work of supervision and instruction became too much for one man, and Mr. Charles C. Millson, a trained workman and consecrated missionary, was appointed associate manager.

A beautiful chapel was erected near the workshops. Here morning after morning all meet with their instructors for prayer and Bible study before taking up the work of the day. On the Lord's Day public service and Bible School are conducted in the chapel. Aside from the time given to these meetings and for private devotions, every evening after the meal the boys and Indian instructors who live with them gather together for family prayers, and the boys learn to take their turn leading the devotions.

Dignifying Labor. One thing this institution has accomplished is to break down the idea that it is degrading for a man with learning to work with his hands. It was a new thing in India to see a man, with the social standing and education of the missionary, working with his coat off and his hands all soiled, to see him spread a piece of burlap on the ground and get down under a car and do repair work, or climb a ladder and with his own hands place a beam securely in place, or go into the blacksmith's shop to show a boy how to do a piece of welding, and not care if his hands did get black.

About nine-tenths of our Christian population have come to us from the lower classes of society. There have been very few openings for them to earn a living, except to work as cleaners of the city and village streets, or for the farmers where they are treated almost like slaves.

The tradesmen until recent years have been of certain castes, and each caste had the monopoly of its trade. Unless a workman belonged to that caste he was not permitted to practice, and there was no chance at all for young men of other castes to learn the trade.

Developing Self-Support. Since the introduction of more machinery, and especially water power and electricity, there is a call for skilled workmen. India has awakened to the fact that it is time for her to enter the industrial world and

there are more openings for trained men. While the Indian Church has grown rapidly and her membership is very largely made up of poor people, she has the desire to support her own pastors and to do her part in giving the Gospel to those who have not heard.

After the salvation of the souls of these people, the missionary desires more than anything else to help establish an indigenous, self-supporting and self-propagating Church. Already we have home mission work, under the Synod of the Punjab. Our people are willing, generous givers, but find it most difficult to pay the pastors and support this work because they are very poor and few avenues to earn are open to them. Your missionaries are certain that one of the best ways to bring about the fulfillment of our desire for this people is by the development of industrial work.

A Specialist Needed and Provided. Again with the introduction of motors, the Mission soon faced the difficulty of securing a trained man to do needed repairs on our machines, but God met that need, as He has always met all our needs. He led a man who was a "trained mechanic in many lines, from airplanes to locomotives," to offer himself to our Board for service in our India Mission. This was Mr. F. A. Whitfield, who, in 1925, was appointed a regular missionary to India under our Board. During the World War, Mr. Whitfield, a British subject, had served in India and learned to love and be interested in India's people. He also had served the Government in Egypt and, while there, had met and won the heart of Miss Beulah Chalmers, one of our missionaries. Together they came to India.

After a year of language study the Whitfields were located in Gujranwala to work in the B. I. H. Mr. Whitfield immediately organized a motor and machine department, and no doubt imagined himself a very busy man, as he had to do much of the work himself, carefully inspecting every nut and bolt that his boys handled, for they were all beginners. But when Mr. Crowe and Mr. Millson left on furlough, to quote his own words, "what seemed a busy time was like a vacation in retrospect."

Mr. W. H. Merriam, our General Treasurer, who resided in Gujranwala, was appointed Manager in Mr. Crowe's place and in every way was a fine partner for Mr. Whitfield. He took charge of the accounts and much of the correspondence, and also assisted in the shops. At the end of his first year in the B. I. H. Mr. Whitfield was appointed Manager and with the exception of his furlough times has held that office ever since.

Aided by the Indian Church. We have the confidence of the Indian Church in our industrial work, and many pastors visit the plant, manifesting keen interest in what is being done for the young men of the Punjab; they also encourage their boys to enter for training, and afterward help them in getting located in their own shops. During the special campaign in 1918-1923, known in our Church as the "New World Movement," our Indian Christians also made pledges. About two thousand dollars were designated for "Industrial Work in India," and the Punjab Synod decided it should be given to the B. I. H. for the purpose of erecting a much-needed workshop. This friendly action encouraged the hearts of the management and working staff. They realized in a new way that they had the confidence of the whole Synod in their efforts to help the Church and the young men of India.

Self-Help Develops Boys. The boys who enter the training school receive their board and a place to live, but must provide their own bedding and clothing and have their own railway fare when vacation time comes. Often promising boys are too poor to provide these things and, in place of turning such boys away, the Manager and his working staff try in every possible manner to give them an opportunity to earn. Some gather up old brick bats that have been left scattered about and break these into small pieces to be used in building work; others cut up stumps of the trees that have been used in the work and make firewood; others do extra work on the grounds.

One little hunchback came pleading that he be given a chance to learn to be a tailor. He had no money to buy

the necessary outfit and his bodily weakness would not permit him to do any heavy work, but love and a desire to help this little fellow learn a trade, whereby he could earn a living, thought out a plan. There are many rose bushes on the Mission compound so he was given the job of picking off the worms that destroy the rosebuds. Mr. Whitfield, in one of his letters, tells of the joy that was in this boy's face when he came to say goodbye before going home for his vacation. He was dressed in a clean white cotton suit, made by himself, and in his pocket was his railway fare. I am sure there was joy in the heart of God's missionary, too, as he heard the Master saying to him, "Inasmuch as ye have helped this boy have a chance, ye have done it unto me."

This boy is now saving up his earnings so that, when he passes out of the B. I. H., he can have a sewing machine in his own shop. Only in a missionary institution like ours would there be any chance for such a boy to earn his living and take his place in Church and community.

Christian Activities Develop Character. The men in charge of our Industrial School are not only men skillful in all kinds of trades and capable instructors, but they are more, much more: they are devoted missionaries, who feel responsible for the development of the spiritual life of their boys. They believe in a working Christianity and so, in place of resting at home on the afternoons of the Lord's Day, we find them getting out the old Ford or a truck and taking several boys with them to a village several miles away to hold service.

They have adopted a village of about twenty-eight Christian families. Before the Mission had to reduce the number of workers, these people had a teacher, but now with the exception of a visit once in a while from the district missionary they had no one to teach him, so they gladly welcomed the group from the B. I. H. The usual weekly service consisted of singing several Psalms in Punjabi, reciting together the Ten Commandments, Apostles Creed, and praying together the Prayer our Lord taught His disciples. This was followed by teaching the Sabbath School lesson for the

day, followed by prayer and an offering for a church building.

In early days a mud church had been erected, but it had not been carefully looked after, and the white ants had destroyed the wood and the roof had fallen in. The Christians were encouraged to rebuild their place of worship. When Mr. Whitfield was going on furlough he promised this group that if they would do all they could to rebuild their church he would bring them a bell from America. When he returned to them in 1930 he found they had worked well and were very happy over the fact that the bell was on its way to them.

In the meantime a Christian shoemaker had come to live in the village and encouraged the people to clean up their village, and an ordained man had become their pastor. Things were flourishing in a general way.

New Year's Day, 1931, Mr. Whitfield and a group of his men from the B. I. H. took the new bell out, propped it up in the back of the truck, and had the pastor strike the first notes. Then prayer was offered for the work they were going to do and men, women, children, pastor, and missionaries, all went to work and soon the old church site was cleared and the plan for the new church made to fit the land. The building was to be thirty feet long and eighteen feet wide with windows and a bell tower.

When the missionary went out one day later on he found two Mohammedan masons at work on the church. They were idle that day and donated a day's work to help the Christians build the place of worship. A Mohammedan farmer made a cash contribution.

Saturday, June fourth, was set for the dedication of the church. Many invitations were sent by the village people to their friends. Other Indian friends and near-by missionaries came, so there was a fine gathering. It was a great day for that village. The Rev. Wazir Chand, Professor in our Theological Seminary, preached the sermon. Others also spoke. There were many songs of praise sung by the village group.

Including the bell, the whole cost of the building, excluding free labor, was about three hundred dollars. There was a lack of about seventy-five dollars, but when a free-will offering was taken all costs were covered and the little brick church was dedicated amid great rejoicing and thanksgiving free of debt. The bell will be a great help in getting the people there on time as the village people do not have clocks, and it will also be a call to worship.

The Synod of the Punjab has for several years observed what is called "Special Evangelistic Campaign." For a week every man, woman, and child is expected to go out and witness for Christ and sell portions of the Scriptures. The boys in the B. I. H. have a part in this. Sometimes Mr. Millson shows pictures of the life of Christ and the boys memorize portions of God's Word relative to the pictures and recite them. One campaign week they reported that five thousand people had heard the message through that group.

Y. P. C. U. Provides New Dormitories. The young people of our Church became interested in the work that was being done in the B. I. H. and in an Annual Convention at Silver Bay voted to adopt the building of a much-needed dormitory for the boys as their "missionary special." This was indeed a very fine thing, much appreciated not only by the B. I. H. people but by our whole Mission.

The boys have now a very comfortable, well-built dormitory. Each boy has a small built-in cupboard at the head of his bed where he can put his clothing, books, and so on. The doors are so arranged that the lower door is on hinges and when the door is opened it drops and forms the top of a table, this being braced and made strong. Also the dormitory is divided into sections, each one large enough to accommodate twelve boys. At one end of the dormitory is a recreation room well outfitted with lights, tables, chairs, games, and books—a fine place for our boys to spend their evenings. All this building work, as well as all building work on the compound is done by the boys under the supervision of their instructors.

Helpful Government Associations. For some time Mr. Cowie, an Englishman in charge of all the Government Industrial Schools of the Punjab, has been very much interested in the work that was being done in our B. I. H. When his furlough time came he asked Mr. Whitfield to officiate for him from February to November. It was not the first time Mr. Whitfield had been offered lucrative positions and, as was his custom, he refused this offer, but upon deeper consideration he could see that by accepting this offer there would be advantage to our own work, an opportunity to study the whole of the Government industrial work, so he agreed to have the request of Mr. Cowie presented to our Mission and Board. Mr. Millson was willing to carry on alone and the Mission and Board granted the request and released Mr. Whitfield. Financially it was an advantage to the Mission, as the amount paid to the Mission for Mr. Whitfield's services paid all the expenses of himself and family.

His duties took him from Rawalpindi to Delhi, a distance of six hundred miles north and south, and about an equal distance east and west. There were twenty-eight Government schools in this territory. The following industries were taught: cotton and woolen spinning and weaving, silk weaving, furniture making, and general work in wood, oil engines, knitting machines, general machine building, tanning and leather work, sports goods manufacture. It was a very liberal education in many ways.

At the end of the time Mr. Whitfield was asked to remain permanently with the Government. From a worldly point of view it would have been very much to his advantage, but it was not even a temptation to him as he believed God had sent him to India to be His missionary and he joyfully went back to his boys and work in the B. I. H.

A B. I. H. Missionary. I want to tell you a little story that encouraged the hearts of your missionaries very much. When a group of missionaries and Indian Christians in Karachi desired to start an industrial school, they consulted our workers regarding the first trades to be taught. Carpen-

tering and shoemaking were suggested. They chose the first and asked if our school could supply an instructor.

Karachi is a thousand miles from Gujranwala. This is a long way for an Indian man to go from his home. The proposition was presented to the best man we had—a very earnest Christian. The missionaries, in their unselfish desire to see their boys having the best opportunity that was offered, explained to this young man that here was his opportunity to do Home Mission Work by serving his own people. The man and his wife prayed over the matter and, after talking over everything with their missionary friends, agreed to accept the proposition. They are making good, and the new industrial school is a success.

A letter came from this man enclosing a five-rupee note for the Church, with the promise that he intended to do this every second month. This was part of his tithe. He was practicing the teaching he received while in the B. I. H.

The "Why" of It All. The question arises, why did our missionaries give to this new project the best-trained man they had? I believe for three reasons at least: following the Golden Rule, giving a good Christian man an opportunity to become a leader in industrial work, and also to prove their own convictions that industrial training is one of the very best ways our Christian young men can gain and hold their rightful place in the public life of India.

Many new industries have been added to the original list in the B. I. H. In fact, I have never heard of a job to be refused, from making a needed nut or bolt to repairing steam road rollers. One of the latest industries is the building of arms racks for policemen and making padded helmets with welded wire face masks, padded coats and aprons, to be used by the police force of the Northwest Frontier Province. They are to be worn during practice in fighting with staves.

When our boys finish their training they are given some tools and go here and there to practice the trade they have learned.

The Latest Development. The latest development is a technical school. For some time the manager had been look-

ing for a man who could give instruction in theory. One of our own men who had been headmaster in one of our schools, but was now out of a job, was offered the position and accepted it at one-sixth of the salary he had been receiving. He is a fine teacher, excellent in his use of the English language. He takes lectures in that language and translates them into Hindustani. He gives daily lectures, supervises the boys at work, and works with his own hands.

The employing of this needed instructor was a venture in faith, for, while the manager was certain this man was needed, there was no money to pay him. However, the Lord he was trusting opened the way. In a few days he was asked to visit some Government schools in the role of an engineering expert and help solve some problems and improve methods. The remuneration received was enough to pay the technical teacher for a whole year.

Behold What God Hath Wrought! I have been deeply interested in the B. I. H. ever since that day when I made over to Mr. Crowe at Gujranwala the first carload of my boys that I had saved from starvation. Just before leaving India in 1937 I made one more visit. As I went from one department to another seeing the many kinds of work the boys were doing; when I saw their new kitchen with everything so nice and clean, their fine well-built dormitory and recreation room, and shops of different kinds; saw some of my boys, whom I had brought from the famine-stricken district thirty-seven years ago, not only skilled workmen themselves but men fitted in every way to train others, men who were leaders in spiritual things and living the life that is Christ; my heart was filled with joy and thanksgiving. I could not but exclaim, "Behold what God hath wrought" and pray that God's richest blessing might ever remain upon our Boys' Industrial Home and Technical School, an institution that richly deserves the confidence, support, and prayers of our whole Church.

Chapter 23

SIALKOT CONVENTION

DURING the hot season of 1904, God laid a great burden on the hearts of two of our Punjab ministers and several missionaries—for themselves a closer walk with God, and for the Punjab Church a great Spiritual awakening.

This group met together for prayer, earnestly seeking to know God's will for them, and were ready to follow His leading. They were led to tell others of the longing of their hearts, and invite those who wished to meet with them to come together at the Christian Training Institute, Sialkot. **A goodly number responded.**

There was no prepared program, but the way was left open for the Spirit of God to lead and work in their hearts. Much time was spent in prayer. There was great hungering and thirsting for God.

Many were convicted of sin that had been hindering the effectiveness of their witnessing for Christ. Confessions followed, with full surrender of life to God. Many realized for the first time the joy of full salvation in Christ Jesus, and their high calling as ambassadors for Him, and went away from that meeting on fire for God and the Church.

So great had been the blessings received by this little company of God's children, that before separating they agreed to meet at the same time and place next year, and invite others to join them. Thus the Sialkot Convention came into being. Born in prayer and of an earnest desire that others might be blessed, the Church of the living God purified and built up, it could not be otherwise than a blessing all these years.

From that time with the exception of one, and maybe two years, when there was an epidemic of cholera, the Convention has been held annually.

Place. The place where the Convention meets is a very suitable one. "The North Compound, Sialkot," as it is called in our Mission, is about three miles from the large city of Sialkot, and about the same distance from one of the largest military cantonments in India. Other facilities are the railway station near the city, good roads, the very suitable buildings of our large Christian Training Institute, plenty of good water, and quietness. Just adjoining the compound of the school is another large compound of the Mission of the Established Church of Scotland, and very near the meeting place is the fine Hunter Memorial Church, which has ever been used as a prayer retreat during Convention.

Management. The management of the Convention is in the hands of "The General Committee." This is made up of twenty-four persons, Indian and foreign men and women, missionaries, ministers, and laymen. These are carefully selected from the different Missions and Church denominations, and are chosen to serve several years. So many each year are chosen, so there are always members of experience on the committee.

This committee meets several days before Convention opens for prayer and consultation. Then it meets just after Convention closes to consider what mistakes have been made, and where things could be improved. Then it meets once early in the new Convention year to make plans for the next meeting.

This committee is assisted by numerous sub-committees; for instance, there is the food committee to have charge of all food arrangements; tent committee to look after pitching the tents and storing them away after Convention; committee on beds and furniture, one on transportation, sanitation, and so on. Each person knows just what he is expected to do.

I am sure it would do your hearts good to see how faithfully and willingly men and women work, endeavoring to make all who come as comfortable as possible. Missionaries of all denominations, Indian men and women of the highest classes, boys and girls from our schools, working early and late, doing that which non-Christians around about would

consider should be done only by outcastes, rejoicing in the liberty which makes all free in Christ Jesus.

Entertainment. For many years the attendance at the Convention has been anywhere from fifteen hundred to two thousand. To care for this number of people the last week in September when the days are often too warm for comfort, the season that is most trying on the health of all, the time when it is so easy to contract malarial fever, requires very careful management in all departments, and very much prayer.

One school dormitory serves as kitchens and dining-rooms. Meal tickets of all denominations from one-half cent to sixteen cents are sold. Vessels for food and drink are provided. One serving kitchen and dining-room is for men and boys, another of each is for women and girls. You go and get your food, spending what you wish for your meal, and then sit down on the matting at one of the low tables and eat, or take your food any place you wish. If you want a spoon you pay four cents for it. When you have finished your meal you can return your spoon and get back your money, so there is no loss of spoons.

I have often been amused at some of our dear simple village people. At the kitchen you can get "foreign" food as well as Punjabi. Here is the chance of a lifetime for a man to taste the "white man's double bread," as loaf bread is called, so he gets a slice and a dish of jam or jelly and sits down, eats the bread, and then with his finger he eats his jam, smacks his lips and goes away happy. At his side may be an American or English missionary, sitting with his whole wheat Punjabi cakes and dish of vegetables or pulse, making a spoon out of a bit of his bread, visiting with those around him, while he, too, enjoys his meal that has cost him two and one-half or three cents.

General Meeting. The general meetings are held in the tent. It is like a huge umbrella, with a central pole, from which is suspended a lamp that lights up the whole tent, so one sitting anywhere can see to read. There is a raised platform with chairs and an organ. The ground under the tent

is covered with matting and around the rim of the tent are chairs and benches. During the meetings the women and girls are seated in front with the men and boys at the back. A small space between the two permits people to come and go without confusion.

There have always been two general meetings each day in the big tent, one in the morning and one in the evening. The subject, or theme for addresses and Bible study, is chosen by the General Committee each year. "The Psalms" in Punjabi set to Punjabi music has been the songbook for years. I am sure it would give you a thrill to hear these songs sung as only our Indian people can sing them.

Sectional Meetings. After the morning meeting in the big tent, the whole group divides up into sectional meetings for further Bible study. There is a place for men in general, another for pastors, one for young men and boys, for women, Bible women, mothers, children, and so on. In the early evening there is one in English. There are two prayer rooms—one for men and the other for women. There is always someone in charge day and night. All through Convention time these rooms are well occupied. These rooms have always been places of victory and praise as well as for prayer.

Early Experiences. Let me tell you of some of the earlier meetings of Convention, before the days of the big tent, while the meetings were being held in the Institute Hall. There were many who spent the whole night in the prayer rooms praying for the Indian Church. Rev. John Hyde, of the Presbyterian Mission, gave himself almost the entire time of the Convention to the ministry of intercession. Night after night he prayed the whole night. One of our Indian ministers, a very earnest man, said, "When I see this man from another country so burdened for my people, I feel ashamed when I think of how little I am doing for my own flesh and blood."

No doubt some of you have read the story of Kanaya in "Our India Mission." He was over eighty at the time I am writing about but he spent three whole nights in prayer for

his people. There were missionaries in that Convention so burdened for the people that they never undressed for the whole ten nights.

Conviction and Confession. There was much conviction and confession of sin and hearts were laid bare in God's sight to be made clean, fit temples for the Holy Spirit. One of our evangelists was very vexed and ashamed because his daughter, a young woman, had publicly confessed sin in her life and sought cleansing. He came into the meeting with the intention of speaking against what was going on, but he soon came under conviction and with bitter tears cried out to God for forgiveness of awful sins hidden away in his heart, while he had been trying to give the Gospel of the Grace of God. From that time on his preaching was with power.

One of our missionaries said after that meeting, "I saw the blackness of sin as never before and can understand something of the shame of Christ when He became sin for us."

The Revival. During that whole year, in our Summer Bible Schools and other meetings, there were many evidences that the Spirit of God was working in many hearts. The coming Convention was much prayed for. There was a spirit of expectancy and a great desire for blessing. Convention time came, and six or seven hundred people were gathered together in the hall and verandah of the school building. Rev. P. Jones, of the Kasri Hill Mission, a man of Holy Ghost power and one whom God had greatly used in the revival that had come to the people of the Kasri Hills, was speaking on the subject, "Can God Trust You?" The audience was swayed by the power of the Spirit working through him. Time came to close the meeting, but in place of the meeting closing the whole congregation was swept onto its face before God.

Many cried out for mercy and forgiveness. Often several people would be praying at the same time. Awful sin was confessed, and one felt like covering the ears that one might not hear. God forgave sin and covered it over so one could not remember afterward much that had been said.

Many souls were born again that night; lives were changed; many missionaries, who were counted "good missionaries" before, became missionaries of power. All night long the hall remained full of people praying and praising; and I can testify to the fact that our Mission and Church have been different ever since that night when God so graciously poured out His Spirit upon His people.

Greatly Prized. You are not surprised, I am sure, that we all prize the Sialkot Convention for what it has meant and still means to the Church of North India. Here revival fire started in many a heart and is still burning. God took men from a people who were no people and made them princes in His church.

The secret of the whole movement lies in the fact that the Convention was conceived in prayer, and prayer has ever had a large place in all the meetings and management. The prayer rooms are places of power. Things that have transpired in those rooms are too sacred to be talked about, too holy to be touched. They were offerings placed upon God's altar and must remain there.

I shall tell you some things which were given to me by one who was keeping the night watch in the women's prayer room.

In the Night Watches. "One night a large group of girls rushed into the room after the meeting in the big tent. They said they had been in heaven that night, and looking into their faces one could not well deny it, as their faces were shining. They had heard a wonderful message on 'The Church the Bride of Christ,' and their hearts were full as they realized the wonderful thing God was waiting to do for His people. The room quickly filled, and people were sitting on the verandah and out in the courtyard at the other side of the room. Hours passed like moments and none was aware, so spontaneous was the praise and so real the intercession. Only the day when accounts are settled will reveal the victories of that night.

"A young Mohammedan girl had become a Christian and in that room was given such a burden of intercession for her

unsaved relatives as just broke the hearts of those who listened. She was just a babe in Christ yet she had learned so much.

“A group of young Christian girls had come many miles from another province and each girl brought a hungry heart. They listened to a splendid message on the Holy Spirit, and more than anything else they wanted Him to fill their hearts. They were desperately in earnest, but the longer they prayed the greater became their distress. It was terrible to watch their agony of soul, because they knew they did not have God’s best. A missionary from South India was in the room, and God used her to show them how ready God was to give all they desired. They accepted by faith. At once their sorrow was turned to joy and their hearts filled with praise. The light of heaven lit their faces. I cannot forget their eagerness to go back to Rajputana and tell how great things God had done for them.

Secret of Victory. “Sometimes the conflict seems very real indeed, and one trembles to feel the terrible strength of the ‘principalities and powers in heavenly places’ arrayed against us, but it is a joy to know that the victory is Christ’s even now. Sometimes the enemy is so subtle that one can scarcely recognize him, and again he is so terrible in his aspect that to run from him would seem most natural.

“To uphold our end of this great work of God is no easy task. The real work in these prayer rooms not only tests one’s faith, but all one’s powers whether physical, mental, or spiritual. The joy burdens, too, often task our limited capacity as we understand a little better about the angels’ joy when lost folks are found.”



COURTYARD AND HOME OF AN INDIAN PASTOR

In City of Khangah Dogran

Chapter 24

OUR EARLY MEDICAL WORK AT SIALKOT AND PASRUR

WHEN our Lord sent out His first ambassadors, He commanded them, "As ye go, preach saying, the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils, freely ye have received, freely give."

The missionary of modern times continues to follow these instructions as did the first disciples. The need today is also great. From the time your missionaries reached the Punjab they have been called upon to relieve suffering. The Bible and medicine box were the means used to reveal the love of God. Even the most ignorant of us from our general knowledge of the needs of our bodies could do much to help relieve the suffering of the people to whom we came to minister.

The first organized medical work in our Mission was opened in 1880 in the city of Gurdaspur by Mrs. Sophia Johnson and Miss Euphemia Gordon. They had as companion and adviser a kind, elderly Hindu doctor who was glad to have them care for the women of that city and district. A house large enough for ten beds and a dispensary was rented. There was no need of any advertising of the hospital, not even a sign on the door. The little hospital was always full and each year several thousand secured medicine from the dispensary.

Every morning devotional services were held. The attendance was voluntary but the patients came eagerly. Many were pleased to hear their names presented to God in prayer. Two young women professed their faith in Christ and were baptized. An old woman desired baptism but was prevented by her relatives removing her from the hospital and later

turning her out to beg and starve. All treatment was free and the expense was met by free-will offerings of missionaries and patients. The work grew from year to year and the women in charge, experiencing the difficulties and responsibility of carrying on with only limited knowledge of the healing art, decided to close the work and go to America for medical training. Accordingly they closed the hospital in 1885 and entered the Pennsylvania Women's Medical College in Philadelphia.

Doctor Maria White. God had set His seal of approval on this method of work and during those years was preparing one for it. In a Western Pennsylvania home the year our missionaries first sailed for India, Maria White was born. She was blessed with parents of sterling Christian character who by godly living as well as by precept taught their children the way of life. Morning and evening the father conducted family worship and his children heard him daily pray for the missionaries. Maria was a bashful child. At the age of fifteen she was sent to normal school, not so much to prepare her for teaching but, as her sister said, to cure her of her bashfulness.

During her early years her mother was an invalid and Maria was very much with her and developed a tenderness toward suffering and a care for the sick.

The mother passed away while yet young, but not until her prayers for her children had been answered, for Maria learned later that when in her babyhood her mother was very weak she prayed aloud that she might live to see all her children consecrated to God. On the first day of the year, Maria gave herself to the Lord and the whole family sat down together at the Lord's table for the first time and in four weeks the mother went to be with her Lord. This event made a deep impression upon Maria.

After that Maria spent some time in mission work in New York City. She had many opportunities for hearing addresses of missionaries from foreign lands. Emphasis was laid on medical missions. Especially there was a loud call from India. While working in New York her father was

suddenly called by death. After a family council Maria decided to enter medical school. In her second year in college she was asked to go to India but she refused the call as she wished to complete the course. After her graduation, through the favor of one of her professors, she was admitted for post-graduate work in New York and took special training in eye, ear, nose and throat. She was also granted special privileges of attending operations and in this way secured valuable training for her work in India.

Doctor Maria White was the first medical missionary appointed by the Board of Foreign Missions to India. She sailed with a large company of missionaries from Philadelphia, September 15, 1886, arrived in Bombay November 10, and was warmly welcomed by the missionaries. She was located in Sialkot and entered upon a long and very fruitful life for her Master and the people of India.

The Sialkot Hospital. At the Annual Meeting of the Mission, January, 1888, a committee was appointed to select a site and draw plans for a hospital at Sialkot and Doctor White was authorized to write to the Board asking for an estimate for the medical work and also to appeal to the children of the Church through our Church papers. The grant from the Board that year for the medical work was about thirty-three dollars. Many a one would have been discouraged at the outlook but not our brave Maria White. She believed God had sent her to India and she would trust Him for the support of the work.

The first few months the doctor attended several of the missionaries who were ill and in May she went to the mountains for language study.

By the first of October a house was rented in the city. The missionaries gave old and tried servants to care for the place. Doctor White went to Lahore and bought a supply of drugs and the medical work was launched. About that time His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, visited Sialkot at the suggestion of Rev. D. S. Lytle, who was the missionary in charge of Sialkot City and District. Doctor White invited him to visit the hospital and displayed

her medicines and instruments to best advantage. Not only did the Lieutenant-Governor come, but he brought all the officials of the District and city with him. He was well pleased, pronounced the hospital third class and recommended that a first-class grant be given by both District and Municipal Boards. This amounted to 110 rupees a month. The contributions from the missionaries and other friends were about an equal amount; so God provided for the work.

A girl from our boarding school came to learn nursing and the wife of an evangelist, a well educated, consecrated woman, offered to do the Bible work. The fact that an American woman had come to this city to care for sick people strongly appealed to the people and they flocked to the new hospital and dispensary. Notwithstanding all the doctor's and nurse's instructions the people made mistakes because all was so new to them and they were not accustomed to following any order. Powders would be taken paper and all. A mother and daughter exchanged medicines and the strong liniment for rheumatism was drunk by the daughter and the cough mixture for the daughter was applied for rheumatism. Over and over again the kind doctor explained what they were to do with the medicines; even to this day away from our centers people have to be instructed over and over and medicine given guardedly.

Doctor White's health was not good, and she had to leave the work in the hands of the Indian assistants and go to the hills for a long vacation. When she returned, the people refused to come to her and she wondered why. Then she was informed that it was reported she was a man in woman's clothes and was deceiving the women. To meet this situation, the doctor took a nurse, went out among the villages and gave medicine and gospel messages in every village within a ten-mile circle.

Also, several very difficult cases were successfully cared for in the hospital and the confidence of the people was restored. One of these was a Mohammedan woman, brought to the hospital in a very serious condition. Here is the doctor's story: "I did all in my power, but she grew worse.

One night I was called to the hospital at midnight. Her suffering was intense and death seemed near, but she grasped my hands and begged me to save her. I told her that I had done all in my power. 'Ask your God,' she said. I assured her that God could cure her if she had sufficient faith. She said that she had, and my matron, nurse and I knelt at her bedside and pleaded with God for her life. God heard our prayers, she was revived at once, and a little later went to her home and told what God had done for her."

Prejudice had vanished, the work was prospering, the ten beds were full and others were begging to be admitted. Still there seemed no hope of our own hospital building. Doctor White began to pray that, if it were not God's will for her to have a hospital, He would take away the desire. Then one day a letter came that filled her heart with joy. It was from our much-loved President of the Women's Board, Mrs. Anna R. Herron. She wrote, "For some weeks it has been borne in on our Board that we must help you. A friend sent us five hundred dollars for your work and asked us to build you a hospital. We believe it is the call of God. You have never asked and may not wish it."

Then followed a request that the Women's General Missionary Society might be allowed to build a hospital as a memorial to the ladies giving their lives in the field of India. The first five thousand dollars of the thank-offering went to erect the first two buildings. The location was settled after much consideration. In fact the people of the city decided it: they wanted it in the city that women of seclusion might come. The money soon came. Doctor Robert Stewart, Principal of the Christian Training Institute in Sialkot, was appointed builder and at once began the work.

November, 1889, the Memorial Hospital was formally opened for patients by Major Montgomery, the highest English official of the city and district, who had been much interested and had aided the work. He made a suitable address and declared the hospital open. A large crowd of Indian people and many missionaries were present to rejoice with Doctor White. Ten days before this she had moved

the patients and medicines from the rented house into the new building and had established herself in the rooms erected in the front of the site for the resident doctor. It was a new thing for a foreigner to live in an Indian city but at that time the medical work demanded it and Doctor White gladly did it. At the opening refreshments were served to the men of each religion. The missionary could not touch these, caterers were employed. Doctor White and her assistants served the English officers, their wives, and the missionaries.

This was a very special occasion and Doctor White felt she must have some American cake. There was only the flour ground on the old millstone and a Dutch oven, but Doctor White was equal to overcoming every difficulty and her fine marble and cocoanut cakes called forth appreciative comments from both her British and American guests. The years which followed were years of steady progress in every way. The beds in the hospital were always occupied, there was a large outside practice, and many calls came from the city and military cantonment. Indian girls were being trained to be nurses and hospital assistants.

The Elizabeth Gordon Home. In 1908 the Elizabeth Gordon Home, a fine two-story building, was erected just across the street from the hospital. It was a gift of the children of the Church as a memorial to the first single woman missionary of our Mission. This became the residence of all the American women in connection with the hospital and sometimes of the district women missionaries. Also many times missionary patients were cared for in these rooms. Since the removal of the Memorial Hospital to the new site, this building is used also as a dispensary for the city patients.

I have no record of the number of patients that were cared for by Doctor White since that day in 1888 when she opened the work in that small rented building in Sialkot City. Only when the "Book of Life" is opened and our faithful doctor stands before the Master to receive her reward will we know how many souls were saved through her ministry in Sialkot

during those twenty-eight years of service. I do know that during her last twelve years she cared for one hundred and one orphan children until they were six years of age.

White Memorial Hospital, Pasrur. For some years in connection with her work in Sialkot City, Doctor White went every week twenty miles to Pasrur and conducted a first class clinic. This work developed into a hospital, and suitable buildings including a small bungalow were erected by Doctor White at her own expense, with the approval of the Mission.

During the visit of Mrs. H. C. Campbell and Mrs. J. B. Hill in 1910, this hospital was formally opened and presented to these representatives of the Women's Board as a gift and also as a memorial to Doctor White's parents. The hospital was named the "White Memorial Hospital." At Doctor White's request at the Annual Meeting of the Mission in 1916, Doctor Wilhelmina Jongewaard was located at the Memorial Hospital in Sialkot to take full charge, and Doctor White was transferred to Pasrur to have charge of the White Memorial Hospital. She had already endeared herself to the people of Pasrur and was warmly welcomed there.

Here she continued her ministry to the sick of all classes until failing health compelled her to give up the service. She returned to America and spent some time at Penney Farms, Florida. Later she was lovingly cared for in Columbia Hospital until in 1937 she received her promotion and entered into the joy of her Lord.

Doctor Mary Platter came to India under a five-year contract to take charge of the work in the Memorial Hospital and rendered faithful service. Doctor Gilbakian served for a short time, but had to leave India because of a serious eye injury and infection.

Doctor Wilhelmina Jongewaard. Doctor Wilhelmina J. Jongewaard was born of Dutch parentage at Sioux County, Iowa. She and her sister, Harriet, attended college at Cedar Falls, Iowa, and later Wilhelmina attended the medical college in Chicago. She had enough courage to stick to the proposition of going through a medical college with men.

She was endowed with a charming, loving disposition and made friends wherever she went, yet was humble in her attitude toward all. She had taken up work at Spokane, Wash., and there in God's providence she and Mrs. H. C. Campbell, who was attending the meeting of the General Missionary Society, met. Mrs. Campbell was so confident that through this talented young woman God had answered her prayer for a woman doctor for India that then and there she contracted with the doctor and her sister Harriet to go to India that fall. This was in 1915.

The doctor was so interested and keen in her medical work that she never passed many examinations of the language course, but she got the message of love across to her helpers and the people about her. She was greatly beloved by Indians and Americans alike. In the spring of 1922 the sisters returned to America on regular furlough.

No sooner was the doctor in America than she began to prepare for greater usefulness in her chosen profession and to make herself more efficient for the care of India's suffering women and children. She took an extra year on furlough and on her way back to India spent some months in study in London. She arrived in India, April 4, 1925. How everyone in the hospital and city rejoiced to have the beloved doctor back again. On Sabbath morning, May 4, she had taken a little organ over to the hospital to hold a service with her helpers and patients. What a precious meeting that was to all! Coming back to her room she felt ill. The deadly poison of cholera did its work quickly. She had time for prayer, to send a loving message to her beloved parents, a few sacred moments with her sister and her doctor brother, who had come to her with all speed from Taxila Hospital, and the pearly gates opened and our precious doctor and co-worker was with her Lord. As a Mission we were overwhelmed with our loss. We could only be still before God, knowing He was more interested in His work than we could be and loved this beautiful young woman who had given herself so wholeheartedly to His service.

Chapter 25

OUR LATER MEDICAL WORK AT SIALKOT AND PASRUR.

Doctor Hunsberger and New Buildings. Doctor Reba C. Hunsberger came to India in 1921 and was located in the Memorial Hospital to be associated with Doctor Jongewaard. To fully realize what the sudden death of the older doctor meant to the younger one as she was establishing herself in the work, one would have to be there and know something of the responsibility of carrying forward in India a work like that of the Memorial Hospital. Doctor Hunsberger knew where to look for wisdom and strength and by the grace of God went forward to remarkable success.

In 1924 the old hospital was condemned by the Inspector of Hospitals as being unsanitary and overcrowded. An appeal was made in 1925 to the Women's General Missionary Society for a new hospital on a new site. Permission was obtained to proceed with the purchase of land and the drawing up of plans. It required four years to complete the purchase of a suitable site near the city. The main building was begun in 1931; when completed the hospital will have fifteen buildings.

The hospital has its own water plant, a well one hundred and eighty-five feet deep with an electric pump supplying a tank of eighteen-thousand-barrel capacity. A modern sanitary system has been installed throughout the entire plant. Hot and cold water and steam heating have been arranged for the two operating rooms, infants' and children's wards and the private rooms. The hospital has one hundred beds.

Rev. Osborne Crowe is not only a preacher of the Word and a faithful missionary in every department of the work, but he is more. He is a trained architect, designer and builder. He was the one the Mission appointed builder of

the Memorial Hospital and in every detail of this wonderful plan the mind and skill of a master workman is seen.

The chapel erected as a memorial to Mrs. Blanche Heidebaugh Anderson, by the young women of Philadelphia Presbyterial as an appreciation of her work among them after her retirement from work in India, is a gem. For elegance, refinement, simplicity and grandeur there is nothing in all North India equal to it. It is the monument of a skilled artificer as well as that of a much-loved and honored missionary.

Opening the New Hospital. The following is the text of the speech made by His Excellency, Sir Herbert Emerson, when opening the Memorial Hospital for Women, at Sialkot, January 15, 1934, at 2 P. M.:

"I have heard with great interest the account of the beginnings of this hospital and how it had its origin in a small dispensary situated in the bazaar. That was nearly a half-century ago, when there was little demand for medical relief for women and a considerable suspicion regarding its benefits. The position is now very different. The early prejudices have largely disappeared and there is perhaps no form of work which carries a greater appeal to the public than the cure and alleviation of human suffering. There is certainly no service which evokes such feelings of gratitude, or which can claim the same degree of satisfaction for work well done.

"In the removal of prejudice and ignorance, the missionary societies who labored in India, have done work, the value of which cannot be measured merely by the record of their successes. In a country where the spirit of charity is a fundamental of every religion, there is quick and generous appreciation of the spirit of service devoted to the sick and suffering, without consideration of self or thought of profit.

"It is fitting that this hospital should be, and shall remain, a memorial to the gallant band of women missionaries who have given their lives in the service of India. That the work in this district has won the confidence of the people, is proved by the scope of the activities carried on, and the accommodation for patients which it has been necessary to

provide. When the hospital is completed, it will, I understand, be one of the best women's hospitals in the Punjab. No pains have been spared to make the equipment thoroughly up to date. The staff is large and well qualified, and in Doctor Hunsberger the institution has a principal in whom the women and children of Sialkot have learned to place implicit confidence. I am particularly glad to hear that the training of nurses is being extended, and that there is in the city a Health Center for Maternity and Child Welfare work.

"The public of Sialkot would, I am sure, like to express their appreciation of the generosity of the Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of America, which has made this hospital possible; to congratulate those who have taken part in the design and construction of the buildings and to thank Doctor Hunsberger and her assistants for their untiring work among women and children of the district. Those who are able to do so, will, no doubt, show their practical appreciation by contributing toward the funds of the hospital.

"I have now great pleasure in declaring open the Memorial Hospital for Women, and in wishing it many years of successful work."

From a letter from Doctor Reba Hunsberger, we quote the following:

"Nineteen hundred and thirty-three marks the beginning of a new order of things and the end of the old Memorial Hospital, for this year has seen the completion of the new hospital and the gradual moving in and settling down of its occupants.

"Rev. and Mrs. Osborne Crowe worked ardently through the long summer months, without vacation, so we could take possession this winter. Everything in the hospital, including the staff and equipment, is new except myself. I can hardly realize this dream of years has come true. All the odds and ends had to be provided for the great event of the coming of the Governor of the Punjab, who officially declared the hospital opened January 15, 1934. We all worked desperately hard to get the buildings and grounds ready for this

half-hour of ceremony, but it meant a great deal to the people of Sialkot to have the Governor come. Many tributes were given by the guests, who numbered six hundred. His Excellency took great interest in the plan of the building and the modern equipment. He said our hospital was one of the finest he had seen in India. I think the best tribute of all was an appreciation in the Sialkot daily paper by a titled Hindu gentleman, who said: 'The work done in the mission hospital was appreciated by the people of Sialkot because it was done in the spirit of Jesus Christ, the Miraculous Healer.' "

Mrs. J. G. Campbell, who attended the opening of the hospital, wrote:

"What thrills of joy and pride came to us as we saw all that the love and sacrifice of our United Presbyterian women in America had made possible for our Punjabi sisters and their little ones. Here suffering will be relieved and disease cured. In this marvelous operating room the skill of consecrated surgeons will often give new lease of life to the despairing; in the sunny, beautiful children's ward the little wasted forms and sore eyes of children will be lovingly cared for. In the attractive private rooms those who are able to pay will find their needs provided for. In the wards will be given just the same measure of loving care by doctors and nurses. But best of all the message of Jesus will not only be spoken to hungry, thirsty women but daily exemplified in private rooms, wards and dispensary."

At the opening of the hospital the two greatest attractions were the operating room and the children's ward with its cute little white-enameled beds.

On the nineteenth of January, Doctor Hunsberger removed her forty-one indoor patients from the old to the new hospital in her own car. Some of the more timid ones were a bit anxious, wondering what was going to happen to them as they were carried out, but when their good, kindhearted doctor assured them that no harm would come to them, they believed and trusted her. The doctor remained in the old building until everything was removed in order and she said

it seemed so strange and deserted the last days. It was hard for her to leave in some ways as she was greatly attached to the old place. There she had begun her service of love and devotion for India's suffering womanhood and childhood. There she had fought with sickness and won by her skill and faith in a prayer-hearing God. There, too, it had been her privilege to do her first preaching of the everlasting Gospel. No doubt she also remembered the long years of devoted service given by her predecessor, Doctor Maria White, and of the many who had not only found health but everlasting life in that place.

We close our history of the Memorial Hospital in Sialkot with a story of one who found Christ there, as related by Doctor Maria White.

The Story of Zainab. My first year after I had opened the hospital in a native house at Sialkot was the darkest of my life. I was in my second year in India and like David I had watered my bed with tears. It was in those dark days that Colonel Montgomery, the Deputy Commissioner of Sialkot, came to my aid with the offer of getting me financial help from the District Board and from the Municipal Committee. But the Lord saw that it was not enough and He set His seal on the work by sending me a convert whom I shall never forget.

Zainab was a purdah (veiled) woman. The family lived three houses back of the hospital on the same block. According to the customs of the Indians, the sons and the great-grandsons lived in the same house. Zainab was a young, beautiful woman and one of much character. She had been married for a number of years, but had no children and she came to me as an indoor patient in our little hospital. It was the first time she had ever seen a white face as at that time not many of her people at Sialkot had opened their homes to admit European visitors.

The teaching of the Bible was always strongly emphasized as part of the medical work in our hospital. In the dispensary every woman received a Bible lesson before being seen by the doctor as a patient, except those who were so

seriously ill that care had to be given at once. She had never seen a missionary and had never heard of Christ. The Bible was taught to her in the morning meetings and in wards. She learned it by word of mouth, saw it manifested in the treatment she received and the conduct and lives of the entire staff. How often India's mothers and daughters in hospital would say to us, "Women were never cared for in our religion in this way. Christ must be the one that our hearts seek for." They would ask questions and beg us to read from the Bible, hungering for it all the day long. She remained in the hospital three months. Her husband could come in to the outer court and talk with her. Her mother and mother-in-law could see her every day. They, too, listened to the teaching with glad hearts. Before the time of her discharge from the hospital she confessed her faith in Christ and begged to be baptized. The doctor said, "This I could not allow." The husband and the father had trusted the woman in my care, and I must be true to the trust. They must know just what their daughter and wife was doing and I told her that she must return home, tell her people of the great joy she had received, what she had learned of Christ, and persuade her husband to come, too.

I did not see her for some time, nor hear anything as to what had happened. I lived with Miss McCahon at the Girls' Boarding School, a full mile from my little hospital. One night a servant called on me after midnight and put in my hand a note from Rahmati, a girl I was training in medicine. It read, "Zainab has left her home and come for baptism and all her friends and neighbors have surrounded the building. Come to us quickly. Come to the little back door and give three taps and we shall admit you." Without hesitancy I ordered my horse, to go. Miss McCahon protested—the hospital and all in it were in danger. Would I stay in safety while they were in danger? Miss McCahon went with me. We drove to the end of a street near the hospital, left the horse and trap and walked to the hospital, which stood on the farthest corner of the square. We passed down the whole block through the midst of the shouting,

threatening multitude, turned the corner, went down the side street, around to the back of the house pushing our way through the angry mob, and were admitted. Not one of the mob knew we were there until I called to them from the dispensary court. Surely their eyes were blinded that they could not see. Never since then has the story of Elisha's leading the Syrian army into the city of Samaria been any puzzle to me. I begged them to allow her mother and mother-in-law to come in and remain with her until morning, assuring them I would not keep her against her will. They were admitted and I released her to her friends about six in the morning. They left at once with her, driving across to Lahore.

Some months passed before we again heard from her when a letter reached me, begging me to help her and telling of nameless torture to which she was subjected. What could I do to help? We all met together, the station missionaries, the Indian pastor, his wife who was my Bible woman, and we talked and prayed over what we should do. The Bible woman said that she would visit Zainab soon, which she did, and found her humbled in the dust, held a prisoner in her own room surrounded by bazaar women as her companions, while the fakirs were paid well to curse and abuse her. Her food was scant and only the refuse left when all others had been satisfied. The Bible woman put a friendly note into her hand and whispered the contents to her. Ere the three days had passed she escaped, arrived in Gujranwala, was baptized, and then came to me for protection.

Protection of the New Convert. How was it to be given? This woman was of an age when she had legal right to choose her own religion but the opposed determined to steal her away and began to trouble the Boarding School. I kept her in my own room and hired a woman to sit with her with darkened windows and bolted doors when I was out, but this did not stop the annoyance at the school and something had to be done. So I wrote to the proper legal officer asking for his help, and he arranged that I should bring her to Phalora, a place between Sialkot and Zafarwal, some twenty miles distant. Representatives of the opposition were

watching our every movement. Again the missionaries and the pastor with his wife joined with us and prayed for guidance. It was decided that we would leave home as if we were going out to visit villages. Two of Mr. Lytle's Indian workers rode first, passing the bridge close to the city where all would be challenged by the police. As soon as we were out of sight they checked up to be within call, if help should be needed. I followed some fifteen minutes later with Zainab in the trap with me and about the same distance behind me came Mr. Lytle and another of his workers, all alert for a call for help; but all passed safely. To their challenge I simply said that I was the doctor Miss Sahib going out to a village and was allowed to pass without further questions. The officer of the law heard Zainab's statement, prepared the papers binding over her enemies to keep the peace, and we were free to return but we were twenty miles out and they must be covered in clear daylight and no notice from the officer of the law could be given to those who were opposed to us in less than three days.

Again we assembled for prayer. Jesus was so real to us in our hour of need. Seated on the sandy ground in an open field, surrounded by Mr. Lytle and his workers, we communed with our God. Mr. Lytle commended us to His loving care and Zainab and I started back to Sialkot alone. All went well until within three miles of the Sialkot city when Zainab convulsively seized my arm and said, "There they are under that tree! What am I to do?"

A very great many people were there following or watching for us and now the testing time came. Had we faith to go on? We lifted our hearts to God for help and protection and I quietly said, "Draw your veil a little lower over your face; you can see they are working on the roads, obliging us to go down the side away from where they are sitting and perhaps they will not notice us." I should have turned to the left and down the opposite side but what happened? Was I confused or did God direct my hands? I have always given glory to God, for I drew on the wrong line and trotting along at my usual rate, drove within two

feet of where they were sitting. Quickly one jumped to his feet, looked and said, "It is not Zainab; it is her Bible woman." So we passed by all of them. All arose to their feet and gazed at us in the clear daylight but again their eyes were blinded. They could not see and safely we passed through the city and to our home at the other side, quite undisturbed. The official notice had been served on them and so they no longer came into our compound, but two days a week I drove her to the city church half a mile distant while members of her religion ran by our side, wailing as for the dead and would await us outside the church gate and accompany us home. Oh, that death wail; I could never understand how she stood it. This continued until I moved into the newly erected memorial hospital. There was no place where I could place the girl for protection, so I took her with me. Soon after this young woman openly professed her faith in Christ we moved into the new building and Zainab elected to go elsewhere for protection and for training in Christian service.

Chapter 26

OUR MEDICAL WORK AT JHELM AND BHERA

The Good Samaritan Hospital. In 1890 the General Assembly gave the Women's Board full charge of the medical work in India and that year *Doctor Sophia Johnson* was sent as their first medical missionary. Mrs. Johnson was born of Eurasian parentage in Bareilly, India, in 1853. She was educated in the American Mission School in Dehra, India, married a Scotchman, who was a civil engineer, and had a good salary and a place in English society. They had five very happy years together. During their camping in Gurdaspur they became acquainted with Doctor Andrew Gordon and his family.

Mrs. Johnson learned that the missionaries needed some money to finish the church under construction. Out of her desire to help her new found friends, she collected money for the building of the church. Her husband's business took him all over the Punjab and one day in Delhi while calling she found a lady of the same name as herself and to her great astonishment found this woman to be the undivorced wife of her husband. She returned home heartbroken. Her husband tried to excuse himself on the ground that he had heard that his wife was dead, and he was afraid to tell the woman he loved and wanted to marry the story of a former marriage lest she would refuse him. In her sorrow she turned to her friends, the Gordons, and in time joined the Mission. As related in the opening of this history of the medical work she opened a small hospital and dispensary in Gurdaspur and after some years went to America for medical training. The same year the Women's Board was given the medical work, she returned to her native land, well qualified and especially well equipped for the work. She

was the first medical missionary appointed by the Women's Board.

After careful consideration, the Mission located Doctor Johnson in Jhelum, a city of ten thousand people, not only to work there but in the district of one hundred thousand people as well, and also a part of Shahpur district with a center at Bhera.

The first six months she itinerated with the other missionaries of the district and had a small tent for her dispensary. It soon became known that a lady doctor was touring among the villages and people came in crowds at every encampment. The Gospel was first preached and then the sick cared for. By the time the heat drove the missionaries into their bungalows, Doctor Johnson's reputation as an excellent doctor and a very kindhearted friend to all in need was well established.

A small house near the river in the city was secured and a dispensary opened. Work was conducted here for a year or two and then came a terrible flood one night and did much damage along the river side of the city and the dispensary and all its equipment were destroyed.

Doctor Johnson opened another dispensary in a mission building away from the river. This site was approved by the Mission as a good place for permanent work. More land was secured and plans prepared for dispensary and hospital.

The buildings were erected by funds contributed through the Women's Board. Doctor Johnson, during her stay in America, had traveled very largely in the United Presbyterian Church and she had many friends who contributed liberally and freely, and soon there was a well-equipped hospital to be known as the "Good Samaritan Hospital." In due time a bungalow for doctors and nurses was also erected on a very suitable site near the hospital.

Ludhiana Medical College. In 1896 a medical school for training Christian girls as hospital assistants, compounders and nurses was opened in Ludhiana under the auspices of all the Protestant Missions of the Punjab and Central India. The boards of each Mission contributed fifty rupees, about

seventeen dollars, for each hospital and this allowed two girls from each of our hospitals to be admitted for training. The course was one of three years. As soon as they finished their training and received their certificates they were ready to serve in our hospitals.

The opening of this medical training college was a great blessing as it relieved our doctors of the burden of training the workers. The reader must remember that until the missionary doctors went to India nothing had been done for suffering women. True, the British Government had established hospitals and dispensaries here and there and these were open to all, but India's religious and social rules and customs did not permit women of any social standing to go there, or permit a male doctor to enter a home. The only help a woman of India had in the hour of need was the services of untrained midwives, who were not only ignorant but most unsanitary in their practice. Up to the time of the opening of the medical college the doctors had to train their own assistants, compounders and nurses. Now we have very fine well-trained helpers.

Bhera Dispensary. Bhera is a city of some five or six thousand people. For some years the Jhelum missionaries had occupied that part of Shahpur district and had itinerated among the villages. A chapel had been erected in Bhera and two rest rooms in connection with the church. An evangelist had been stationed there and a reading room had been opened.

Following instructions from the Mission, Doctor Johnson opened a dispensary there. A well-qualified, English midwife and nurse was secured as assistant. She was a woman past middle age so could be safely left alone in that bigoted Mohammedan city. A cousin of about the same age and with private means of living offered to come and live with her. Thus in a remarkable way God answered Doctor Johnson's prayer for help.

The women lived in the rooms in connection with the church and in due time the Women's Board provided a dispensary building and residence for the workers and for

years a fine medical work was carried on and thousands of suffering women cared for who also heard of Christ the Great Physician of their souls. Some years ago on account of lack of workers this had to be closed. Doctor Johnson was so desirous to reach as many of the village people as possible that for years in addition to her work in Jhelum and Bhera she opened a dispensary in Kala some miles out from Jhelum. This service was much appreciated by the people of that region. Those who needed hospital treatment came to the Good Samaritan Hospital. Her fame as a successful doctor with a large, tender, sympathetic heart spread all over the Jhelum District. Many came from long distances to the hospital. She was also deeply interested in the Jhelum congregation and was most kind to the Indian Christians. She was always a Christian woman first and doctor second, very strong in her testimony for Christ.

The Presbyterial met in Jhelum the week before she passed away. Her beautiful home was open to the delegates. American and Indian alike shared her generous hospitality. She gave all a good time. To many of us those few days spent in her home are a precious memory. A very repulsive case was brought to the hospital. The nurse said she could not remain near the patient. Although Doctor Johnson demanded strict obedience from her subordinates as a rule, she did not insist this time, for she saw herself how well nigh impossible it was to remain beside the sufferer. She took full charge herself, dressed the sores and never allowed her patient to see how difficult it was for the doctor to come into contact with her.

At this time she was also deeply concerned over another patient in the hospital, an old village woman from whom she had removed a tumor. The patient had to be carefully nursed and as the work was heavy for the young nurses, the doctor insisted on taking her turn at night so that they might get some relief. She was very weary but spent most of the night at the hospital caring so lovingly and tenderly for this poor Punjabi sister. This was her last service for her beloved people. In the morning she came to her room and

decided to take a bath to refresh herself in preparation for her day's work. She was found unconscious and in a few hours she received her promotion to the higher service in the presence of her Lord.

It was the author's sad privilege to watch at the side of the bed where the body rested. All day long there was a continual crowd of women from city and village, those to whom she had ministered, those who loved her. One was reminded of that other room of long ago, when Peter came to the upper chamber where the widows wept and showed him the garments Doreas had made while she was with them, as the women told how the good doctor had saved a baby, had cared for the sick when their own would not come, had sat all night long at the bedside, and so on.

They covered the bed with flowers. They brought the precious oil of roses and sprinkled over the body. They lingered until they had to be sent away to make room for others. In the evening there was a simple service without eulogy. She needed none. She had lived her life "full of good works." Her service was her testimony to the place Christ had in her life.

At the church, men of every rank and station by the hundreds came to the service. Some wealthy Indians lent their carriages for the funeral and helped to carry the coffin to the grave. Many beautiful flowers were sent by her English friends. One lady wrote, "Doctor Johnson's bright, cheery manner quite won my heart. It is such a joy to meet a cheerful Christian." That beautiful April evening of 1902, as the setting sun was casting its last golden rays across the little cemetery in Jhelum, we laid the body of our well-beloved Doctor Sophia Johnson to rest, rejoicing in the assurance that when the last trumpet shall sound that body shall be raised again and made like unto Christ's glorious body.

The Master calls His workers to Himself when their work here is finished, but He provides for the work. A few months after Doctor Johnson's death, God laid it on the heart of a beautiful well-qualified young woman to offer herself for the work in India. In the fall of 1902, *Doctor Jessie P. Simpson*

was appointed by the Women's Board and after a year of language study was given charge of the medical work in Jhelum and Bhera and continued in that work until the illness of her three sisters in America demanded her attention. She lovingly cared for them until God called her to Himself.

Doctor Simpson's service was just a continuation of the fine outstanding work of her predecessor. The records of the first few years of the hospital were lost but in the first thirty years of the Good Samaritan Hospital 10,245 indoor patients had been cared for, and the average daily attendance at the dispensary was one hundred and twenty-five. People came from all over the district and beyond. A woman traveled seven hundred and thirty-six miles to have an operation performed by Doctor Simpson.

In this hospital, as in all our hospitals, the Gospel was daily preached. Doctor Simpson's excellent service for the women and children was splendidly acknowledged by the British Government when she was presented with the Kaisar-i-Hind gold medal.

Doctor Winifred Heston was sent out by our Board for a short term service. She worked in Jhelum when Doctor Simpson was on furlough and afterward in Sargodha. Doctor Heston had formerly served the Presbyterian Church in South India. She was a clever doctor and a good surgeon and was successful in her work, but her poor health did not permit her to remain long in India.

Chapter 27

OUR MEDICAL WORK AT SARGODHA AND PATHANKOT

Mary B. Reid Hospital in Sargodha. For many years the missionaries had been burdened over the spiritual condition of the people in northern and western parts of our field. This whole section is occupied by our most bigoted class of Mohammedans. The Mission considered the best way to approach these people was by means of medical work, and in 1904 sent a request to the Foreign Board to send out a man doctor. Doctor M. M. Brown, a practicing doctor for some years, offered his services and in 1905 was sent as a medical missionary. About that time the Sargodha colony was opened and people were coming into that country by the thousands.

The missionary in charge there was informed by the English officer that if the Mission would open a hospital in that section the Government would provide very liberally for building and support of the work. At a called meeting a few months after Doctor Brown's arrival on the field it was decided that he be appointed to open work in Sargodha and at the end of his year for language study he began work in a rented building. A seven-acre plot of land was bought at a very low price just adjoining the city. Suitable buildings for hospital and dispensary and a dwelling house were erected. Well trained young men were secured as sub-assistant surgeons, and the work was established and much appreciated by the people. Very early in the history of this medical work, God set His seal upon it by using it to bring two men to Christ through His workers there.

One day Doctor Brown was returning home from a visit to a village. He passed a man on the road but gave him no special attention. When he had proceeded a short way the Spirit of God said, "Go back and speak to that man." He

obeyed. When he turned he noticed the man was standing where he had passed him and was looking after him. He found the man hungry for God and through Doctor Brown God brought him to Himself. This man, a Mohammedan, was baptized, remained with the missionaries and became a faithful witness for Christ, going from village to village telling others of what Christ had done for him.

Abdul Haqq was a Mohammedan about seventeen years of age. He had come to Sargodha to visit friends and while there became ill and came to the hospital. He wanted medicine but refused to go and sit down with the other patients who were listening to the Gospel message. He was told that unless he complied with the rules of the dispensary he would not receive any medicine. He reluctantly obeyed and sat down. Afterward he said he did not remember what he had heard but when he was given a prescription blank that would insure him a meeting with the doctor he noticed that there were verses of Scripture on the back and one was, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners of whom I am chief." The last clause pierced his heart and he wondered how anyone could say that. He thought himself above reproach. He asked if there were any books where such things were found and was given four little Gospel portions. He was warned by the people with whom he was staying that he either had to stop reading those books or get out. He got out. He went to Doctor Brown and asked for work. He was told the only work open to him was to be camp watchman. Doctor Brown was going to camp the following day and had no idea this young man would take the work, but he did and gave good service. With Doctor Brown in camp were two earnest Christian men, one an evangelist, the other a doctor. They were praying that all in camp might be converted. The young watchman, Abdul Haqq, was soon under conviction, confessed Christ as his Saviour and became an evangelist.

When Doctor Brown returned to America on furlough he felt called of God to give his whole time to preaching the

Gospel and studied theology. It was the writer's privilege to see him ordained in New Concord, Ohio. That same evening Doctor Brown was leaving for India. As he went to say goodbye to his aged mother she told him that she was very happy that God had answered her prayers for him. Then she told him that from his birth she had prayed her son might be a preacher of the Gospel. Even when he had decided to be a doctor she continued to pray and all that time she kept the secret in her heart, waiting until God should call her boy and when He had done it and she had seen him ordained, her heart was full of joy and although she had no hope of seeing her son again in this world she gladly sent him back to India to preach the Gospel.

At the request of the Foreign Board, approved by the Mission, the Sargodha Hospital was taken over by the Women's Board in 1921 and became a hospital for women and children only, and was called the "Mary B. Reid Hospital" in memory of Mrs. Reid, our first Foreign Secretary.

At that time it was under a sub-assistant Indian surgeon and was under the supervision of Doctor Simpson at Jhelum. The year following, Miss Frances Lincoln, a well qualified nurse, was transferred from the Memorial Hospital at Sialkot and made superintendent at Sargodha. Here the Gospel is faithfully preached.

Elliott Dispensary. Women of India suffer, no matter of what religion or caste, and their customs prevent them from seeking aid except from a woman. This suffering is not confined to large centers but is even greater in the smaller cities and especially among the rural people. Pathankot, our beautiful mission station at the foot of the lower hills of the Himalaya mountains, was chosen as a suitable place for our high school for girls as well as the center for all the mission work of the district.

The only provision for the physical care of the girls and our other people consisted of the simple remedies Miss Mary J. Campbell administered through the direction of the superintendent of our Memorial Hospital at Sialkot. It soon became evident to the Mission that more provision should be

made for our girls, and about this same time the leading men of the city came to Miss Campbell with the request that the Mission open a dispensary where the women of higher classes in the city might be cared for.

Miss Campbell told the men that she was not a doctor and could only administer simple remedies. Then the question was, "Why does your Mission not do something about our women?" She replied, "We do not have the money." Still they kept insisting. At last Miss Campbell told them that if they would provide a small building for a dispensary she would try to find some one to do the work.

In a short time one of the leading men came to Miss Campbell and said, "We have decided to give to the Mission unconditionally a piece of land adjoining your church." The municipal committee and the district board jointly gave three thousand rupees (about \$1,000) for the buildings. Such earnestness and generosity could not be ignored by our Mission and as soon as the building was erected provision was made for the opening of the dispensary.

Miss Eleanor Maconachie, from the north of Ireland, had joined our Mission through the influence of her cousin, Doctor Maria White, and had had a year of language study in the Memorial Hospital. She was a well qualified nurse who, several years before coming to India, had been at the head of a large hospital in Dublin, and she was appointed to open the work in Pathankot. This was in May, 1913, and with the exception of her furlough time she remained in charge until, for health reasons, she left India in 1932.

The dispensary was called the "Elliott Dispensary" after Lady Elliott, the wife of the Deputy Commissioner, a token of appreciation for all he had done for the school and dispensary. The building was not quite finished when Miss Maconachie arrived. At once the women began to come and before the end of the first week the attendance rose to fifty per day. The superintendent had a compounder, a dresser and a very faithful Bible woman to help her. The Bible woman was one of our famine orphans who had been educated in Pasrur. She had been married to a Mohammedan

convert, was a Bible teacher of power and very acceptable to the patients. Thousands heard the story of salvation and although we did not know of any baptisms from among the women of the city who came to the dispensary, yet many declared their faith in Christ as the only Saviour. The superintendent recalls teaching a woman who showed her the wounds and bruises she had received from her husband because she would say, "Jesus Christ is the Son of God and I believe in salvation through Him only."

The first fifteen years of the dispensary's history there were 200,875 return cases. Even this does not tell the story of how many women heard the story of Christ in the Elliott Dispensary, for as a rule one or two women would come with the patient and they also heard.

A few years ago Miss Maconachie, for health reasons, had to give up the work in India and a little later passed on to receive her reward. But the dispensary continues to serve the hundreds of girls in our High School and also the women from city and district.

Malakwal Dispensary. During the early days of our work in Sargodha District a dispensary was opened by Doctor M. M. Brown at Malakwal, an out-station about forty miles from Sargodha City. This was very much appreciated by the people of that important railway center.

By the generosity of a member of our congregation at Whittier, Calif., Doctor Brown was able to place in charge of this work a very fine young man, who had finished his medical course at Miraj Medical School. For many years this Indian physician, Doctor J. James, has rendered faithful service in the Malakwal Dispensary. Its patron in America became so interested in the work that in his last will he made provision for it. So the Mission has been able to continue it.

Chapter 28

OUR MEDICAL WORK AT TAXILA

DOCTOR E. L. PORTER, who at the time of the opening of Taxila was Principal of Gordon College at Rawalpindi, was appointed the Mission's representative to secure a site for the hospital. Miss Gwynnaeth Porter, R.N., was associated with Doctor Gregory Martin in the early work of the hospital. They have given me an account of those early days. They have told their stories so well that I considered the proper thing for me to do was to give their accounts to the Church in their own words. The stories reveal why the hospital was located at Taxila, tell of the wonderful way God used the old students of Gordon College in the securing of the land, and give a glimpse of the early days of work.

Why Taxila Was Chosen. "The Jhelum River flowing from East to West divides the India Mission into two parts. South of the Jhelum River there is a mixed population of Hindus, Mohammedans, and Sikhs together with the depressed classes from which most of our Church members have come.

"North of the Jhelum River the population is almost entirely Mohammedan, 90 per cent being followers of Islam. In this part of the Mission territory there is a population of approximately two and one-half million people, or about the same population as that of the state of Iowa but scattered over a much larger territory. It was as an evangelistic agency for this undeveloped territory and the regions beyond that Taxila Hospital was founded.

"The site chosen for the hospital was at Taxila, some twenty miles north of the city of Rawalpindi, where Gordon College, another evangelistic agency for this region, is located.

"Historically and archaeologically Taxila is one of great interest as a former center of Buddhism in India. As in

other parts of India Buddhism has entirely disappeared from this region and the mosque has taken the place of the Buddhistic shrines. Only the remains of great cities and monasteries which have been excavated and the stupas rising in every direction, many of which contain the 'relics' of Buddhist saints, remain to tell the story of this once flourishing center of Buddhist teaching, the importance of which is shown by the fact that 'relics' of Buddha himself were found on one of the prominent sites.

"This site for the hospital was chosen, not for its historical interest, but for its present-day opportunities for Mission service. Taxila is now a junction on the North Western railway system. One line branches off toward the border of Kashmir, while the main line goes on to Peshawar and through the famous Khyber Pass on the way to Afghanistan. The Grand Trunk Road traversing India from north to south, also passes through Taxila on its way to Peshawar and the northern boundaries of India. Motor traffic has been developed on this road and motor buses call every few minutes on their way north and south.

Purchasing the Site. "The hospital site was a beautiful piece of farmland lying between the railway line and the Grand Trunk Road. The hospital buildings are visible for long distances both from the trains and motor buses. The writer was directed to buy thirty acres of this land fronting on a road joining the Grand Trunk Road with the railway station and the excavations. As in most parts of India the individual holdings of land were very small. There were twenty-eight plots of land in the thirty acres and most of the plots were mortgaged so that altogether there were over one hundred claimants to the property.

"Purchasing the land was a long and tedious process. First the people had to be persuaded to sell their highly cultivated land for a hospital site and this at a uniform price. Second, they must apply to Government for permission to alienate agricultural land. Third, deeds must be prepared for each individual plot. Fourth, these deeds must be

registered and the purchase price paid in the presence of the registrar.

“All this would have been an impossible task had not Government officers come to our assistance. Belonging to the various religious communities, these men had become interested in the mission work through their acquaintance with Gordon College and were sympathetic with the idea of a Christian hospital. It is amazing how the teaching received in the College manifests itself in the spirit of men in public service.

“The tehsildar¹ called the people together and persuaded them to give their land for a hospital site and at a uniform price. A young lawyer, a graduate of the College, went with the writer to Taxila to prepare the deeds. The registrar, an orthodox follower of Islam, said he would save the people the trouble of coming to the court to register their deeds by closing his office in Rawalpindi and opening an office in the little Government rest house in Taxila.

“It was the month of Ramzan, the Mohammedan fast month, when the followers of Islam do not eat or drink from sunrise to sunset. It was also the beginning of the hot weather when the thermometer stands at well over one hundred.

“We set out from Rawalpindi in the early morning in the Model T with a bag of silver rupees and notes. From early morning till late in the evening this officer interviewed claimants and checked the payment of the money. He did not touch food or drink. He persuaded the writer to take a little rest in the middle of the day while he went on with his work. By evening his tongue was literally cleaving to the roof of his mouth, but he completed his task.

“A very few claimants were absent from their homes on the day the payments were made, but their claims were afterward satisfied. Thus one of the most beautiful sites in all that region was secured for Taxila Hospital through the co-operation of these friends of the Mission.

¹ Indian official in charge of a portion of a district under the District Commissioner.

“As one stands on the hospital grounds in the early morning and watches the rising sun gilding the surrounding hills and lighting up the Buddhist stupas and mosques, one thinks of the Sun of Righteousness rising with healing in His wings.”—DOCTOR E. L. PORTER.

The Frontier Station Fulfills an Ancient Dream. “The building of Taxila Hospital represents the working out of a dream of expansion in mission work, to open up the great northern districts of our field in India that the common people might more easily ‘hear Him gladly.’ Here dwells a race of stalwart farmers, 90 per cent of whom are Mohammedan, a tribal people, courageous fighters, sending many sons into His Majesty’s army; yet withal childlike at heart.

“However, this dream of missionary enterprise was not a new one, for nineteen centuries ago a similar dream had come to one of Christ’s immediate circle of disciples. ‘It is surprising how few people know of the Apostle Thomas’ visit to Taxila; they usually connect him with Madras though this latter story has no support either in probability or early traditions. Historians, such as Vincent Smith and Stem Konow, agree that his mission to Gondophares, king of Taxila, probably took place in the first half of the first century, and they also accept the early Christian legend of the palace which Thomas built for the king.’ So runs the story in the modern newspaper when telling of a play centered around this legend to be acted one Christmas season in recent years. The author was the District Commissioner and the actors used the ruins of the old palace as their stage.

The Wisdom of Its Location Is Confirmed. “At first the big cities of Jhelum and Rawalpindi were considered as a location for the hospital, but were rejected. It was thought that a large dispensary of city folk would swamp the doctor in daily clinic work and not reach the outlying districts. Taxila is a convenient railway center twenty miles from Rawalpindi, being itself a junction and having junctions on either side of it. It is also accessible by the Grand Trunk Road, that great artery of communication for all people who take to the road. When this location was chosen the present

bus system was not even dreamed of, but the location has been all the more justified as such travel increases. If one looks to the future, one can picture Taxila as a stop on the air line to central Asia. The valley of the Indus River, not far distant, has been cited as the most accessible air route to the regions beyond the mighty Himalaya mountains. There have been times when we have been tempted to question this choice of location. Some would call it missionary madness to try to build a modern hospital without such facilities as electricity, city water supply, ice factory, or corner drug store. Yet if we look to business to give us a lead, we find a cement company seven miles away, near a lonely hillside yielding 90 per cent limestone needed to make cement. Then should not a hospital be located within ready access of those it expects to reach, and where fresh air and sunshine and lack of city noise can aid nature's healing process?

Taxila Has Seen "A Heap of Living." "In the Gospel it is written 'the word became flesh and dwelt among us.' It is ever thus His followers witness to His glory. In the years since it was founded in 1919, Taxila has seen a heap of living. No less than twelve missionary children will look back to Taxila as their birthplace. Five missionaries died there. Even in these brief years many missionaries have labored to bring in His Kingdom in this remote village. Some have planted; others watered. Five mission doctors and five nurses have contributed to the medical work, while four ordained and two unordained men have acted as builder or superintendent and evangelist. There have been many distinguished guests at Taxila, some interested particularly in the hospital and others in the local Buddhist ruins. The former include Doctor John R. Mott, members of the Laymen's Commission, the late Doctor J. Knox Montgomery, Board secretaries from the homeland, the editor of the Women's Missionary Magazine, and many others. Of the latter, the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, is remembered for pronouncing Sir John Marshall's garden, 'the loveliest of its size' he had seen in India. Sir John was then Archæology General for all India, and builder of a beautiful

museum at Taxila. Many professors and students make pilgrimages to the Ruins, including a Professor of History from London University, and an Anthropologist from Harvard University. Youth has paid its respects in the form of an American university student cycling around the world after studying in Europe. In recent years the visit of fellow missionaries from Ethiopia and Egypt brought cheer and good fellowship.

“Medically our neighbors include the Church Missionary Society hospital at Peshawar, a women’s hospital at Mardan established by the Danish Mission. These are to the north while to the south is the Scotch Mission Hospital at Jaipur. Doctors from these three Missions have worked in our Mission hospitals. One performed his first cataract operation at Taxila; another new recruit learned to do some skillful abdominal surgery there; while a third gave fine service while Doctor Hunsberger was on furlough from Sialkot Hospital. Other European neighbors have such interests as cement, archaeology, a large central jail, scientific farming, and citrus fruit growing.

Taxila Noted for Surgical Work. “Taxila hospital has been largely noted for the surgical operations performed there. At one time it was calculated that no less than a thousand cataracts had been removed over a period of years. Since then many more have been removed.

“The story of the first major operation performed in a tent remains a classic of early days. With no trained assistants, the doctor had to attempt an operation on a strangulated hernia in order to try to save a man’s life. To one lay missionary he entrusted the anesthetic, while another was to assist him, duly robed in sterile gown and gloves. An Indian handy man was to keep track of the patient’s pulse. When the pulse was lost, the anesthetic was stopped and the doctor proceeded to test the anesthesia by making his first incision, only to have the patient almost jump off the table. Toward the end the assistant began to perspire due to his unusual occupation, so he proceeded to wipe his forehead with one gloved hand. The doctor saw this



Willard Price

DOCTORS AT TAXILA HOSPITAL

Removing a Cataract

See pages 238-242

gesture too late to do more than insist that that hand remain behind him for the rest of the operation. It is a pleasure to know that the patient made a good recovery.

“Another classic occasion was the first major operation after the arrival of the American nurse, an old man with a dried-up arm to be amputated. After much preparing of instruments, tables, and patient, the nurse announced the operation could proceed, but if both doctors would operate who would give the anesthetic? Would the American nurse? What training had she for this—none whatever! Perhaps the doctor’s wife could help out, but, no, she was involved in household duties! Then it was decided that the nurse would assist one doctor while the other gave the anesthetic. Then there was the patient to watch till out of ether and the instruments to wash and put away. A long day without any trained assistants, so thought the American nurse, resolving that the day would come when this would not be a one-nurse job, but that Indian boys and girls would be trained to do the work, too.

A Glimpse into the Operating Room. “What would you see in the operating room today? Not one major operation but a full schedule often lasting into the afternoon clinic period. Laboratory work has been done on the patients by one assistant, operation tables set up by another. Trained nurses wait in the wards to send the patients in as scheduled, these having been prepared the day before, and they are ready to receive those that return on the stretchers. Two doctors work, yes, but now one is a trained Indian colleague and in many cases they will operate at the same time on two tables in the same room each with his own assistants. The patients are of all ages: some are far advanced in years.

“One recalls many surgical miracles—the removal of huge abdominal tumors, plastics of all kinds from skin grafting on extensive ulcers to the formation of new noses, operations by the light of oil lamps or by the light of the old Model T Ford lights, a boy gored by a bull, an extensive bone operation on the leg of the boy who is now the men’s ward orderly, and many others.

“Truly much water has run under the bridge since the first operation in a tent. In those days thieves stole clothing from the back of the tent while the doctor and his wife entertained guests in the front part. Now a wire fence surrounds the entire property of thirty acres and a night watchman makes the rounds and one’s household goods are safe, unlocked the year round.

Taxila’s Widening Influence. “The hospital still has a number of its own trained workers, while others, particularly the women nurses, have been trained in other Mission hospitals. Of former Indian staff members, a doctor and three male nurses have gone to work in other Mission hospitals, and a compounder is serving in a native state. One nurse became a Government trained health visitor and three are married. One male nurse went as far afield as Bahrein on the Persian Gulf and wrote from the Government hospital there, asking our prayers. When one remembers that his family occupation was that of the despised outcaste, one realizes what Christian education and training can mean to the Church in the Punjab. Three boys who left training early became a pastor, a foreman, and a valued worker in the near-by cement company. One boy was fed poison for being a Christian convert in regions beyond British territory.

“Of children of staff members, two are college graduates, three girls became teachers, one boy joined the navy, and one girl married a pastor in another Mission. Many are still in school and all have at some time been members of the flourishing Junior Society at Taxila. None of them will ever forget their interesting experiences there.

Doctor John Samuel. “As a young graduate just out of the Lahore Government Medical College, Doctor John Samuel came to work with that veteran medical missionary, Doctor H. L. Finley, who had served on all United Presbyterian fields. Doctor Finley found him quick to learn and on his death bed turned to Doctor Samuel for relief from pain. After his death the hospital went through dark days, but many prayers were offered by the staff, and others, and soon Doctor Stuart Bergsma came to take Doctor Finley’s place.

He had found it impossible to return to Ethiopia, the land of his first love.

“Doctor Samuel has not only had the privilege of working with these two doctors, but with famous surgeons in other Missions. Under the guidance of a Scotch doctor, he performed his first one hundred cataract operations. Later he had training with two English surgeons, one of whom came to India to climb Mount Everest and returned to the even more thrilling task of being a surgeon to India’s suffering poor. In a recent letter, Doctor Samuel writes of the church services now being held in the nurses’ bungalow and of the daily staff prayers and of preaching in the wards. He was trying a method he had seen used at the Church Missionary Society Hospital in Peshawar and felt the patients were responding more since there was more opposition to the preaching than formerly.”—MISS GWYNAETH R. PORTER.

American Doctors. The American doctors who pioneered in the establishment and early ministry of Taxila Hospital were Doctor John Gregory Martin and Doctor Albert John Jongewaard. Their devoted and skillful services as physicians and surgeons and the Christian influence of their witness are not forgotten by the India Mission, and one who travels through the villages today, both near and far from Taxila, finds them gratefully remembered by many villagers. Doctor Jongewaard resigned in 1929 and Doctor Martin in 1935. Doctor H. L. Finley was transferred from Assiut, Egypt, to carry on the Taxila work, took charge March 1, 1935, and died in service March 12, 1936.

Of this period Doctor John Samuel wrote, “Those were dark days. Work in the hospital became so low that the Mission questioned its usefulness. The only way out seemed the appointment of an American doctor to the staff. It was a time of great anxiety. The whole staff, individually and collectively, prayed most earnestly for Taxila Hospital, and it was not long before we heard that the Board of Foreign Missions had found just the right man. Doctor Stuart Bergsma, who had served in Ethiopia, 1928–1935, arrived with his family in the autumn of 1937. After this a period

of progress began. Our total in-patients had fallen below six hundred annually. This year, 1941, the total in-patients will approximate fifteen hundred. In the same proportion work has increased in every department and we are all thankful.

"If you visit the hospital these days (end of September) you will be amazed. You will find beds spread out under the trees, here, there, everywhere. Only a few more serious cases will be inside, but this is how we can keep our patients most happy. They have their helpers and members of their families beside them. These are able to cook for the one who is ill and to take over part of the nursing. A large part of our work is surgical. Doctor Bergsma and I do it by turns. A major proportion is still done to remove cataracts on eyes. Old men and women, most of them totally blind, due to this affliction, travel miles to come to Taxila. A small operation is performed and the cataract is taken out. After a few days the bandage is removed and it is gratifying to see sad, old, wrinkled faces beam with joy when they begin again to see.

"Every morning the staff gathers for a period of worship. Then we all go to the wards, a hymn is sung, and the Word of God presented before patients and helpers in a simple, direct way. There are many in the crowd who do not pay much attention, but we praise God for those who have later asked for the written Word of God. And if we ever go to a village in our medical and evangelistic work and find there an old patient from Taxila Hospital, we are sure of a cordial reception always."

Chapter 29

THE STORY OF THE FAMINE

EARLY one March morning in 1900, when I came out on the verandah, I found a village woman and her four children sitting there. This woman lived fifteen miles away. I said to her, "Nanki, you must have started very early from your village. What can I do for you?" She replied, with weeping, "O Miss Sahiba, we are starving. We have had nothing to eat now for fifteen days except the little meat we could pick off the bones of the cattle which my husband bought for the hides. These cattle, too, were starving, and the farmers sold them, but my children are getting sick on this food and I am afraid they will die. Please take them and I shall go here and there and try to find something to do."

We had prayer together. I expressed my sorrow and sympathy and then said, "Yes, I shall take your children, and I am going to keep you, too; they will need your care and love and I will need your help." I gave her a room on the compound and food for her to prepare. She was very thankful and kept saying, "Praise God! Praise God!"

The next day a man came from another village, bringing his two motherless children, telling me, "We have no food. My wife has already died of hunger. Please take my girls and I shall try to get some work and take care of myself."

Day by day the people came to me with their starving children, until I had eighteen girls and the woman. I did not have anything but my own salary, but I believed the God Who did not allow the widow's handful of meal or her cruse of oil to fail in that other famine of long ago was able to bless what I had and make it enough for me and the children, and He did.

The district of Pasrur, where I was stationed at that time, depended very largely on the rainfall for their crops. The

water was so far down that there were very few irrigating wells. The previous season's rainfall had been away below normal, causing great shortage of grain and pasture.

In normal times the English Government did not allow the farmers to cut the tender branches of the shade trees along the road to feed their cattle. Only owners of camels were allowed to do this, as these animals at all times feed from the trees; but now the need of cattle was so great that all restrictions were removed, and all the trees were left like high stumps.

The children I had in my home were of school age, and I decided it would be a good thing to give these little ones an opportunity to learn to read. One of our self-support pastors was living and working in the part of our district worst hit by the famine. His people were without food for themselves. This man was also pastor of our city church, so I sent for him and told him I needed his help. Would he and his wife come and earn their bread by teaching the children? They were glad to do so. This work and the weekly offering of the city church tided them over the year.

Great things sometimes have small beginnings. This little school held on my verandah was the foundation stone of today's fine boarding school at Pasrur.

Daily papers told of the awful condition in Central India: people were dying of hunger by the thousands, and the next harvest was several months away. Bishop Thoburn and more than sixty other missionaries had issued the following to the American people:

"We, the undersigned missionaries, present at the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions in New York, desire to add to the testimony from many sources already given to the public by the press our confirmation, founded on personal knowledge and experience, of the unparalleled and indescribable gravity of the present famine in India. A calamity so overwhelming in its vastness, so appalling in the suffering it inflicts on millions of the most helpless of mankind, claims the attention, the pity, and the succor of every member of the family of nations.

“It is right that we should bear our witness that the British Government in India is doing all any government can do to cope with the situation and save the lives of its stricken subjects, but alongside of its efforts there is a vast area in which private munificence can effect what Government interference cannot usefully attempt. And there is a call to every human heart the wide world over.”¹

India's Government Report declared, “Destitution has reached or will reach a higher stratum of society than ever affected before since the country came under British rule. The area of famine is about 150,000 square miles with a population of twenty-one millions.”

Miss Anderson Visits Famine Area. I decided to go down to Central India and see for myself so as to be able to make a personal report to our Mission and Synod. I visited the “receiving homes” of the missionaries, where they were taking in the women and children. They fed them awhile, cleaned them up, and placed them in the regular schools. At Neemuch, from September eleventh to December thirty-first, the missionaries had fed 55,912 people. One doctor fed eight thousand as she went to and from her dispensaries. In one poor home I saw seventeen hundred people, another sixteen hundred. They each received one pound of food per day. I went with the doctor for a drive. She had a basket of bread to give out. In the evening we gave two hundred loaves of whole wheat bread. People came staggering up to us for the bread. Often the stronger would snatch it away from the weaker. People wandered from one place to another. Many a poor, starved mother dropped down by the wayside and gave birth to her child: I saw scores of infants, not weighing two pounds, their tiny faces so drawn and wrinkled they looked more like people of eighty or one hundred years. In every possible way these needy people were also given the Bread of Life.

One bright spot in the picture at this place was the fact that the orphans, rescued from the famine three years before, fed two little starving ones from their own portion of food

¹ Published in the New York Union Herald, May 19, 1900.

and were getting up each morning at four o'clock to make four hundred cakes to give away at the roadside. There were fifty of these girls who did this four times a week.

At Rutlam conditions were even worse. Many Jains live there, people who are so much afraid of taking life that they tie up their mouths for fear they may breathe in some insect and thus destroy life. Here I saw a hospital for old and disabled animals, twenty cows, donkeys, goats, tied in stalls under the shelter from the hot sun and being fed. One might say, "There must be some good in a religion that teaches people to be kind to animals." But here is the other side to the picture. In the courtyard of that hospital I saw hundreds of men, women, and little children lying unprotected from the sun, dying, their faces covered black with flies. The little children were uncared for, human beings were kicked because they asked for bread, and a dying woman's cry for water went unheeded.

At Dohad there was a different class of people, the Bhils. They are a class never known to beg. Only when faced with starvation did they begin to wander about for food. Hence, as a class I found them worse off than anywhere else. Their streets were filled with starving people. Every wayside was lined with dead and dying. One can never forget a picture like that: people grinding up bark and eating it, and little children breaking up excrement on the road, hoping to find an undigested grain.

The missionaries everywhere were doing a great work but accommodations and funds were limited. I went with the intention of bringing away about fifty children on my own responsibility, but only fifteen of those collected were considered strong enough for the railroad trip of 1,048 miles. I asked the local missionaries how our Mission and Synod in North India could help them most. "By sending workers to gather the children into camps, providing food for them, and, when they are strong enough to travel, taking them home with you."

Her Report Stirs the Church. I returned to the Punjab to tell of my trip and what I had seen. All hearts were

stirred. I was authorized by our Mission to appeal to the home Church for funds to help feed the multitudes of starving people and rescue at least two hundred children and bring them to our Mission.

As soon as possible after I received this commission I sent one of our evangelists down country to gather up and feed orphan children, and when they were in a condition to travel I would follow and bring them home. He gathered up many children and fed them. Cholera was everywhere. It broke out in his camp. In a short time eighty of our children died and many scattered away. Others were found to fill their places.

Miss Jean Morrison offered to go down country and help bring up the children. I was glad to have her company and assistance. Our friends realized that we were undertaking a very dangerous journey. The heat of those June days was terrific. Cholera was all along the way. Many were the prayers offered for our safety. All along the journey of one thousand miles we experienced the power of answered prayer. Many were the favors we received from railway officials in rates of transportation and in accommodation for the children and ourselves. The last two afternoons we were on the train we kept our heads bound up in wet towels for protection against the heat. By the Lord's mercy and goodness, after four days, we arrived at our refugee camp in safety.

In the evening we visited our camp and found one hundred and sixty-five boys and girls between the ages of four and fourteen. How shall I describe these children so that you may have an idea of their condition? Most of them were skin and bones. Many were entirely nude. Some of the older ones had a few dirty rags tied around them. Many, too weak to sit up, were lying around on the sand. Others suffered from terrible dysentery. Many had sore eyes. Their thin, drawn faces told the story of starvation. No one could look unmoved upon that crowd of poor, helpless children. We fed them with hot milk and other suitable food. We gave medicine to the sick; sore eyes were treated. Proper

camp sanitation had to be carefully looked after. We were delighted with the general improvement of our children from day to day. How I longed to have them in my home in the Punjab and to nurse them back to health and happiness!

One evening things seemed rather mysterious at the Mission house where we were staying. In the morning we learned that a boy had died of cholera and that another was ill. Also, one of our boys developed smallpox and had to be kept in a shack by himself. But we were not alarmed as we knew we were in the path of duty and believed that our God was able to protect us and our children.

Let me tell you how the cholera came to the place near our camp. Eight thousand persons were working, cleaning out a tank. Cholera broke out and excited people ran here and there carrying the disease everywhere. Hundreds made for the Mission house. The missionaries had their school boys running many errands with medicine and milk. One morning ten dead bodies were lying at the door of the Mission house. Government officials gathered up the bodies and burned them. All around the city there were ash heaps where this had been done.

At one place where we got some children, eighteen thousand people were working on famine relief. They were cleaning out a lake. The water became very shallow and, of course, impure. There were many fish in the lake and they became easy prey for the poor, hungry people. They feasted on fish for two days and then the most dreadful type of cholera broke out. In a few days eight thousand persons were dead and those alive and able fled in all directions carrying the cholera. This happened a short time before we arrived at that place.

Brings Famine Orphans to the Mission. Having received from the Government officials all the certified applicants available at that time, we prepared for the homeward journey. We had two third-class railway carriages reserved for all of our thousand-mile trip. When we were ready to start, imagine my surprise to hear my children giving three cheers for the Government officials, the poor-house officers, and the

missionaries, who had come to the railway station to see us off. We had a snack of bread, another of parched grain, several bags of wood ashes for sanitary purposes, cases of condensed milk, boxes of crackers, and cans for drinking water.

For a while I rode with the children until all settled down quietly and happily, and then, leaving the Indian assistants to care for them, I joined Miss Morrison in our second-class compartment. The heat was awful. We shut out the hot air as best we could and committed ourselves and the children to the care of Him Who has promised, "The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night."

We had communicated with missionaries along the way we were to travel and had asked that food for so many famine orphans be brought to the railway stations. This was most generously supplied. At one place our train stop was so long that, with the help of the missionaries, we unloaded our children, gave each one a good bath at the water tap on the platform, and replenished our water cans before we were again on our way. At Delhi four missionaries and ten Indian school girls awaited our coming. The station-master instructed them to tell us to wait until the crowd of passengers had left the platform and then we could take the children out of the carriages and feed them on the platform. We were so thankful for this favor.

Many non-Christians stopped to see the children. It was an object lesson for them to see the difference between the Christian religion and their own, for here not only missionary ladies but also their own girls were doing most humble services for the children, services that only outcaste people performed. There was abundance of food. Our greatest care was to see that the children in their weak condition were not overfed.

Another twenty-four hours passed and we were at Sialkot. Doctor J. A. McConnelee with several helpers received forty of our boys and took them to Rawalpindi. After a night's rest with our Sialkot friends I went on with the remaining children to Pasrur, and how thankful I was that the long

journey was at an end. But there was sadness, too, in my heart, for twelve of my children had died by the way, and day by day we had to call a policeman at the railway station and make over a little body to him. We had done all we could for them but the dear children were too weak to live.

How glad the girls of my home were to have these children added to the family. Although they could not understand each other's language, they were soon playing together.

All Accept Christ as Saviour. These children had been taught to worship idols. Shortly after I brought them home, I went out to give them some food and found they had secured some cow dung from the man who kept our animals, and in one corner of the yard they had purified a little square and made some mud idols and established a shrine of worship. I had learned only a few words of their language and they knew no Punjabi yet, but I made them understand that here we did not worship idols but the God Who was everywhere, and I asked them to destroy the idols, which they did. That was the end of their idolatry. They soon learned to read, and in less than two years all had accepted Christ as their Saviour. But what an object lesson I had received of the importance of teaching children early to love and obey God. Here were these starved children a thousand miles from home, in the midst of a people of strange language and doings, and yet they had set up the only form of worship they knew.

Most liberally did the Church in America respond to the call for famine relief. About forty thousand dollars was contributed at that time. Our Covenanter friends asked me to become their agent also and sent some eight thousand dollars. Suitable buildings for the children were erected. Several trips were made to the famine areas and we not only supplied those missionaries with funds to carry forward the good work they had been doing, but our missionaries gave me eight of their best pastors and evangelists to assist in the work. We established four centers in the places of greatest need and fed thousands of hungry people. We gathered orphans into camps, fed and nursed them back to health.



A GROUP OF THE FAMINE ORPHANS

Brought to our Mission

See pages 248-252

So many children had been sent out of the province to Mission schools that the non-Christians began to object to this being done, so we did not remove any more orphans but placed them in Mission schools in their own country and during the famine period supplied the funds for their support. We were glad to continue help in that way.

How God Gathers Out His Own. Again in 1902, when famine came to a province north of Bombay and people died of hunger, I sent several men to gather orphan children into feeding camps, I visited the stricken areas, and, when the children were strong enough to endure four days and nights of travel, I brought two carloads of them to our Mission. Among these were sixteen babies under three years of age. I want to tell you a story in connection with our trip to show you how God gathers out His own.

Our main camp was on a branch line of the railroad. We had to start at noon, go twenty miles, have our coaches detached and wait until nine at night for the mail train from Bombay. We unloaded the children, let them rest under shade trees, and they had their evening meal before we resumed our journey. But, during the afternoon, a woman and two girls had come and, at first standing afar off, watched us. Gradually they came nearer and at last the woman pled with me to take them, too, as they were starving. I refused, feeling it was not safe to take anyone whose history I did not know. But the woman would not be refused: she said her husband and several children had died of starvation, she had no one to help her, and she pled with me to save them. I thought that maybe God's hand was in this and that I had better make inquiry about this woman; so I went to the station-master, told him the woman's story, and asked his advice. He said she was all right, her story true, and if I wanted to take her it would be all right.

While we had been waiting, three widows we had been feeding became homesick and asked me if they might go back to their village, so I had three extra tickets and here were these new people to take them. The woman was thankful when I said she could join us.

In all my missionary experience I never had so much joy and comfort as I had over the coming of these three into our home. They had never heard of Christ but soon learned to know and love Him. The woman became a wonderful mother to all the children, and the older daughter married and raised a fine family. Her home was an ideal Christian home. The younger daughter, after finishing her education, became my assistant and served faithfully for ten years and then married one of my famine orphan boys. For years he has been one of the trusted and honored teachers in our Christian Training Institute. Theirs is a very happy home. This family of three I always looked upon as God's special gift to me from my famine relief work.

The journey home with this lot of children was very much like the one I have already told in the first part of the chapter, only the children were stronger and all came through in safety.

With very few exceptions our boys and girls who were rescued from death during famine times became fine Christian men and women and are serving the Lord in many ways.

Chapter 30

THE GURDASPUR HOME

DURING the hot season of 1913, a group of women missionaries met in Lahore. All of the leading Missions of the Punjab were represented. The object of the meeting was to discuss the subject of a refuge home for new converts, inquirers, widows, and orphan children too young to be admitted to our boarding schools—in short, a place of safety for any good woman who needed protection, a place also where she might be trained for service. It was decided that such an institution was very much needed; that all Missions should co-operate; and that the home should be located north of Lahore, within the bounds of the United Presbyterian Mission. The report of the Lahore conference was presented and favorably received at the meeting of our Mission the following October.

As I was proceeding on regular furlough in March, I was authorized to request the Mission Boards to grant us the privilege of soliciting, in a quiet way, the sum of ten thousand dollars for this home. This request was granted.

First Benefactor. I had been visiting congregations in Illinois but had said nothing to anyone about the special work given me to do. A Thanksgiving address had been given at Paxton, Ill., and on Monday morning I was all ready to go to my next appointment but, having missed the train by reason of the schedule being changed that morning, I had the time to make some friendly calls among the people in the congregation.

While calling on Mrs. Elizabeth Temple, the thought was put into my heart to tell her about the new work for women and the money needed. Knowing nothing of my hostess' financial affairs, I said, "I do not understand why I should speak to you as I am going to do, but I am compelled to tell

you about a new work our Mission is going to undertake." Mrs. Temple became deeply interested. When told about the money needed and asked if she could give it, she replied, "I can and I will; I have been wanting to give some money to the Lord's work and I did not know how. God has surely sent you to me this morning." Then both ladies knew why the train had been missed. God answered prayer for the money in this way. The two women had a season of thanksgiving together.

Location and Plan. At the meeting of the Mission in the following October, the home was located in Gurdaspur and I was appointed superintendent. After receiving this appointment, while still in America, I received from the Women's Board the privilege to carry on the work of the home on a faith basis, trusting God for every need. After much prayer and overcoming of many difficulties and hindrances, a fine site of six acres of land just outside of the city of Gurdaspur was bought and preparations made for building.

The need for the home was so pressing that it was opened the first day of May, 1916, in a small building that had been used for zenana workers. One year later, when we moved into our unfinished building, there was a family of twenty-eight. A plan for building had been accepted by the Mission and I was to proceed as we had the funds. The World War was on and the prices of all building materials increased very much, so I soon realized that I could build only part of our proposed building, but I built so we could occupy, have seclusion for the family, and add to as God provided.

Our plan called for five rooms for those in charge of the institution, a chapel, infirmary, sewing and prayer rooms, and wide verandahs for classes. There was a large courtyard and along each side of this eighteen cottages for women. At the back of the court were latrines and storerooms and in the center of the court a well where women drew water. When all this had been finished, another courtyard and buildings providing for fifty children were joined to the main building at one side. Each woman in the home had her own

cottage and Punjabi outfit of furniture and cooking materials and each came once a week to the storeroom to receive her week's supply of provisions and fuel.

As many of the women received into the home had never had the opportunity of attending school and we were desirous that all might be prepared for some service, a day school was opened. The women and children attended service in the city church, half a mile away, and were members of Women's and Junior Missionary societies, and the women were members of the W. C. T. U.

Answered Prayers. The whole history of the home is one of answered prayer. One day a Sikh, who had been supplying the bricks, came and asked the superintendent, "Are you going to do any more building before the monsoon?"

"Yes, we hope to."

"Well, I have my kiln filled with fine bricks and I want to take them out and refill it before the rains come, so let me bring you the bricks."

"No, Sirdar, I cannot permit you to do that."

"Why?"

"Simply because I do not have any money for bricks and you know I do not go into debt." Now this man knew nothing of real prayer. He worshipped a book, but he said, "Lady, are you praying for the brick money?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, then, are you not going to get it; does your God not hear prayer?" There was a challenge in his voice as he said this. A challenge to my faith and God's faithfulness. A prayer was offered for the gift of faith. This was quickly answered and I was able to say with confidence, "Yes, I am sure the money is coming. I do not know when, but to accommodate you, I am willing you shall put down the bricks with the understanding you are not to ask me for the money; when it comes I shall call you."

"I agree," he said.

How did God meet the challenge, for it was His as well as mine? One month from that time I received a letter and a check from America. The letter read like this: "My wife,

who has gone to be with her Lord, was deeply interested in your work. I am sending you a thousand dollars in her memory." When I compared the date of that letter with the day the man asked to be allowed to put down the bricks, they were the same. Ten thousand miles away God used that man to meet the challenge. When I called the brick man to come and get his money, I told him how God had answered my prayer.

Another time we needed six more cottages. The women and I were praying every day for six thousand rupees to build them. A letter came from some friends in California, saying, "We are sending you two thousand dollars," six thousand rupees, the amount we had been praying for. We needed a well and money to install the water in our buildings and to irrigate our land that we might raise our vegetables and plant shade and fruit trees. God used a friend in America to answer our prayer for three thousand dollars.

During the year 1919, when there was much political unrest in our district and city our faith was put to the test. The English officer was greatly concerned about my safety. All foreign ladies had been sent elsewhere. I felt I could not leave my defenseless women and children alone and had refused to leave. As the danger became more acute, the officer said to me, "Miss Anderson, aside from my concern for you as a friend, you see I am responsible to your Government for your safety. Will you not go away?"

I knew he was asking what was right, so I said, "I cannot leave my family behind. Will you be satisfied if I take my people and go to Pathankot?"

"Yes, I will, for we have a company of soldiers there; we can protect you." So I took my family of about fifty women and children, our animals, pets, bedding and cooking materials and went to Pathankot, twenty-five miles away. Before we left we all gathered in our place of prayer and committed our beautiful new building to God's care and keeping. We lived six weeks in the church compound. When the heat became too severe we went into the church for our afternoon rest. Things quieted down and when we were

allowed to return home, we found everything as we had left it in the home. God had cared for it.

We felt highly honored when a royal commission came out to India and three of the men visited our district and our English officer asked for the privilege of bringing his distinguished guests to see the home. Lord Burnham was shown all over the institution. He was much interested in seeing our kitchen storerooms. When he saw the playground things, he said, "Miss Anderson, I am sure these are American." He was taken to our engine house and saw our water system, to our chapel where he saw our women and children, and stood with bowed head and closed eyes while they sang "God Save the King," then very graciously bowed himself away.

Converts Protected. Many of the women who came to the home were new converts who had given up all for Christ and needed protection. One young woman heard of Christ through a small girl of her village. She was an only child and loved her parents very much but she loved Christ more and left all and came to the missionary of that district who brought her to the home. We taught her the way of life, taught her to read her Bible. She made public confession of her faith in Christ and after two years we sent her to our high school and later for nurse's training. She served several years in the home, then went for advanced training in nursing and today is in charge of a large city health center.

Another convert from Mohammedanism gave up wealth and everything for Christ. After training in the home, she went to a frontier hospital for nurse's training. One day an angry Pathan came to the hospital, killed the only child of the missionary, then tried to kill one of the nursing sisters. Our young nurse, risking her life, tried to save the missionary but could not. She, herself, was mortally wounded, lived two days, and gave wonderful testimony for Christ. She was glad to give her life trying to save the sister.

A number of our women became Bible women and are serving in different places. An old grandmother came to

do this. Her eyes were not very strong but she labored faithfully, and what joy was hers when at last she was ready to go into the city and teach the women about Christ.

Children Saved. There are many interesting cases but I want you to know about some of the children. Among many received into the home, one was a deaf and dumb child. One day the teachers of our Avalon School were returning from the city and as they passed along the street they saw a little child lying in the gutter. They thought surely the child must be dead, but on closer observation they saw the child was living, and forgetting their nice, clean clothes they gathered the poor child up in their arms and carried her home. Upon inquiry it was learned that the child belonged to a Mohammedan family, who, discovering that their child was deaf and dumb, said, "She is possessed of an evil spirit; we cannot keep her." They tried to starve her to death but became alarmed lest they be accused of murder so they quietly put her in the gutter to die. She was sent to the home and lovingly nursed back to health. She was called "Satarā," which means star, because she was as a shining star. She was always happy and ever ready to help. What she liked to do best of all was to be given the care of the very youngest baby.

A Sikh soldier came back from France to find his wife dead and his little, three-year-old daughter left without proper care. Instead of leaving the little one in the care of relatives, he asked to be allowed to place her in the home. For some time he sent letters and money from France; then no more word, and the little one became ours.

Closed for Lack of Funds. Work among women and children is always a very worthwhile service. During the twenty years of the home's active history, more than five hundred women and children were cared for. No one was ever refused admittance who had a right to be in the home. Then, owing to shortness of workers, the Mission decided to close the home for two years, but four years have passed and although the need of such an institution remains, its doors are still closed.

Chapter 31

THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY

FROM the time that the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church urged the women of the Church in 1872 to "exert themselves" and "take deeper interest in Foreign Missions" the women have really been exerting themselves in promoting the missionary work of the Church.

The Women's Missionary Magazine. They wanted to know more about the work already done and to interest others in what should be done. Many women expressed a strong desire for a paper that would give regular information relating to the work in our own Church.

This need was also felt by individuals. Mrs. Sadie Blair, the wife of our pastor at Plumville, Pa., and the mother of a large family, personally took the responsibility of printing a missionary magazine. In 1876 she began issuing the *Zenana Worker*, a wee magazine measuring four by six inches but packed full of interesting information, as the following captions indicate: "World Evangelism," by Doctor A. L. Pierson; "A Bible Woman in India," from *Woman's Friend*; letters from Miss Elizabeth McCahon of India, Miss Maggie Lockhart, Mrs. Gemelia Strong, and Mrs. William Harvey, of Egypt; a Children's Department; and news notes gathered from missionary societies.

First Magazine Issue, August, 1887. Shortly after the organization of the Women's General Missionary Society there was evident necessity for a larger means of reaching the interested women. The plans developed gradually, and in August, 1887, the first number of the *Women's Missionary Magazine* was issued. The missionaries on the foreign fields, as well as in the home land, were overjoyed at the thought of having a magazine giving all its space to mission-

ary work. The following letter from India, written after the first copy had been received, showed the keen interest of the missionaries in India for the magazine:

Jhelum, North India

August 17, 1887

EDITORS *Women's Missionary Magazine*:

With this I send a list of names for the subscription paper to *The Women's Magazine*.

I wish you much success with the paper, and may it prove a great blessing to the cause of Christ.

You will hear from us, as we are making arrangements to comply with your request to have a letter from someone in India every month. If we want our work to succeed we must all do our part.

We are interested in anything that will bring our beloved work in this land and in other places before the minds and hearts of the women of the Church.

May the smile of our Master rest upon you, and may you ever have His help and presence, is the wish and prayer of

Yours in Christian bonds,

EMMA DEAN ANDERSON

The reaction from all departments of missionary work was the same. Every interested person realized the value of such a publication. Referring only to India, it might be said that without scanning the entire fifty-three volumes, it is safe to state that there has never been a single issue of the *Magazine* that has not had in it some article about India or some contribution from India.

Special Magazine Numbers. In the course of time, Mrs. George Moore conceived the idea of having special numbers for the different fields, both home and foreign. What a wealth of information has been given in these special numbers! With usual devotion, missionaries responded to requests to write valuable articles, and in this connection we quote from an editorial the following:

“As for India, the readers of the Magazine have seen her in all her moods and tenses. There is no phase of India that has not been presented: her history, her religions, her peoples, her customs, her superstitions, her beauty, her ugliness, her grandeur, her simplicity, her riches, her poverty, her missionary work in schools and hospitals and clinics, her splendid pastors and her growing Church, her fine young men and beautiful Christian women, all, all have passed in review on the pages of this Magazine. If all of these pages could be compiled in a single book, they would make a volume of tremendous size.

“The work of India could never have received the support it has had through the years had it not been that busy missionaries kept full and fresh streams of information pouring through the pages of the Magazine. The other Church papers have always given generous space but because of the wider range of subjects necessarily covered, the space was always limited; while this periodical is and has been for nearly fifty-four years the only one devoted wholly to giving the missionary news of the whole Church to the whole Church.”

We do not know the date when the Magazine began to be sent gratis to all the missionaries, married and single, home and foreign. In return the Magazine depended upon the workers to supply information concerning the work.

Ever since the first Magazine appeared, over fifty-three years ago, there has been steady advancement. Well-qualified, deeply consecrated editors have given to it their best efforts to make our Magazine the very best of its kind and have succeeded in an outstanding manner.

The many pictures that have appeared in its pages have brought the work and workers very close to our hearts. These pictures have been made possible by a memorial fund established by the women of the Church in loving appreciation of the life and service of Mrs. George Moore, Editor of the Magazine from 1904 to 1925.

Support of Single Women Missionaries Assumed. The year 1886 marks a new era in the history of our Mission in

India. That year the General Assembly asked the Women's Board to assume the support of all the single women missionaries. At that time there were ten on the roll and from that time until the present one hundred and twenty-seven different women have been on the roll of workers supported by the Women's General Missionary Society. Of this number forty-six are now serving. Resignations, deaths, marriages, and pensions explain the eighty-one not in service. Doctor Maria White, our first medical missionary, joined the Mission that year and opened work in Sialkot City. This work was also made over to the W. G. M. S., and from that time, until the opening of Taxila Hospital by the Board of Foreign Missions in 1921, all the medical work for women and children was cared for by them. In the year 1888 an appeal was made for five thousand dollars for hospital buildings in Sialkot City, and in 1889 from the first Thank Offering one thousand dollars was given for this purpose. What a beautiful way to launch the distribution of this love offering of the women in America, to help care for the suffering women and children of India!

Provision for Bungalows and Retirements. From the beginning the married missionaries were always very gracious and unselfish in sharing their homes with the single women missionaries of their stations, and for a number of years this was the plan followed. But as the years passed it became increasingly clear that the more ideal plan would be for the Women's Board to furnish bungalows for the single women. In this matter the W. G. M. S. has been very faithful and kind in providing homes for their missionaries. In 1899 they built their first bungalows at Lyallpur, and during the years following other bungalows have been erected and provided at Abbottabad, Badomali, Campbellpur, Gujranwala, Gurdaspur, Jhelum, Pathankot, Rawalpindi, Sangla Hill, Sargodha, Sheikhupura, Sialkot, Hajapur Sialkot, Taxila, and Zafarwal.

In 1900 our first single missionary, Miss Elizabeth Gordon, after forty-five years of faithful, loving service, returned to America and was lovingly provided for by the W. G. M. S.

Support of Girls' Schools Assumed. The interest of the W. G. M. S. in behalf of the education of the girls of India is clearly manifested in the way they have steadily increased expenditures in support of the schools. In 1902 they assumed the entire support of the Girls' Mission School at Sialkot, a school that had been in existence since the early days of the Mission. In 1913 a boarding school on the cottage plan was opened in Sangla Hill. In 1921 the W. G. M. S. purchased from the Foreign Board the buildings and grounds in connection with the Girls' Boarding School at Pasrur and assumed the entire support of this school, now known as the Young Women's Missionary Society Special Work. In 1923 the Girls' Boarding School at Sargodha was opened, and in addition to this new work the W. G. M. S. assumed the entire support of all the girls' primary schools that same year. In 1925 our only high school for girls, known as the Avalon School, and now as the John and Jane Denham Memorial High School, was purchased from the Foreign Board and is now supported by them.

Other Special Work Accomplished. In 1916 the W. G. M. S. participated in the India Equipment Plan and shared the funds with the Foreign Board on a one-to-three proportion. In 1916 a special gift of ten thousand dollars was received for a special work. It was applied for the erection of a home for women and small children at Gurdaspur. Then in 1920 the First Church of Pittsburgh, Doctor W. J. Reid, Pastor, contributed five thousand dollars toward the purchase of the Sargodha Hospital from the Foreign Board to be known as the Mary B. Reid Hospital, in memory of Doctor Reid's mother who was a Board member for some years, holding the office of Foreign Secretary.

Women's General Missionary Society in India. The records of the first thirty years of our Mission, so far as I have investigated, do not make any mention when the first Women's Missionary Society was organized, but I do know that when I joined the Mission in 1881 several such organizations existed. One was organized in Jhelum in 1884. About two years later representatives from Gujranwala,

Gurdaspur, Zafarwal, and Jhelum met in Sialkot and organized our first Presbyterian.

The India Missionary Society work has been carried forward very much along the same lines as at the home base. At first our leadership was of necessity almost limited to the foreign missionary as there were so few educated Indian women, but now there is no lack in leadership. Even a woman who cannot read the Bible for herself will commit to memory the portion of Scripture she has selected for conducting the devotional exercises. She has no trouble with the singing. She knows many of the Psalms and she knows how to pray.

As our work and territory enlarged, there were other Presbyterials organized. At present we have five, made up from our eighty local societies, with a membership of 2,320.

Each Presbyterian meets annually, sometimes out in a village. Such meetings are well attended and very much appreciated. A well prepared program, in which our village sisters will have a large share, is followed. The Indian people dearly love to put on a pageant. They excel in dramatics, and are ever ready to take their part.

Once in three years our Synodical, or our General Missionary Society, meets. It is a delegated body, and held in some Mission center, the guest of a local organization. Aside from the appointed delegates, many others attend. For some years there has been a banner to capture and this stimulates healthy rivalry in Presbyterian and local societies.

India's Thank Offering. The Thank Offering has from its beginning captivated the hearts of our Indian sisters. The stories I could tell you in connection with this would touch and fill your hearts with joy. I believe there would be tears in your eyes, and something inside of you would hurt, as you listened to the story of love poured out at the feet of the Master, as our dear, poor, illiterate sisters bring their annual Thank Offering to the meeting.

Think of a Christian woman coming joyfully into the Thank Offering meeting that is being held in the little courtyard amid the animals, dogs, and babies of her village.

She sits down close beside you. Very soon you realize that her clothing needs washing very much. You try to forget your own discomfort in your love and compassion for this sister. You know she would gladly have washed her clothes out by the well and sat in the sun until they dried and come clean and neat to the meeting, but she just did not have that half-cent to buy the soap needed to do the washing. Yet in her arms is the nice fat chicken she has so carefully guarded all these weeks that she might give it at the Thank Offering meeting, thus expressing her love for her Lord.

There might be some who would be ready to ask, "Why did she not sell the chicken and use part of the money to get a sheet to wrap around her body, or at least enough to have gotten the soap to wash her clothes?" To such I believe the Master would say, "Let her alone. For weeks she has dedicated her chicken to me, because her love has compelled her to do it. 'She hath done what she could.'"

The Thank Offering very largely goes for Home Mission work. The women of missionary societies entirely support an ordained man and his helpers in one of the Home Mission stations. This money goes through our Synodical treasurer to the Synod's Treasurer.

The women also contribute toward the School for the Blind and the work of the Tuberculosis Hospital, and are also responsible for our Missionary Magazine.

Let me tell you of a Thank Offering meeting held in a graveyard, related to me by a fellow missionary. "About one hundred and fifty poor Christian women from the city met at night in their new cemetery. We never knew a graveyard could bring such joy. This has a brick wall around it. It also has a watchman and a house for him to live in. There are a well and a gate and perhaps some day there will be a garden. The women had been there before to pray and thank God for this gift, so it seemed fitting that their annual Thank Offering Service should be held there. It is a long way from the city but the women came, some on foot, others in carts and bus, and a surprising number came in the missionary's car.

“We showed pictures of our Lord’s life and sacrifice, then a goodly offering was taken. One of the women seemed inspired as she thanked God for the wonderful city he had given them for their dead. We talked, too, of the time when those sleeping there would arise in response to the call of the Son of God. Strange place for a Thank Offering meeting! Yes, but our Father must have looked into those grateful hearts and accepted this service as a true sacrifice of praise.”

A Women’s Magazine in Urdu. The *Bashir-ul Niswan* is the only periodical for Christian women in the Urdu language. It is supported by the Women’s Missionary Societies of the Punjab; in other words, our Synodical. They elect its editor, assistant editor, and audit its accounts, and are responsible for any deficit that occurs. Each of our five Presbyterials appoints a Presbyterial editor to report interesting events and to supply material for publication in keeping with the purpose of the magazine. The purpose of the magazine is to stimulate the habit of reading, to improve the home and community life of our people, to give information concerning church life, and to encourage co-operative effort and interest in other places, to broaden horizons and to emphasize the importance of the individual Christian as a factor in the Church of Christ.

The name, “Bashir-ul Niswan,” means “Good News for the Sisters.” Its readers and writers often refer to themselves as “Bashiri Sisters.” It is supported for the most part by the subscribers. Those who can afford it, pay fifty cents per year, others from twelve to twenty-five cents.

Sometimes the missionary societies order for their members. There are about four hundred and fifty subscribers in the United Presbyterian Mission, and one hundred and fifty outside. Teachers and ministers who have moved to other sections seem to appreciate a connecting link with their Church and friends.

The World Day of Prayer program has been adapted and published in its pages and supplied as a supplement to Christian communities in the Urdu-speaking sections of India. In 1940 the distribution of this supplement reached



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One of the girls—Rescued through Prayer

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eight thousand. Subjects of interest to women and children and suitable for discussion in missionary meetings have been arranged and presented. Dramas suitable for village groups concerning Thank Offering, health, children's day, temperance, and life in other countries have been published. These have been very much appreciated by the leaders in our villages. A small boy from one of our village communities learned a prayer from the magazine, and used it in prayer meeting.

The Indian ladies have contributed many articles for it. Teachers from our schools have contributed interesting articles on school life. Pastors have given news from their churches and by co-operation and general helpfulness the paper has been promoted and meets a need much felt in the Christian community. Here is a list of the contents of the missionary magazine in India, as it appeared some time ago in the pages of our own "Women's Missionary Magazine":

Prayer and Praise for the December Meeting

A Christian Drama—A Son of a Shepherd

Children's Page

A Letter to Juniors (From Mrs. McMunn)

Prayer for the Bible Society

A Christian Message

News Items

Topics for the Missionary Meetings for the Year 1939

Adult Education

Christmas Poem

Chapter 32

THE CANAL COLONIES OF THE PUNJAB

INDIA has led the world during the last fifty years in the reclamation of land by irrigation.¹ When the present projects have been completed fifty million acres will have been irrigated. Doubtless India has greatly enriched England, but it has also been greatly enriched by British oversight and wise planning.

As the opening of two large irrigation canals has greatly affected the territory occupied by our Mission, we should know something of this project.

The **Chenab Canal**, opened in 1887, but since enlarged, is now the greatest in the world. The main line is forty miles long; then it sends out two branches; at their sixtieth mile they send out distributaries amounting to two thousand and fifty-nine miles. The bed-width of the canal is two hundred and fifty feet and it was designed to carry 9.6 feet of water, which was estimated to discharge over eighty-three hundred cubic feet per second. As a matter of fact it was found possible to run a depth of 10.8 feet of water and the volume discharged has been actually measured at ten thousand and eight hundred cubic feet per second. The official yearbook stated, "Matured 1,828,800 acres of crops valued at rupees 50,636,419, or about \$18,878,806." The Chenab Canal was completed in 1900. Up to March 31, 1901, a total of 1,466,125 acres of crown lands had been allotted while the census taken in that month showed that close to eight hundred thousand people had immigrated into it.

The principal town was called Lyallpur, to commemorate its foundation during the governmental rule of Sir James Lyall. At that time it had about ten thousand inhabitants. The present population of Lyallpur District is about 500,000.

¹ Report of Central Irrigation Board of India.

The Canal Lands have all been measured to see what can be done by watering. Roads were all marked out by the Government along the main branches of the canal. There are also certain district roads; besides this, in conjunction with the water course system, a system of inter- and intra-village roads has been constructed, the one being necessary to permit the villagers to get from village to village, to the railway station and markets, and the other to allow each man to get to his holding from the village without traversing his neighbor's fields.

Each colonist is given one or more squares of land that can be watered. A square is about twenty-eight acres. From one to two and a half squares are marked off for each village and its commons. If, in any section, there is high land which cannot be irrigated, it is marked off for the village site.

In all these desert areas are three grades of land. Quality of soil is easily estimated by indigenous vegetation. Settlers naturally like to get that which bears a thick jungle of grass and a certain kind of jungle tree. In the second grade there will be another kind of tree. The third will have only milkweed and maybe not even that. Each grade will yield a crop of some kind when properly irrigated: even the worst will grow rice at once. After five or six years in succession of rice cultivation, it will grow cold weather cereals.

The Farmer is promised water for about fifty per cent of his land each year. Most of the land was given to certified farmers. Considerable land was reserved for military pensioners and a larger grant than one square was given to the headman of the village.

With a view to providing mounts for the cavalry regiments a village is given from fifteen hundred to two thousand acres for the purpose of breeding young stock. The raisers of camels also received grants of land for raising camels for the transport service.

The colony known as the Sargodha Colony was next established. The main branch and its tributaries were completed in 1904. The water was taken from the River Jhelum.

The land was given to certified farmers who could present

a brood mare and promise always to keep one such animal on the land and raise colts for mount service. The Government promised to purchase these colts, when they were two years old and found to measure up to required standards, for 150 rupees each, or about fifty dollars. If the animal was refused by the Government, the owner was free to sell it to anyone.

The Next Project was the development of the crown lands of Montgomery and Multon districts. This was to drain the waters of the Sutliji River and discharge thirty-eight hundred cubic feet per second. This third scheme, most difficult of all as part of the land is low and part high, was finished about 1910.

While none of the land watered by this canal is located in the territory occupied by the United Presbyterian Church, yet we are deeply interested because it is occupied by our sister denomination, the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church. Many of the first farmers were Christians who went from our territory and we shall always be interested in them. Also, the two Missions are as one in methods of work and church government.

THE ROMANCE OF A CANAL COLONY

¹ In America, a canal colony would be a curiosity; in India, where the land for hundreds of miles is as level as a table, such colonies are now common, thanks to the foresight of British administrators and engineers. As one stands at the headworks of one of the great canals, and sees the millions of gallons of water diverted from the Chenab River to the canals which irrigate the Chenab Colony, and remembers how less than fifty years ago all this water used to flow uselessly to the ocean but now, by means of the canal, irrigates two and a half million acres of corn, cotton, millet, and sugar cane, one is thankful for the achievements of the British engineer.

He has dispelled the fear of famine, for the canals make us

¹ Quoted from "The Romance of a Canal Colony," by Miss N. Addaline Brandon.

almost, though not quite, independent of rainfall; the canal colonies will always produce grain although the unirrigated lands may be lying parched and barren; the colonies have relieved the congested parts of the Punjab of their surplus population; they yield large revenues to the Government, while the colonists are the most prosperous community in the Punjab.

The Chenab Colony, or as it is still sometimes called by its old name, the Jhang Bar, was opened in 1887. It covers an area of over three thousand square miles, between the Chenab and Ravi Rivers. From time immemorial the Jhang Bar had been thinly populated by the roving Janglis—the people of the jungle—nomad shepherds, who wandered about the Bar seeking pasturage for their camels, dividing their attention between cattle raising and cattle thieving.

Owing to the small rainfall—only five inches in a year—the land was barren, an endless tract of brush and scrub, stunted trees, camel's thorn bushes, and elephant grass. It was the abode of the jackal and antelope, and the soil supported with difficulty the herds of camels, buffaloes, and goats of the wandering Janglis. These men are of an exceptional type physically—big, stout, fearless fellows—Mohammedan by religion but inveterate cattle thieves. Their women, also, are of fine physique, uncommonly strong, upright, and graceful. Even now that they have settled on well irrigated land, and sites for villages have been allotted to them, many of their families still prefer to live out in the fields, scattered about here and there. The reason is that they do not like unexpected visitors to their homesteads, as the number of cattle may be greater in the morning than it was when darkness fell the previous evening, and they cannot always satisfactorily explain from whence the additional cattle have come.

The Original Colonists who came here in 1892 when, through the canal, this desert was opened, were hardy pioneers, men of grit and courage, determined to conquer the wilderness and turn it into the granary of North India. Almost all of them were from the agricultural castes, whose

forbears for countless generations had tilled, sown, and reaped the fields of the Punjab. They were drawn largely from the thickly populated areas of Sialkot, Gurdaspur, Gujranwala, and Amritsar. It required pluck and character to turn their backs on homes and villages in which they had been reared, part with friends and relatives, and march fearlessly into this unknown region of the wild Janglis, but undauntedly they faced new conditions of life.

On arrival with their families and few possessions, they were sorted out by the settlement officers and directed to the sites where their new villages were to be built. Each man was allotted a square of twenty-eight acres, and, having erected temporary shelter for his family and cattle, began to dig the channels which would bring the water from the distributaries to his fields.

The colonists had many difficulties with which to contend. There were no railways in those days, so most of them had to trek on foot from their villages. The country was wild, open, and desolate, with no roads. The Janglis bitterly resented their intrusion, stole their cattle, and otherwise hindered their work. Labor was scarce and hard to obtain. A severe epidemic of cholera swept away many of the newcomers. Some who survived lost heart and returned to their homes, but the majority persevered and finally established themselves in the colony.

Three Classes of colonists are noticeable: (1) the landed gentry, who were granted or purchased large tracts of land up to five hundred acres; (2) the yeoman farmers, who bought or received as a reward for good services to the Government lots up to one hundred acres; (3) the ordinary small cultivators, or peasant proprietors, who had been selected by the local authorities from the villages of the most populous districts. These latter, who were allotted about 80 per cent of the available land were chosen from Mohammedan, Sikh, and Hindu agriculturists, and as far as possible Mohammedans were settled in one village, Sikhs in another, Hindus in another. Sometimes colonists from the same district were settled together, and often the name given to the

new village was the name of the village from which they had emigrated. They were allotted these small holdings with entire remission from land tax for the first year, half remission for the second year, and were promised proprietary rights as soon as they had made good.

The Janglis, original inhabitants of the district, were assigned some fifty thousand acres of valuable land on the banks of the Rivers Chenab and Ravi, and were brought under special police supervision and control, in the hope that they would be gradually weaned from their thieving habits and become quiet steady cultivators of their holdings, and this hope to some extent has been fulfilled.

A holding of twenty-eight acres is more than one man can farm alone, and if he has no sons to help him he requires farm laborers, so with these early arrivals there also came many of the laboring classes, men who had hired themselves out to the farmers in the old districts and now offered their labor in the new colony. As there were hundreds of miles of water-courses to be dug they were all quickly engaged by the colonists on a yearly agreement, their pay to consist of a share in the crops as they were reaped and garnered. The great majority of these men were Chuhras, the outcastes or pariahs of the Punjab. None of these was given land by the Government as they were not classed as agriculturists.

In addition to these non-Christian Chuhras a certain number of Christians also arrived. Many of these Christians took service with the Mohammedans, Sikhs, and Hindus. So by 1900, Mohammedans, Sikhs, Hindus and Christians were settled on the land and busily engaged in raising crops that were the envy of the people of the unirrigated districts.

Chapter 33

EARLY LYALLPUR MISSIONARIES

THE English Government had already completed plans to irrigate the great desert of the Sandal Bar, when our Mission with a vision of a rich spiritual harvest to be reaped sent its first laborers into Lyallpur, then a part of the West Gujranwala Mission District.

The Reverend and Mrs. J. Howard Martin and the Misses Nannie J. Spencer and Edith M. Fulton came in the cold seasons of 1895-1898. Plans for Lyallpur City had been drawn and before the railway, which was to bring a constant influx of colonists, was completed, our missionaries had driven ninety miles from Gujranwala, doing evangelistic work among the villages en route, and pitched their tents on the sandy, barren, sun-scorched plain where the Mission bungalow was to stand. Mr. and Mrs. Martin had been in India since 1888, when they were sent to lay the foundation of the Church of Christ in this new country of wonderful promise. Mr. Martin built the first bungalow and reading-room which was also used as a place of worship. During the next two years he sought out and made a register of the Christian colonists in the rapidly increasing villages, baptized new converts, and placed evangelists among them.

After furlough and service in other places, Mr. and Mrs. Martin returned to Lyallpur in 1909. The community of hundreds of illiterate Christians, many of them knowing little of the Saviour and an easy prey to every false teacher, made Doctor Martin devote his all to strengthening the Church of Christ. Believing in the enlightening, transforming, and sanctifying power of God's Word, he prepared a course of Bible stories and was untiring in his efforts to get the Christians to memorize the lessons taken from the Scriptures. Notwithstanding opposition of the adversary, God's

Word was glorified and when Doctor Martin returned to America on furlough in 1916, he left a people conscious of their high calling, some of them possessing a remarkable knowledge of the Word of God and witnessing by word and life to the power of the Gospel.

Without the faithful and wholehearted co-operation of the single women missionaries in those days this work could not have been accomplished, for to them was committed the work of seeking out and teaching the women and children in that new and important field. They gave of their very best. Their fine intellectual attainments, their womanly graciousness, their love and devotion for their Christ were all poured out unstintingly that these "little ones" might become new creatures in Christ Jesus.

The Reverend and Mrs. Osborne Crowe and Miss Kate Hill, after a year of language study, were located in Lyallpur in 1897 and gave to that country their first term of service. Mr. Crowe, who was a trained architect as well as a minister of the Gospel, erected an attractive and substantial church building on a choice site in the city. A congregation was organized and received into its membership more than one thousand people. Schools also were opened in the near-by villages, and in the city of Lyallpur the Misses Spencer and Hill opened a school for girls of all religions and secured a Bible woman to visit in their homes. Thus, in the early history of this colony, the missionaries had fully established the work of the Mission.

Visit of the Viceroy. Miss Kate Hill related, in an interesting way, the visit of His Excellency, Lord Curzon, the Governor-General of India, to Lyallpur on April 6, 1899:

"The whole town was splendidly decorated in his honor. The streets and roads where he had to pass were swept and cleared. Little triangular flags were strung on a wire along both sides of the street. On the road from the railway station they were fastened on bamboo poles about fifteen feet high and about the same distance apart.

"His Excellency's special train arrived about 4 P. M. and all the gentlemen of the Mission and a large crowd of Indian

people were at the railway station. A fine carriage, drawn by four camels, was brought from Lahore for his use. A band of forty musicians also came from the same place. There were tea and a short rest at Captain Young's bungalow.

"All the ladies were invited for the formal address that was to be made to Lord Curzon. A small platform had been erected on which the Viceroy, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and other high officials sat. A Mohammedan read the address in Urdu and it was then placed in a silver casket, worth about one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and presented to His Excellency. Lord Curzon, a very pleasant speaker, replied in English. He described the length and size of the canal, extent of irrigated land, and number of people in the colony. He said that he had heard that in America towns sprang up in the night like mushrooms but he did not think that any place in the world could exceed the marvelous growth of Lyallpur and surrounding country.

"After the address, all went to a large tent for refreshments; then the Viceroy was taken in his camel carriage to see the town.

"As the Viceroy was to come to our roof in the evening to view the fireworks, we went home to make ready for his visit. We arranged the roof as nicely as we could with carpet and chairs. Mrs. Crowe wore her white wedding dress. Miss Spencer and I were also in white.

"At night Lyallpur was like fairyland. The whole town was lighted with little earthen lamps, like small dishes, filled with cottonseed oil and mustard oil in which a wick was placed. These were arranged in rows along the edges of roofs and outlined the doors and windows. English ladies came in full evening dress; the men in dinner dress. They knew we were honored by having the Viceroy come to our house.

"About 9:30 His Excellency and party arrived. Mr. Crowe met them at the foot of the stairs and was introduced to Lord Curzon. He praised the view from our roof. As he stepped into the house, the band played 'God Save the

Queen.' Then fireworks were set off—'Welcome' in colored lights, some two dozen balloons and set pieces of different kinds, all very pretty.

"It was Mrs. Crowe's house and she was queen of the occasion and sat beside Lord Curzon and talked with him. Refreshments were served by a caterer from Lahore. Shortly after ten all the party left and all went home feeling much pleased by the visit of His Excellency."

Evangelistic Experiences. Mrs. William McKelvey tells some of her experiences in Lyallpur District during the early days of the canal:

"Everything is a new experience to a new missionary and those seven years from 1903 to 1910 were crammed full of them. A new land, a new language, a new service. Our first home in India, our first knowledge of self-denying service of humble pastors, our first attempt at telling the story of Jesus. In Lyallpur, too, we first saw the miracle work of the Holy Spirit in bringing conviction of sin upon souls and creating faith in Jesus Christ.

"I remember so well our visit to a certain village—our tent pitched outside among Mohammedan graves and quite near to the outcaste quarters—our visits to the inquirers night after night teaching until late hours the way of life to them, over and over, for they could not read it themselves—how the women would run to our tents in the daytime between trips of forced labor, to learn more—their interest and joy—maybe at the end of the lesson making request for just a little bit of the soap that made my babies white. The last night of our stay in that village we saw seventy-five baptized as new men and new women in Christ Jesus, ignorant, unlearned, yet knowing Whom they believed and that He is able to save sinners.

"Shall I tell you of the sad old women who sat early and late at our tent door to hear and to learn and they did learn even if caste men passing along would say to us, 'Women cannot learn; why not teach the cows rather?' Daily we proved their words a lie, for these old, wrinkled women did learn.

“Shall I tell you of the one to whom the missionary said, ‘No, Mother, you do not know enough yet; you must wait until I come next year before you are baptized.’ And how, when she went back to her seat on the floor, she lifted up her voice and wept, saying, ‘I am too old to learn, but I know Jesus Christ died for me and I love Him.’ The missionary called her back and baptized her with the rest of the inquirers.

“Shall I tell of my husband’s first evangelist? I have heard him say that this Indian minister never passed a man on the road day or night without calling out something to him about Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners.

“Shall I tell of the terrible fever in Lyallpur when the canal was opened and such malaria was epidemic as I had never known? Quinine three times a day was the routine. Our missionary predecessor had been invalided home because of persistent malaria. It was hard for us to get servants to remain any length of time. We needed a language teacher. One was sent from another mission station but we never saw his face. He arrived at Lyallpur at night; slept at the railway station; got fever; and in the morning took the first train out for home.

“I want to record my thanksgiving for an experience in those years at Lyallpur. The power of prayer! Our precious daughter, two and one-half years old, contracted hip disease and was strapped into an iron brace and on crutches for nearly three years. During that time the doctor came one day and said of our son, ‘Take him to his mother and let him die in her arms.’ But the missionaries prayed without ceasing, and God heard. Our daughter is a missionary in India and our boy a minister in America.

“A few days before we arrived in Lyallpur in 1903, they had formally celebrated the opening of the canal. Over the archway of the principal entrance swung a large motto, ‘The wilderness shall rejoice and blossom as a rose.’ And it did. Wonderful changes took place on those dry, parched plains! Such crops that the Prince of Wales, then touring in India, came all the way from Bombay to see Lyallpur wheat.”

Chapter 34

THE CHURCH IN SARGODHA COLONY

DOCTOR JOHN A. MCCONNELEE was the first missionary appointed to the Sargodha Colony. Later we were associated there during eight and one-half years. As he knew the history of the work from its beginning, I asked him to write about it. The following is substantially his statement.

Region and People. The region which later came to be known as the Sargodha Colony lies between the Chenab and the Jhelum Rivers, in the middle western section of our field, in the district which is named "Shahpur" on our Mission map. Before the coming of the canal, only the fringes along these rivers were inhabited, the central portion being almost entirely jungle, in which lived a few wandering jungle tribes, like those described in a previous chapter. Later, when we missionaries got to know them, we found them to be a very likeable, bright and intelligent people, these latter qualities being essential, we suppose, to the success of their main business of thieving. It was in 1902 that the canal was opened, and thousands of acres of those waste lands were transformed into magnificent fields, wheat, cotton and cane.

"This beneficent Government has done great things for me," said a farmer one day to the missionary, as the two were looking at the man's fine crop of wheat; "a few years back I was a poor man; now I am rich." Yet his farm was only fifty acres. But those fifty acres, with the canal water, produced many fold more than several fifties in the regions which depended on the scanty and uncertain rainfall of India. In this colony fifty acres were all the Government ordinarily allotted to a farmer, although to a few retired military and civil officers larger grants were made. The whole allotment of land in Sargodha was with the object of obtaining more and better horses for the army. Each grantee

of land, here as in Lyallpur, had to present and promise to keep a brood mare of a standard approved by the Government. Today one of the great annual events in Sargodha is the horse fair, to which dealers in horse flesh come from all over India, the Government of course having the first chance to buy what it requires for the army.

"Godha's Tank." Sargodha is called a "colony" because it was colonized, the colonists coming from the overpopulated districts east and southeast, namely, Gujrat, Sialkot and Gujranwala, and also from others farther southeast and south. There is an interesting story connected with the name "Sargodha." The name denotes Godha's Sar, "sar" meaning a tank or pond, and "Godha" being evidently the name of some man, likely a tribal or religious patriarch. Old Sargodha was a miserable, insignificant squatter village three miles from the present city of Sargodha. The Government uprooted its few inhabitants, settled them elsewhere, razed the buildings, turned the site into a plowed field, and appropriated the name of the colony itself. For some years after its founding the city did not promise to become much of a place—it looked like nothing much more than a glorified village. It is now a prosperous place, with a fine, extensive business section and many good, and some splendid, residences. It is one of the great grain marts of north India. If you were to scan the dailies of Lahore, you would find this large heading, "Sargodha Market Prices."

Mission Work Opened. When this colony opened, the Mission very wisely decided to make Sargodha the headquarters of our work in the Shahpur district, instead of Bhera which for years had been the center. First of all a fine site of seven acres for the residence of the district missionary and the district ladies was secured. Lots also in the city were bought—one for a reading-room and general evangelistic center of work; another for a girls' day school, and a third for workers' quarters. Then later on a splendid site for the hospital was obtained just next to the city. The story, however, of the securing of land for the girls' boarding school needs more than a sentence for its telling.

Miss Emma Dean Anderson's idea for this school was that it was to be located right in the heart of Sargodha City. Accordingly a request that the Government sell to us a block or so of their new proposed metropolis was presented to the Colonization Officer. He handed our request to his assistant for investigation and report. A few days later this report in full was sent to us for our "perusal and information." We read—

"First, it would appear inadvisable to sell to one party such a large section of the city.

"Second, if this section were sold to the Mission, the cost would necessarily be very high.

"Third," the Assistant asserted, "I do not think it at all advisable to have the missionaries located in the midst of the city. I think the people would not like to have them so near to them."

Like it or not that school has been one of the special agencies of our getting near to the people of Sargodha City. The authorities did not sell us a block or so of their city, but they graciously offered us one of their choice garden plot sites—a plot containing eleven and a half acres, just two blocks north of the city. It, too, has become a garden, not only in the literal sense, but also in a spiritual. In the splendid Boarding School for Girls now erected on that spot, numbers of girls, not only from the district, but also, as day pupils, from the homes of Sargodha City are learning the transforming story of Jesus and His love.

Shepherding Souls. But it is in the Church that our interest especially centers. What about the church in Sargodha? When the colonists came to this region, many brought along with them their Christian and non-Christian serfs. We hesitate to use this term here, for it has not often been applied to these outcastes, from whom 98 per cent and over of our Christian community has been gathered; yet to all intents and purposes they are actually in serfdom. In addition to those who came along with their masters, others of themselves ventured into this new region, hoping to better their lot. In those early days in Sargodha the

missionaries' main work was to "seek" and "shepherd" those scattered groups of Christians and would-be Christians, and it was no small task.

One day word came to us that there was a small village of inquirers some ten or twelve miles off the railroad and off the main line of traffic. We did not know whether we would find roads out that way or not, but we started. In those days before the coming of automobiles, the ladies and the children traveled in "tum-tums." These were single-horse, two-wheeled vehicles. The missionary sahib rode a bicycle, and he made it his business on those moving days to go ahead and pick out the road. He had a pocket full of torn bits of paper, and at corners in the road he scattered these to let the tum-tum passengers know which way to proceed. That day the dimly marked road at places wound through jungles of milkweed, some of it higher than the horses' heads. At other places we had to cross sand stretches, where the tracks were almost obliterated; indeed, if our memories serve us aright, once or twice they were altogether lost, and the bicycle scout had to do some maneuvering to locate the way. But late that afternoon we reached our destination safe and sound, and received a joyous welcome.

That night we began our teaching of the people. Not being their own masters, their time was not their own, and so not much teaching could be given them during their working hours, but at night we could get down to business. This we did, with the result that all of that group of some forty people were prepared for baptism within a week. Our requirements for baptism were that the candidates should be able to repeat the Ten Commandments (in the shortened form), the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed; be able to tell the main facts of Christ's life and death; and know the meaning of the Sacraments. One wonders how many of our good Christian people of America could pass this test. These people passed it all right—and mark you, they were altogether illiterate. They passed, and were baptized.

Then they insisted that we remain with them another week, teach them further, and on the following Sabbath observe the

Lord's Supper with them. This we agreed to do, and that Communion service was, without question, one of the high marks of our years of service in Sargodha. It being a special occasion, the preacher, I suppose, felt that he should make a special effort. Anyway, he was somewhat longer winded and a little more prosy than usual, and so the women and children got a bit restless before he was through. But he had a most efficient helper in Miss Anderson. She had, it is true, lost her voice through her teaching efforts, but this did not hinder her in the least from being an effective monitor. She had a long pampas grass reed, and with this as occasion demanded she tapped this woman on the head, or punched that one in the back, and when they turned around to see what was the matter she would shake her finger, or else put her hand on her mouth. It was a most interesting service.

For our work among the villages we had a camping outfit, a very comfortable one, too. It was our custom to pitch the camp near, but not too near, to the village, which we proposed to reach. At one village the farmers were so avaricious to make all they could out of their land that every plot of ground all around was under crops. Not a suitable camping site could be found. So we were forced to pitch our tents right square up against the village. Hosts of the village children were our torment by day, and the army of village dogs our plague at night. In spite of all these and other discomforts, our going to that village paid immensely. We baptized seventy-five people there, the majority of them being adults.

"Lumberdar." One old man, who came up as a candidate for baptism, we will never forget. He was a fine looking man. His people called him "Lumberdar." In every Indian village there is a headman, who is appointed by the Government to that post, and he is called "Lumberdar." This word seems to be a corruption of the term "Numberdar," or the one that numbers, that is, keeps the list of taxpayers, and collects the taxes, and turns these over to the authorities. Our old man was the head of the low castes of that village,

and so he, too, was called "Lumberdar." When he came up to be examined, the missionary said, "Well, Baba, repeat the Ten Commandments."

"I am sorry, Padri Sahib, I can't do it."

"Can you recite the Lord's Prayer?"

"No, I can't do that either," he replied. "I am too old to learn these things."

"Well," asked the missionary next, "what do you know about Christ? Who is Christ?" His face lighted up then; this was something he knew, something tangible that had come into his soul.

"Oh, He is my Saviour," he answered with alacrity. "He loved me and gave Himself for me. And I love Him." He spoke these last words with much feeling.

The missionary said to himself, "No need for further examination." The old Lumberdar was not refused baptism.

Our Mission really began its work in the Sargodha Colony in the year 1904. That year all the Christians and inquirers that we could find numbered only three hundred and fifteen. In the following eight years, that is, in the term of the missionaries that were in the work there then, this number increased to over eight thousand, some two thousand and five hundred of these having been taken into the Church by baptism. In addition, during these eight years, nine fully self-supporting congregations were organized. The Church had become a permanent factor in the life of Sargodha.

A Christian Regiment. They tell the story concerning the Christian regiment, which the Government recruited from among our people for the first World War; that one time this regiment along with another was on a march, and the officer in command asked the other regiment to sing for him, which they did. Then riding up alongside our boys, he said to them, "I want you, too, to sing for me."

"All right," they replied.

"I want to hear one of your own songs," he added.

"Yes, we'll sing one." And they sang a song which they had learned in the Church of the Punjab and which they dearly loved, the twenty-fourth Psalm:

“Ye gates, lift your heads,
And an entrance display;
Ye doors everlasting,
Wide open the way.

“The King of all glory
High honors await;
The King of all glory
Shall enter in state.

“What King of all glory
Is this that ye sing?
The Lord, strong and mighty,
The conquering King.”

Like other peoples who have been kept in slavery or in half slavery, they sang as only such can sing. The officer was much pleased. But he did not understand the words, for the song was in the Punjabi language. When he learned that it was one of the Psalms of David that they had sung, he exclaimed, “Oh, but I wanted you to sing one of your own songs.”

“Well,” they replied. “Isn’t this our own?”

And do what he could, he could not convince them that it was not their own. And in truth was it not their own? The things of Christ have imbedded themselves deeply in the lives of these people. No question, the Church is there to stay.

Chapter 35

THE STORY OF THE PLAGUE

THE plague came to India in 1896. It came from China to Bombay, probably carried by steamer. After laying low large portions of the population of that great city, it slowly traveled northward. The Government did heroic service in trying to check it. Every train was watched and suspects quarantined. Then one day the *Civil and Military Gazette*, the North India English daily, announced plague in Lahore. The Punjab had been reached.

Carriers and Symptoms. The doctors, on plague duty, instructed people—"When the rats begin to die in the houses and streets, know that the plague has come. Do not touch the dead animal. Pour kerosene oil upon it and burn it, then leave the house until it can be thoroughly fumigated. We have discovered that it is the rat flea which spreads the infection. This flea is so small that it is scarcely discernible to the naked eye. When the rat dies the fleas hop onto any living thing that is near and the plague comes through the bite of these little insects."

They warned the people to leave their houses and get out into the sunshine, but this advice was not at first welcomed. It took much patient teaching to get them to submit to the orders of the officers. Missionaries everywhere did all they could to get the people to co-operate. Ignorance and superstition had to be overcome.

One day a woman was informed that a dead rat was lying at her door and she was advised to close the house and leave at once. She scornfully answered, "Dead rats! That is all you people can talk about these days. Here you are frightening all the people of the town because a rat has died. Have not rats always died?" She remained in her house and in three days died of plague.

The plague affects people in different ways. Sometimes it causes high fever and in a few days boils form on neck, armpit, or groins. If the strength of the patient holds out until the poison localizes, there is hope of recovery. Others are taken by vomiting and purging as in dysentery. This is more serious than the first mentioned because the strength goes so fast, and plague is very hard on the heart. The worst form of all is that which affects the lungs, very much like a serious case of pneumonia, only it does its deadly work much more rapidly. Often the patient lasts only a few hours. Very few recoveries are known from this form.

I am going to give you some extracts from the diary I kept during the time I did relief work among the plague-stricken districts.

Plague in My Tent. I sent my camp equipment out to the plague-ridden village the day before I was to go. When I arrived I found the people panic-stricken. My watchman had taken sick people into my tent that night. He had not even removed the matting before I came.

A young man was very ill and he kept saying, "I shall die, I shall die." I encouraged him to put his life in God's keeping, and be willing for me to help him. I did my best through prayer, medicine, good feeding, and proper care each day and night. How thankful I was to see the boils forming. God was giving us victory. The doctor came, in due time, operated on the boils, and in a few more days of care my patient was able to walk about.

I was so thankful for this recovery, for this young man had been baptized a few weeks before, giving up Moham-medanism for Christ. The love and care bestowed upon him during his sickness and God's answer to prayer on his behalf were a great revelation to him of the difference between Christianity and his old religion. What did it matter if this young man had occupied my tent during his illness, I living in the shack in the meantime! I had my tent disinfected and pitched in a new place and everything well sunned for two days. I had the joy of seeing this new disciple recover and rededicate himself to the service of his Lord and Saviour.

From the door of my tent I could see eight camps and in almost every one there was someone ill.

"Death Swallowed Up in Victory." Nuttu, one of the finest young men in that village, was taken. Much prayer was offered for him but God wanted him up there. The night before he died I was beside him constantly as the delirium was awful but there was joy in my heart, too, for all night, in his delirium, he prayed. Not one other kind of words escaped his lips. He was already living "in the heavenlies" with his Lord. He was one of God's noblemen, redeemed from what the world called the "untouchables." Surely this shows how very worthwhile it is to teach these people.

Two more days passed. Two women died. One was the wife of one of our elders, a fine Christian woman whose home was very happy. The husband pled with me to save her. I did my best, but the heart soon weakened under the awful fever. When I told her she would soon be in heaven, she replied, "It is all right. My trust is in the Lord Jesus Who gave His life for me."

By this time the people of the village were so frightened that few were brave enough to come near the dying. I did not ask them to do it. With my own hands I prepared the bodies for burial. When this woman died, I asked the husband if he had any suitable clothing to put on the body of his wife. He replied, "Yes, there is a new veil she never had on." It was a bright green sheet but that did not matter. I wrapped the body in it and tied it here and there. It looked like the pictures of the mummies you have seen.

Two brothers were in one tent. They loved each other dearly. The brain of the younger one was affected. When I was not near he would get up and try to run away. His brother would coax him back beside him and get him to pray, and he would pray with him. Near morning he said, "I am not going to get well. I have seen Jesus. He has come for me and I am going. Give my salaam (goodbye) to the Miss Sahiba and to all the Christians." He asked his brother to forgive him, as he had hit him with a stick. When I came

into the tent later on, I spoke to him about Jesus Christ. He replied, "I shall soon be with Him." He asked me to sweeten his mouth. I gave him sugar several times before he left us. In my work among people stricken with plague, I have observed that they complain of bitterness of mouth and want sugar. The death struggles are very hard, the suffering dreadful.

Our Christian Village Stricken and Saved. We were busy among the villages of our large district trying to visit at least all where we had Christian communities before the heat would drive us into our bungalows. Then, as a bolt from the blue, came the sad news that the plague had broken out in our Christian village and our people were dying.

This village was about six miles from our mission center. At once I decided to take my camp there and see what I could do for these people. I pitched my camp within easy walking distance of the center of the village and began my fight with this awful disease. Several had died and the rest were frightened. I called the whole congregation together for prayer and tried to comfort those who had lost dear ones. I read passages of God's word to strengthen their faith, called upon all to trust God and remember He was able to heal the sick and stay the plague.

I went from shack to shack with milk, soup, and medicine exhorting the well to eat plenty of good food. I lost several patients who were ill and weak before I got to the village. I conducted funerals at night as bodies had to be removed quickly, the shack burned, and the well taken to a new place.

Many a lonely hour I spent at night, with the jackals howling around, but there was thanksgiving in my heart as God blessed my ministry and gave me many recoveries.

As the heat increased and the plague decreased, after a stay of six weeks, I had the joy of seeing our people all well again. The people were very grateful for what I had done for them. More than one said, "You were as an angel of mercy." I said, "No, I just tried to follow in the footsteps of Him Who went about doing good and healing the sick." These "little ones" of the Master knew I had risked my life

in trying to save them and loved me and were thankful. In this I had my reward for service.

The Promises of God All Prove True. Another year the plague broke out in our city. A young Christian woman had died before we had been informed there was plague. We got our Christians out of the city and put up reed shacks for them and forbade anyone to return to the city until the Government should disinfect their homes. At that time I had two hundred children in my home and we were praying that this awful disease would not come to the mission compound.

One evening about dark a messenger came telling me, "Lalla is ill and is calling for you." This man who was ill was the father of the young woman who had died. At once I knew another case of plague had come among our people. I called my headmistress, told her of the message I had received, gave her instruction as to what she should do in preparation for my return to my room, and asked every one to pray for the life of this man and for me as I served. When I entered the shack where the old man was lying on his humble cot, I was shocked at the look of fear on his face. I came up to his side and knew at once that no human effort could save him. He had contracted the very worst type of plague but I wanted to help take away that look of fear, so I said, "Lalla, what is troubling you so?"

He replied in a feeble voice, "Oh! Lady, I am going to die and I am afraid."

I knew this old man was a humble, sincere follower of Jesus Christ and that he was not afraid to meet God, but he was afraid as a little child is afraid of the dark. I knew, also, that I would have to act quickly if I was going to be used by God to bring joy and peace to the old man's heart ere he passed away, so I said, "Lalla Ji, who are you?"

He was surprised but said, "I am a Christian."

"Why are you a Christian?"

"Because I love the good Jesus Christ and He is my Saviour."

"Why do you love Him?"

“Because He gave His life for me.”

Life was fast ebbing away. I said, “Now, Lalla Ji, if Jesus loved you enough to die for you, do you think He would tell you a lie?”

The dear old saint was shocked at the thought. “Oh! No! No! Jesus could not lie,” he said.

I said, “No, He cannot lie. He is the Truth. Now listen, I am going to repeat to you some of Jesus’ words.” Then very slowly I repeated the first few verses from the fourteenth chapter of John. How sweet they sound in the simple Punjabi language! Then I repeated the part of the twenty-third Psalm. I could see the fear was going out and peace was coming into the old man’s heart. Then as he gasped for breath to speak, “Did Jesus say He was going to come for me? Will He walk the valley with me?”

“Yes! Yes! He said it, and He is right here to go along with you. Slip your hand in His.”

“I am not afraid any more when Jesus is with me.” And as I waited, the peace which Christ gives His own came into the old man’s heart and a ray of the glory lighted the old man’s face, as with his hand in Christ’s he passed through the valley.

It was after midnight when the pastor was called to conduct a simple service and then two of our young men carried the body away. I waited until they returned and saw them disinfected and sent home. The pastor walked home with me and before I entered my room he prayed so earnestly that I might be kept in safety. After I had disinfected myself I went into my room and, opening my Bible at the ninety-first Psalm and laying my hand upon it, claimed those wonderful promises for myself and children. Again He was faithful Who promised.

India’s Spiritual Need. In contrast with the story I have been telling you about how God’s children met death through the plague, I am going to tell you one about one of my non-Christian neighbors. On one side of our city was a small group of very “holy men.” As a rule the Hindus cremate their dead, but these are so holy that when one of them dies

the body is buried and each grave becomes a shrine for worship. From my verandah I could look across the plain and see the lights at night over these little graves. Little clay lamps with cotton wicks and filled with mustard are placed there as a sign of worship.

Plague struck this part of our city. One of these men was stricken with it. The English doctor was called, but he told me he could do nothing for the man as they would not give the man the medicine for fear his caste would be broken. So the doctor gave up the case. The man quickly weakened and his family becoming alarmed brought the family cow into the room beside the sick man and placing a coin in his hand guided it and held it on the cow. The patient repeated some of their ritual. The other members also made offerings to the cow, and joined in the worship and thus the life of this man went out to meet God.

You see how much India needs the story we have to tell of God's love in giving His Son to die for such as these.



Willard Price

**THE MISSIONARY CONDUCTS A MEETING OF
VILLAGE MEN**

Women are on the Roof Behind

Chapter 36

LIFE AND WORK IN THE VILLAGES OF INDIA

A WISE MAN said, "God must love common people very much for He made so many of them." The missionary might say, "God must love the village people of India as He has made so many of them." Nine out of every ten people in India are found in the villages, and, in order to know India, you must know the village folk. To help you to do this we are going to give you some short stories, just about common, every-day life: reaction toward the Gospel message; the touch of God on village life; the lights and shadows that fall across the pathway of the messenger; the day star of promise that urges him forward, enabling him to overcome every obstacle. "My word shall not return to me void."

Early Camping Experiences. The first of November has always been a busy time for district missionaries. It is the time when they get out their tents and get them ready for a five months' tour among the villages. Every day of the cold season is precious. Tents have to be overhauled, furniture repaired, and boxes of clothing, books, and food have to be packed. Plenty of bedding must be taken, for some nights will be cool, may even be frosty. In early days the camel man was sent for and a contract made for so many camels that were strong and accustomed to being loaded. Although he knew just about what we used from year to year, and came back seeking to be hired and glad to get our work, yet he would fuss and fuss so long as he thought there was any hope of getting another camel hired. We did not have to provide food for the camels; the owner took them away from the camp during the day and they fed from the branches of the trees along the roads or on the bushes, on the bits of uncultivated land. Today most missionaries use automobiles

and trailers instead of camels. But still the task of preparing and of packing for several weeks or months of life in tents is a large one. Now for some stories of different camps and from all parts of our Mission territory.

At the first place where we camped we must have been as a country fair to these people. They had never seen an encampment and from the time we arrived until we went away they were interested in all our movements and belongings. As we alighted from our cart, twenty-five women gathered around us. One old woman who was sitting near me looked at us intently and then, clapping her hands together with delight, exclaimed, "Now I have seen you with my own eyes." When asked, "What do you mean?" she replied, "Why this is the first time I have seen a white-faced woman." She wanted to know if our sun hats were not very heavy. The women asked one question after another about our relationship. "Was one missionary the other's mother, or mother-in-law?" astonished to find we were not married.

When asked if they knew why we had come to their village, one said, "Oh, you are our rulers and are just going around seeing your possessions." We told them if they would be quiet we would tell them why we had come and they listened to the wonderful story of Christ for the first time. At 2 P. M. men, women, and children came to the tent preparatory to receiving baptism. I taught them as long as I had any voice, then called our cook, a good Christian young man, to come and sing with them while I rested my voice. When I became tired again, I called the watchman and he taught them the Ten Commandments. Then I began to examine each one and finished at seven o'clock. After five hours of this work do you wonder that I felt that I must get out into the green wheat fields, alone with God, to get refreshed and strengthened and ready for the service that night?

At night, with lighted lanterns, the Indian pastor and I went to the village and there amid the buffaloes and cows we found our company of inquirers. A number who could

not be present during the day pleaded that they, too, might be taught. They were told to wait until after the service and we would teach them. The pastor gave such an earnest talk. The men and women promised that they would continue to learn, support their teacher, and not give their daughters to non-Christians or have any heathen rites at their weddings. What joy to hear them confessing Jesus Christ as their Saviour and to see them being baptized. Then this group was sent to their beds and the other group taught and received into church membership. There were thirty-four in all. It was one o'clock when I came to my tent almost too tired to rest but so full of joy, for these people were so anxious to learn and so happy to become Christ's.

"These Are Indeed the People of God!" In order that I may share as much as possible our life and work among our village people with you, I am going to tell you of a visit we made at a place where we spent Christmas one year, and where there were so many baptisms.

For some time we realized there was something wrong in the life of the evangelist at that place and had been praying for him in a special way. We learned that there was sin in the congregation and this man knew about it and kept it from us. We said we would not go into the village again until it was made right. There is only one thing we can do when face to face with sin any place and that is fall on our faces before God. We had all our workers meet with us to pray for conviction of sin and at last the man who had lied and concealed wrong was all broken up and cleaned up everything. Our hearts were filled with praise.

In talking to the man afterward he told me how he had fallen. There had been so many people confessing Christ in his village that he got proud and thought he had done a good work. Three or four months before, one of our people from a village was sitting in a street near the market. Some one had been chasing a chicken, and, if you have ever lived in the country and had anything to do with chickens, you will know that when they are being hunted they seek a hiding place and remain quiet until the danger is past. Well,

the hen ran under this man sitting on the ground and soon was hidden under his loose garments. No one had seen this and the man yielded to the temptation to keep quiet and not let the owner of the chicken know what had become of it. He took it home but told no one where he had gotten it. Several times he had been tempted to kill and eat it but seemed to be held back from doing so.

On Sabbath his pastor was talking about the danger of keeping sin hidden in the heart. Under the power of the Spirit he pleaded with his people that, if they had stolen anything or wronged anyone, they should make it right with God and one another. The man who had kept the chicken confessed his sin and was ready to make things right. Early the next morning he and the pastor came to the city and after inquiring at seven or eight homes found the man who had lost the chicken. With folded hands the man said, "I am a sinful man. I have stolen your chicken; when it ran under my clothes I kept it. You have a right to turn me over to the police and send me to jail."

The Hindu man was wonderfully warmed by this action on the part of the Christian and asked what it all meant. He had never known anyone to come and confess like that. The pastor explained that they were followers of the Lord Jesus Christ and were trying to do what He wanted them to do. By this time a crowd had gathered and, when they had heard the story, said, "These are indeed the people of God." In other ways the people are trying to do what God wants them to do.

"Oh, Tell Me Again!" Many of our people have a great love for the Word and hundreds of them are learning by heart one Bible lesson each month. Many are passing this on to relatives and friends. The burden of evangelism is getting more and more on the hearts of the Church. We hear of daily prayer meetings in many places. Several of these are at four o'clock in the morning. Many adults are learning to read by a new, easier method.

A group of Hindu women were listening intently to the marvelous Gospel story. They wondered and gave grateful

homage to the God they were hearing about, so full of love, power and sacrifice. As we were about to leave, an old woman said: "Oh, but you must tell me that name again. What if I should forget the name of your Saviour? I never heard it before." She repeated it over and over, the wonderful name of Jesus, but she continued: "I am old. What if I forget the One in Whose name I may approach God? Oh, tell me again." A Hindu woman sitting by comforted her and said, "Sister, do not be afraid. I think I can remember, and I will tell you."

I remember the old woman, who just could not learn the things required of her to be known before baptism, and we were wondering what to do about her, but as the service went on we heard her quietly repeating to herself, "Jesus loves *me*. He died for *me*." Her face was all aglow with love for Him.

"Almost Unbearable Joy." The urgency of those days of mass movement was very marked. There were requests from scores of villages. I remember one day when a fellow missionary and I were driving past a village, that a group of men rushed out, caught hold of our horse and refused to let us go on. I was frightened, but found one hundred and fifty people there who earnestly desired to be taught and be baptized. Today, in that village, there is a little mud church and an enthusiastic Christian community.

I remember three villages where the people sat up all night, so eager were they to learn enough to be baptized. They were afraid the camp might move and that they might just go on waiting. These mass movements put great burdens of pain on the hearts of the evangelists and missionaries, not because of the work done, but because of the multitude that must remain untaught. They also bring burdens of joy almost unbearable. We can only take our camp, in one season, to about one-fourth of the places where we have Christians. The rest have to be visited from the camp. The people from one village some miles away came one day and nothing we could do would satisfy them. We must go to their village. So at last we decided our route and went and we were glad we did, as we had fifty baptisms.

The people were all busy farmers and were working for people who had no love for our Christ. These made it very hard for the inquirers. We had to do much of the teaching in a crowded room where the cattle as well as the people stayed. The women knew none of the things our people are required to know before they are baptized, but they worked so hard and were so happy when they passed the examination.

One of the brightest of the women was sad as I began giving the examination, and when asked what the matter was, replied, "What is the use of learning anything, when my husband is not willing to be a Christian, and says, 'The old way our fathers walked is good enough for me'?" I had her come close to me and then asked her, "Do you want to be a Christian very much?" She replied, "Yes, Miss Sahiba, very much." "Well, you ask God to make you such an earnest, true Christian that your husband will see what Christ has done for you, then he will want to come to Christ, too. There is something else for you to do. Pray that God may change the heart of your husband." In our daily meeting for prayer, we made this man and woman special objects of prayer and in a day or two the man began to inquire the way to be saved and professed Christ. They were so happy. Another family was added to the Church and a new Christian home was established in the community.

The Blind, the Deaf, the Priest, the Learned Come. I want to tell you the story of the old, blind and deaf grandmother, and the old, blind preacher. The place was a remote village. The time for the Sabbath service had arrived. For some days the missionaries' camp had been on the edge of the common. There had been regular preaching and Bible teaching. As a result a whole family—father, mother, sons and daughter—had accepted Christ as their Saviour and were asking for baptism. They had been examined and found ready to be admitted into the church. But the missionaries noted that they were not at ease. When questioned as to what the trouble was, they said, "What about our old grandmother? She is entirely blind and deaf and cannot be

taught or shown anything but we do not want her to be left behind. What can be done for her?"

The missionaries were puzzled and conferred as to what should be done. Then an old, retired pastor, who was working in the district along with the missionaries, spoke. He, himself was almost blind from cataract. He arose and said, "Let me take this case." Then he took the old woman by the hand and prayed, "Lord, here is this old, blind, deaf woman who cannot be taught about thy Son Jesus Christ. On my own faith, as though she were my own little child, I accept Jesus Christ as her Saviour and present her to Thee." Because of the faith of the blind preacher, the old, blind and deaf grandmother was baptized and we believe became a member of the Church universal.

In the beginning of my camp experience, I was out in the district with Doctor J. H. Martin. A knock came to the door of our tent and an old Brahmin priest came in. His story was that a short time before our visit he had purchased a copy of the Gospel by John in Punjabi from our teacher at Sangla. He told us he had read this Gospel through a number of times and was fully convinced of its truth and wished to be baptized, just as soon as he could return his small, girl-wife to her people. He had paid a penny for his copy of the Gospel. Through its message he was led in repentance to Christ and found his salvation.

A very attractive young man, well educated and of fine appearance, came to me one day with the request that I would read the Bible with him and explain it. I gladly consented to grant his request and spent about thirty minutes each evening for the lesson. After we had been doing this for two or three weeks, I noticed a marked change in his attitude. He appeared to have lost all interest in the reading and only wished to talk about Christ. He then made a frank confession, that his only purpose in coming to me was to improve his English, but the words of the Gospel had changed his heart and he wanted only to become a follower of Christ. "My word shall not return unto me void . . . it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Some workers were coming to Lyallpur one day to interview me in the office. As they were marching along singing a hymn, one of them suddenly called out to his companions, "Stop! Listen! I hear the bells of heaven and angels' voices." And he died right on the pathway, then and there.

On entering a large village one day with two of my workers, we met some men of the village. We asked them the usual question on entering a new village. "Are there any Christians in this village?" First the answer was, "No." Then another man spoke up as follows: "There is a Christian family here, only one, and they live on the other side of the village." Then we asked if he knew the family to be Christians. His reply was, "Well, that family is very different from the others. The man is honest and truthful and will not work on the Sabbath days."

They Thought No One Cared. We learned through one of our Indian evangelists that there were some inquirers in a village "about seven miles away." So one day, after our daily prayer meeting, the Bible woman and I started. We hoped to be back to camp by sundown. We had been directed concerning the road. We went on and on. When we met a man we would inquire about the village. "Oh, yes, you are on the right road. It is only a mile or two." We traveled some miles, met another man, "Yes, you are all right. Just keep going." When we asked how far it was to the village, the reply came, "Oh, only six or seven miles, but you should have gone another road." It was now three o'clock; we were sure we had come twelve miles. Doctor McConnelee had told us he would follow on his bicycle. At last he came and assured us that we were on the right road. We all felt the need of food. We stopped by the wayside, gathered fuel, made a fire, had tea and lunch and, thus refreshed, went on our way and found our village fourteen miles from the camp.

The people were most glad to see us and we had a fine meeting. They invited us to stay all night, offering to furnish bedding and a place to sleep. This would give us a whole evening with people who had never heard a message

from the blessed Word before, so Doctor McConnelee carried the news back to camp that we two were staying all night.

How I wish I could paint things as they were in that village! There was the yard filled with cattle which had been brought in from work in the fields. They were busy eating their fodder from their clay mangers and, to get around, one had to wind in and out among the cows and buffaloes. Their little mud houses were all around back of the cattle and fires were burning in the mud fireplaces. The evening meal was being prepared. Some were stewing turnips, others lentils; some baking corn bread, others whole wheat cakes. We were asked if they might prepare a chicken for us. We said, "No, we will have just what is already prepared, then if you wish you may give us cups of hot milk that have been well boiled."

The headman came to greet us and we asked him to give us the names of those who desired to become Christians. He said, "Why, lady, we all want you to teach us. We have heard that teachers of the true religion are going here and there and we have been waiting. We thought no one cared if we did go down to destruction, or surely someone would come to us and bring the Light." We tried to explain that we did care, but there were so few of us and so many to go to that we did not come sooner.

I took down sixty-six names before we had our meal of whole wheat cakes, pulse and hot milk. A great pile of wood was placed in the court, a fire made and at eight o'clock all gathered around it, to hear the story of God's love. Songs were sung and prayers offered. Stories of the creation, fall of man, Christ's birth, life, death and resurrection were told. Ten o'clock came: the question was asked, "Are you tired?" "No, no, go on; tell us some more!" Another hour passed and still they wanted more. It was very late when at last they said, "We must let you go to bed."

The Thing That Hurts. What did it matter if our bedding was not fresh, or if a dog wanted a share of it in the night, or if the rats did run over our faces and wake us up from a good sleep that had been long in coming, or if we did have

to pick off things that were biting us? In our hearts there was joy and thanksgiving over the blessed privilege of telling so many the story of the Cross—the joy of being the first to enter that village with the Light of Life. We thought that the angels in glory would be glad to come down from heaven to do what it was our privilege to do.

Before daylight some little girls came to my bedside to ask me to tell them “some more Commandments.” A simple breakfast of corn bread and cane sugar, another gospel meeting, prayer and singing, and we were leaving for our camp. The “headman” presented us with the first love offering to their newly found Christ, sixty-six cents. They also said, “We are going to build a house for a teacher.” We promised to try and find them one. The work we can do is not a burden on our hearts: that fills us with joy. But our hearts are burdened for those we cannot go to with the Gospel. This is what hurts.

One of our Christian women had been ill and sick at heart and there was no one at hand to help her. She finally yielded to pressure from the village and bought a charm. Her heart had no peace and her body no relief: then she came to know God was grieved because she was really rejecting Him. This broke her heart and, rushing out into the fields, she threw the hateful charm as far as she could, fell on her face, and wept bitterly before her God. When assured of forgiveness, her gratitude was pathetic. She planned to keep a thank-offering box all the rest of her life and keep on thinking of God, because He was gracious enough to forgive her great sin.

Real Christian Joy. There was great joy in one village the day its little mud church was dedicated. The church is only twelve by twenty-six feet. It has two small windows, a door, a really attractive verandah, a table, a small amount of cheap matting, but I wonder if Christian people anywhere have rejoiced more over a new church or treated God’s house with more love and deference. They formed in lines some distance away and went in singing, “I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.”

The little building was packed to capacity and the non-Christian neighbors looked on through the door and windows. Some told Bible stories that they had learned. The women sang a song of thanksgiving and presented their thank-offering. The leaders told how the church had been built. We stayed for dinner with the pastor and his wife and we noticed as we were leaving that the little church was aglow with a soft light. The people were taking turns in providing oil for the little clay lamps that there might be light in God's house.

A lovely girl from Pathankot school was an only daughter and the delight of her parents and friends. The dread tuberculosis was taking her life. As her vitality grew less her faith grew stronger and more beautiful. When she was dying, she begged her mother not to weep but to think of the beautiful home to which she was going. She wanted a baby organ brought and as the women and girls gathered around her bed, bade them sing the matchless songs of David. They started to sing sad songs as their hearts were heavy, but she urged them to sing songs of praise, adoration and joy as her soul went home to its Maker. Angels must have bent low to catch the notes of praise which ascended from that holy place.

One day I stood beside a mother who was seeing her lovely baby boy put in his little grave. She had seen three other children thus put away. I have seldom seen such faith and self-control anywhere. Those present felt they were watching a very precious gift being handed back to God and that not grudgingly. I visited her home a few days later and found that the Hindus and Mohammedans who came to mourn stayed to wonder as the mother told of the wonderful reunion she is to enjoy some day. Her six other children think of their baby brother as at home in the beautiful house of their heavenly Father.

We knew great joy one summer as we gave God's message in the villages. People were most responsive and appreciative. The messages of the coming and service of our Lord Jesus Christ and especially of His cross and resurrection and

coming again never fail to grip the hearts of many who hear. The Bible women and I reached over twenty-five hundred people in fifteen night meetings. We used lantern slide pictures of the life of Jesus. The effect of this way of presenting the story of God's redemptive love is very deep and real. We try to confine ourselves as much as possible to the very words of Scripture.

There are also many things to show that Satan is on the job, too, but we can ever rejoice that he is a vanquished foe. The village congregations have made remarkable progress in recent years, but they need our constant effort and prayers. For instance, two Indian women and I had been holding regular Sabbath services in a certain village. The people were responsive and had grown spiritually, but we had to leave them one Sabbath without a service because they had allowed a family to occupy the little mud church as a residence. God is still trying to teach this people the difference between the holy and the common, and we need to pray for these childlike Christians.

Our Chief Business. Our chief business is to preach Christ and Him crucified, and it is a joy to see so many people eager to receive the message. We try to reach all classes of people in each village. The message of the cross is gripping many hearts. We try to show lantern slides of the life of Christ in each camp and people listen spellbound to the wonderful story of redemptive love.

Synod prepares a Bible course of twelve lessons each year and many village Christians are learning these lessons and passing them on to others. I met a woman who had heard the day before of the anointing in Bethany. She said: "You know when I went to bed last night I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking of that woman who loved Jesus so much that she poured all that precious ointment upon Him. Why, her gift was more than a hundred and fifty rupees and I only gave pice and that grudgingly." Her face was aglow as she tried to tell other women sitting near about the wonderful lesson God had taught her as she thought upon His Word in the night watches.

A Village Gift. At a village where we encamped we noticed two little girls begging on the streets. Upon inquiry we learned that they were orphans. We called the people of the village together and inquired if these little girls had relatives or any one to care for them. They had none, so we asked the villagers to give the girls to us and they did.

We were ten miles from our home, but we arranged to take them on an early train. We had them brought to us the evening before, fed them, arranged for them a bed on the floor of the tent, and hoped that they would lie down and go to sleep. But soon the older one began to cry, "I want to go home." She did not have any home, but was afraid of us and the tent. We feared that her crying would alarm the village people and cause them to take the children from us, so we called the man who took care of our horse to come and take her to his tent. He was a very nice man and had a little girl of his own. He put her in his own bed and when she went to sleep returned her to us. By this time the other one had wakened and begun to cry, so he took her and put her to sleep. The train left the station near our camp before daylight, and the servants carried the sleeping children for us and we were soon on our way home. When they awoke and became conscious of the moving you should have seen the children's eyes. They had never been on a train, and were too interested to cry any more. The trainmen were very kind and we overheard one saying to the other, "Missionaries are different from other people: they take those who have no one and care for them. We do not do that way in this country."

As soon as we got the children home, I cut the hair of the younger one as her head was too filthy to clean any other way. The woman who was to care for the children pled with me not to cut the hair of the older one, and said, "I will clean it." People in India do not like to see a girl with short hair. After a good bath with hot water and soap, our little girls looked several shades lighter. They were very proud, too, of their new clothes, and at once they were happy and contented with the other school children.

Chapter 37

LIFE AND WORK IN THE VILLAGES OF INDIA—(Continued)

A CLOUDY DAY in India in the cold camping season is a sure sign that rain is coming. We have the watchman pound in the tent pegs as far as they will go, a drain dug around the tent to carry off the water and, if it is a calm rain, we can keep dry if the wind does not blow too much. But let me tell you about a day in camp when the wind did blow hard.

A Bad Night in Camp. The rain began about ten in the morning and we were shut in for the day. We could not have the front door of the tent open, for the rain came in, neither could we have a fire in our little stove for the water ran down the pipe and put the fire out. Our servants did not fare so well, as their tents are single, while we had one tent within another and a space between. Our faithful old horse had a bad day, too, as he had to stand in the rain all day.

About 10 P. M. the wind began to blow and our tent was so pitched that it got the full force of the wind. Although the rain was pouring, our men came to us and kept pounding in our tent pegs, but they would come out again: one rope after another got slack and we knew our tent was going down. We put out our lights, all but one lantern, for fear of fire. We gathered up our clothing and bedding and piled them on a bed which the men carried to the evangelist's tent. Over went our little cupboard of dishes, breaking the things that were breakable. We escaped just as our tent went down, making our way through the blinding rain.

I wish you could have seen the little tent to which we fled. It was just large enough for three camp cots. My companion and I sat on one, our bedding and clothing and that of the evangelist's were piled high on another, and on the third sat

the three men. While the rain poured and the wind blew, we prayed that our little tent might stand. We sang and we prayed. The men slept a little, reclining against one another. About 3 A. M. one of the tent poles began to crumble. The white ants had eaten the middle out of it. Miss McCahon, always ready to do her part, rushed into the rain, got a pole from a fallen tent, and we braced ours with it. We sang more Psalms, repeated Bible verses, and kept praying. The wind fell and our little tent had stood. The rain was over. In the morning the sun was shining brightly and we got our things dried out. After a rough night, we had happy times giving out the good news at that village.

As a rule we did not have more than ten days of rainy, cloudy weather during camping season in our territory, but many wonderfully bright, sunshiny days to work among the villages.

“Christ! Who Is Christ?” One day we were going to a new village by a new road, evidently one not often traveled by sporting people, because the birds and animals did not know to be afraid. A jackal crossed our path and was in no hurry to hide. We saw large birds which we thought must be wild turkeys, pelicans, storks, ducks, and a beautiful bird the Hindus call Shiv’s horse.

When we arrived at the village the people were as much amused at us as we had been at the feathered tribe that we had seen en route. We had no idea where to go, so we asked the first person we met if there were any Christians in the village.

“Christians! Who are they?” came the query.

We replied, “Followers of Christ.”

“Who is Christ?” a villager inquired.

We went on until we saw two women sitting in front of a house and asked them if we might stop and talk with them. They gladly gave us permission. After talking a few minutes, I asked, “Have you ever heard of Christ?”

“Christ! Who is Christ?”

Then we told of the story of His coming into the world to save us. They were very teachable, but oh, the ignorance.

I am sure you never saw anything like it. Over and over I tried to tell the old story as lovingly and simply as I could.

We went on to another part of the village, hoping to find someone who had heard before, but met the same question everywhere: "Who is Christ?" Deeply interested they were to hear the story of the Babe who was born of a virgin. When I had finished talking, one woman spoke up and said, "What do we know? All we hear is, 'Get the bread ready and take it out to the fields.' Come to us again, I like your words very much."

A Village Communion Service. You will be interested in hearing about a communion we observed in a certain village where we had almost a hundred Christians. All week special services had been held, and although the men were very busy and were never ready for the meeting until 10:30 P. M., it did our hearts good to see how interested they were in learning all they could about the sacrament.

Many had never been present at a communion service. Only a few could read for themselves, so everything had to be made very simple. We taught them about the Passover and the meaning of each thing in connection with it. We told them of the Lamb of God who had been crucified for us. We explained the meaning of the elements, the bread and the grape juice used for wine. They were told what to think about, as they sat at the Lord's table. The women were told not to give any part of the bread to the babies they had to bring to the service, no matter how much they might beg for it.

The people could not get leave to attend a service in the daytime, as they were as slaves to the land owners, so we had to have it at night so all could be present. The service began at 10:30 and the Indian pastor, who conducted it, preached for more than an hour. Once in a while he would stop and say, "Are you tired or sleepy?" Or again, "I think you are all asleep." Then everybody would speak up and say, "No, we are not tired or sleepy; go on and tell us some more."

It was almost midnight when we were ready to com-

memorate the death of our Lord. We were all seated in an open court. There was matting on the ground. Men sat on one side, women on the other. The minister sat on a low cot and beside him on the bed was the plate of whole wheat cakes, just the same as they had in their homes, and a bottle of wine, made by boiling dried raisins and pouring off the juice. The full moon was shining brightly. All was so quiet and still. Even the cattle around us seemed unusually quiet as they ate their fodder. Earlier in the service a group of Mohammedans had come and listened for a while, but they could not endure hearing about Christ, the Son of God, and had gone. All the village was asleep, except this company of God's children who in their simplicity were obeying the commandment, "This do in remembrance of Me." We were deeply conscious of the presence of the Master of the feast. It was almost 1 A. M. when the meeting closed.

On the March Again. We had a long march to make, so we were up early and everybody worked well and we hoped to be off by 10 A. M. The tents were taken down and folded and our simple furnishings arranged ready for loading. The camel man was ordered to bring the camels and load them.

Camel No. 1 had the largest tent. It was loaded and then the camel was made to stand up. No. 2 had our rolls of bedding and behaved itself as a good camel should. No. 3 had chairs, tables, beds, and matting for tents. It fussed all the time that it was being loaded, tried to bite everyone who came near it, then when it was up and the last camel was being loaded and we were thinking how well things were going, this naughty camel gave itself a shake and started to run and down came our furniture. A bed was broken. Finally the load was put on again, and at last we were ready to go. The cow and calf were being led by the watchman, and he was a bit out of temper as he wanted to carry the lantern and leave the cook to lead the cow, so he was careless and let the cow get away from him and she ran back to the camping place.

On the way the naughty camel threw its load again and once more had to be made to lie down and be reloaded. One

of our four chairs was broken this time. By the time the camel train was on its way it was half past eleven. But we reached our camping place at 3 P. M. and got our tents pitched and most of our things settled before night.

We had four horses, two calves, two cows, a pet lamb, a dozen chickens, and two kittens. You may think we had a rather large following, but there were two missionary families, two single women missionaries, our helpers and servants, and the pet lamb was really the only extra thing we had. You see we needed the horses to take us places, the cows for milk—and they would not give us any if their calves were not along—the chickens for eggs, and the kittens to keep the mice and rats away and to give pleasure to the children. The lamb was a present to the children and followed them everywhere.

“I Shall Never Wear One Again.” One day I found a charm on the neck of a young Christian. I said to her, “Are you going to trust in that in place of the best Friend the world has ever had? One who gave His life for you?” There was a struggle. She said, “I will take it to the silver-smith and have it made into another shape.” I replied, “Satan is trying to get you to do that and then you will not give it up at all, unless you decide now for Christ. The thing to do with sin is at once to give it up. Will you put this charm into my hand? Its value shall be put into your offering.” After some minutes she placed the charm in my hand. A few days later when she was before me for examination prior to baptism, forgetting about the charm, I said to her, “If your child should get sick, or you get sick yourself, will you go to a fakir and have him put a charm on your child or on you?” She looked up into my face with such a glad smile and replied, “Why, no Miss Sahiba, you know I decided that the other day when you asked me to give up the charm for Christ’s sake. I shall never wear one again.” Nor did she, so far as we know.

A Special Communion Service. It was in the Christian village of Martinpur when the congregation was without a pastor. It was held in the courtyard of the school as at

that time there was no church building. A congregation of nearly five hundred was seated on mats on the ground in orderly rows. The service lasted four hours. It was conducted by an Indian pastor, assisted by the missionaries. As there had been no infant baptisms during the year, there were thirty-eight children to be baptized. This meant the finding of standing room for seventy-six parents in front of the pulpit. In addition to the baptisms and communion service, preceded by the usual sermon, there was a special offering to be taken for the work of the Synod. This proved to be most liberal, consisting of all kinds of products of the farm: cotton, wheat, balls of butter, balls of raw sugar, etc., also gifts of jewelry such as nose and earrings, and one turban, the donor of which had to go home bareheaded. It was a service long to be remembered.

Barkatie, living in Sankhtra, was a joy and inspiration to us all. She was about fifteen years old. She had begun to read the adult primer the winter before, with the pastor's wife. The latter walked over to Sankhtra each week for a W. M. S. meeting and while she was waiting for the women, Barkatie would have her lesson. Then, during the summer vacation she read with her brother. She also taught a younger sister to read, and in the Bible school she gave us splendid help. She had poise and dignity and, although the women and girls looked up to her because she read, she remained humble and sincere. She never came to class dirty, nor did any of the other women.

One day she said that reading is such clean work. She and the others did the cleaning in non-Christian homes, but this little progress that had been made in reading had given them a new ideal of cleanliness. So with Basil Mathews we can say, "Results that seem like magic are accruing from this new method of teaching."

Pastors' Wives Help Instruct the Church. Most of our pastors have families of small children. Still their wives give valuable help. Besides the help given during the missionaries' visits to their husbands' congregations, many do much more. They carried on the first real effort in Adult Educa-

tional work in the district. Several taught young women and older girls the adult primer. Six entered the reading contest at the Presbyterial meeting: they read ten verses from the last chapter of the Gospel of Mark, selected beforehand, and did some sight-reading also. At least five of these, with others, helped in the Bible Schools we had that winter.

Basil Mathews, in "The Church Takes Root in India," tells us that the Church that is certain of survival as a living force is a Church that can read the Bible for itself, and understand the narratives that enshrine the revelation of God in Christ.

The Church is not literate. To help her understand the narratives that enshrine the revelation of God in Christ, the Synod each year chooses twelve portions of the Bible, which are to be taught throughout the Church. We had a number of Bible Schools in Zafarwal district in which some of these lessons were taught word for word to men, women and children.

The first day of the Bible School in one village, a pastor's wife, who had won the reading contest held during the 1940 Presbyterial, was assigned four or five women to teach. She did very well. I had the class for those who had read at our Adult Literacy school. Before the first hour was over I asked them to prepare the next day's lesson, so that in case there were more women, they might be able to take classes, too. They did so, and each day three or four taught. We were amazed at the way they took hold and at the attention the older women gave to their teaching. They were proud that these younger women were able to teach.

We want the Indian Church to grow and become a strong Church, literate and able to carry on its own program. India's literacy rate is one of the lowest in the world. Only 11 per cent of her four hundred million people can read or write! There are vast rural areas, with thousands of mud villages in which often only one person can read in the whole village. In the past our Christians have learned the Word of God from missionaries and Indian pastors. They have memorized the passages taught them. But we are few now,

and we are not able to reach the thousands of our Christian people who need more instruction in the Bible. So the solution of the problem seems to be to teach the adults to read the Bible for themselves. It is a staggering problem. But methods have been worked out and we are meeting with success everywhere.

The Adult Literacy Movement. Within three months adult students in this Movement become able to read the Gospel of Mark! It takes hard and painstaking work on our part and infinite patience to teach these adults to read. But Oh! the reward when one sees the light on their faces as they read for the first time themselves! One of the rules is that they must teach the lesson they have learned to another adult before they receive their second lesson, then they must teach this second lesson before they receive their third, and so on. In this way hundreds are being reached and taught.

The Government of India is back of the Literacy Movement and has made available a great many tracts, stories, pamphlets, small newspapers and journals for the village people. The cost of such reading material has been put within the reach of the poverty-stricken villager. For one penny he can buy four illustrated journals and tracts telling him how to plant his crops to better advantage or how to keep his village clean and free from disease. For the women there are tracts telling how to care for their children, how to keep their courtyards clean and tidy; also there are suggestions for handwork of various kinds.

Do pray for our missionaries as they carry on this special work. Many times they return from a central village where the people have gathered to be taught, utterly exhausted and mentally weary! The long hours of patient teaching, the monotony of the word drills, the back-breaking positions that must be assumed, sitting on rope beds or on low stools, or squatted on the ground for hours at a time, have almost proved too much for them physically at times, especially when this work is in addition to their other work. They do need to be upheld by your prayers! At the close of the

lessons there is a period of song and worship, then these adult learners scatter to their various villages. Some walk as far as four miles for their lessons! Do remember to pray for them too. They are hungry for the Word.

To keep up the interest, rallies and contests in reading are held between villages. At one Presbyterial meeting a woman with four children carried off the Bible-reading prize. Four months before she hadn't been able to read or write a word! The missionary had gone regularly to her village twice a week to teach her, she was so keen to learn to read. At the Presbyterial she read so beautifully and understandingly from Mark that she stood out among all the contestants. The Committee was unanimous in awarding her the prize. She was given a Punjabi Bible which she reads daily. In her home in the village she gathers all the other women about her and reads aloud to them. It has been a source of great blessing to them all.

A Vision Given and Realized. One of our old pastors in Sargodha District tells how the desire to build a beautiful House of Worship first came to him. At the time he was a young student in our Christian Training Institute in Sialkot. One day his Bible professor told the class about the beautiful temple which Solomon built. As this boy listened his body was bathed in perspiration and a voice seemed to say, "Some day you must build a church for Me." He thought in his heart, How can that ever be, because I am a poor boy? That night he couldn't sleep, he said, because the Lord was talking to him about building a church for Him some day. After leaving school he returned to his village and engaged in helping his father with the farming. Years later he was reminded of his experience in class, persuaded his father to let him go to the Seminary in Gujranwala, graduated, and became a self-support pastor. Other years passed, and in the open courtyards, he continued to preach to his poor village people. Then, one night, he dreamed that he was building a House of Worship. In the morning he assembled his people, told them of his intense desire to build a church and asked for their co-operation. All were poor but they

co-operated and as weeks and months went by a large, one-room, mud building was erected, dedicated and used as a place of worship. It was one of the first church buildings in the district. Padri liked the building but was disappointed. . . . He longed for something even finer!

As time passed he became an old man of nearly seventy years, but still the desire to build a beautiful place of worship stayed with him. After much prayer, he asked permission to go on a long tour throughout the Mission to solicit funds for a church building in "Chak 42" where he was pastor. Permission was granted and many people gave generously. He put in a large sum, too, which he had saved through the years; that is, it was a large sum for a poor self-support pastor to give. Finally, the happy day arrived when he broke ground for his new church! The people joyfully worked with him and a beautiful little brick church lifted its head above the mud walls of the village. The day after the roof was put on all the Christians gathered with their drums and cymbals in the courtyard of the church and sang songs of thanksgiving and praise. Even before the church was finished we were urged to come out there and hold a Bible School. We went and had a very happy and successful time with the people who, even though the floor was not yet laid, met every night for prayer meeting!

The church was not quite finished but we had faith to believe that gifts would pour in to complete it. It was a joy to see the radiant face of the Padri and to realize that the earnest words of a missionary spoken years ago in a classroom inspired the building of this lovely little brick church, the members of which are earnest Christians witnessing in a village predominantly non-Christian.

Influence of Village Evangelist. In the following paragraphs Doctor J. G. Campbell has told me of the far-reaching influence of one faithful Indian village evangelist.

The walled village of Sirianwali, lying midway between Pasrur and Gujranwala on the dusty, old, straight road, is a relic of feudal times of the old Sardara. It was really the stronghold of one of the old Sikh Barons. Parts of the

ancient walls are still visible and in a remarkable state of repair. Three massive ironbound gates guard the only roads into town. They are hung in arches of masonry sixty or more feet high and can still be closed. Here cut into the huge gate is the tiny, "needle's eye" door referred to as illustrating by its tight squeeze for a camel the narrow margin by which those who love riches can enter heaven. About these gates the walls are of such thickness that living quarters for the watchmen are in the first story and above are other rooms suitable for living quarters.

The first Indian Christian evangelist to live in this town occupied the rooms over the west gate. It was in the Mass Movement days and he was settled here to prepare for baptism the scores of people in the neighborhood. Babu was a faithful worker and gave his best in the hard round of teaching required to prepare such a community, almost 100 per cent illiterate and steeped in superstition and idolatry, to become followers in the New Way. He also trained a large family who have grown up to call him blessed and are holding places of responsibility in our own and neighbor missions.

The foundation stones of the new church in that area laid by the Master were well and truly laid. No finer group of Christians in our whole district than those at Sirianwali! They live the New Life in a separate site outside the village walls. It is better so. It typifies to all the new freedom from old customs and idolatrous ways; also that here is a group trusting for security in the power of the Eternal. This Christian group furnished the leading elder and a goodly share of the pastor's support when, along with some neighboring groups, they were organized into a congregation. The evangelist, not being ordained, was ineligible to become their pastor. He moved to another field and others entered into his labor.

Years later a beautiful little brick church was built just beside the Christians' well. The initiative in this project came from the children of this evangelist. The village Christians responded at once to their initial offering of Rupees 100 in cash and the result was the spiritual life and growth which



NELSON PRATT MEMORIAL SCHOOL AT MARTINPUR
Co-educational
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always follows such a project. It will always be a memorial to the man who led these people out of idolatry and lived a consecrated life among them.

To India's throngs—the passersby on the near-by, dusty and well-trodden road—this church by the old Sikh garden, facing the village well, holding high its cross over the humble homes of a redeemed and respected group, speaks of Him Who is mighty to save! He, before India's awakening eyes, is transforming scores and hundreds of such groups.

In this Christian group at Sirianwali you will find housewives learning to read while they tend their babies and care for their households. Daughters are in boarding schools miles distant and just around the corner the sons of these erstwhile untouchables are reading “cheek by jowl” with the sons of the high-born Brahmins.

Sit here in the early morning with me and see re-enacted the ageless story of the woman at the well. A Christian woman has come for water: leaving the earthen vessel at the well she enters the little church for a few words with her Lord. To leave one's shoes at the door and sit on the matting with Indian brothers and sisters will convince you, as perhaps no cathedral has done, that you are indeed in the house of God, the very gate of Heaven!

Christian Village of Martinpur. When the Chenab Canal was opened (see Chapter 32) and our Mission applied to the Government in behalf of our Christian farmers that they might share in the division of land, Doctor Samuel Martin was appointed the Mission's agent and through his efforts a tract of land was given to him for the Christians. This bordered on our Mission District of Sheikhpura. On this was settled about four hundred Christians. The different Mission districts gave of their best men, those who could supply the oxen and other things necessary for taking a piece of land, building a house on it, having enough to live on until a harvest could be produced, and work the land according to Government requirements. This village was called Martinpur in honor of Doctor Martin.

An evangelist was stationed there to care for this Christian

community, and later a congregation was organized and a pastor called and supported by the people. Schools for boys and girls were opened, very early in the history of the village, and all these forty-three years the work has been carefully fostered by the Mission. Today we have co-education in the village, with both men and women on the teaching staff and an enrollment of three hundred and sixty boys and girls. Notwithstanding many difficulties that had to be overcome, the work has six years of successful achievement behind it.

Youngsonabad, a Christian village settled at the same time as Martinpur and under the supervision of the Mission of the Established Church of Scotland, is a near-by neighbor of Martinpur.

Rural Reconstruction. Doctor John C. Heinrich, while in charge of Martinpur District, was very much interested in rural reconstruction and offered a cup for a "Clean Village Contest" between these two villages. This resulted in the removal of most of the manure piles to outside the villages. The following year this contest extended to twenty-five other villages, and in seven years included two hundred and fifty villages. This has been a growing movement with a large amount of life and interest in its center, and it has been greatly stimulated by groups of judges coming out in cars from Lahore, a distance of from forty to fifty miles.

In 1936 these two Christian villages formed a "Better Farming Association." This has had a good influence upon surrounding villages. The introduction of rust-resistant seed in one circle of sixty villages meant a saving of over \$100,000 to the farmers in one wheat crop.

Doctor Heinrich says, "This experimental educational work especially among adult villagers is something that needs to be intelligently expanded and understood, if the new democracy in India is to have a chance to survive. The American Mission in Sheikhpura District is trying to have a part in this vital service."

Revival Blessings. The work in Martinpur has had many discouragements, too. We often had to remind ourselves that many of the first settlers of the village were first-generation

Christians who up to that time had been living very near slavery. They had many things to learn.

There have been seasons of real spiritual reviving, also, that made our hearts right glad. A few years ago God visited both these Christian villages in revival power. Much sin was uncovered and confessed and put away. Many hearts were truly cleansed, quarrels and misunderstandings were made up, and the spirit of prayer and supplication was poured out on many. Prayer groups met at night and also in the early morning. Many went out to witness for Christ in other villages. A group of young men walked one hundred and thirty miles to attend the Sialkot Convention, witnessed in the villages they passed through, and were also a blessing to many at the Convention.

Chapter 38

FIRST IMPRESSIONS THAT LINGER STILL

THE impressions recorded in this chapter are not necessarily personal. I solicited them from a number of our missionaries, some of whom are now retired after many years of service, others who have gone to India comparatively recently.

When I first arrived in India, I thought surely I had landed in another world. However, I did not think it was a better world than the one from which I had sailed. Everything was so strange. I was in the midst of India's vast throngs, yet they appeared to be leagues away from me. I was a stranger in a strange land and in the midst of a strange people. I thought the people intensely interesting, but repellent rather than lovable.

On the journey from Bombay to the Punjab I saw that India was a land of contrasts. Passing through many great arid wastes I began to wonder where were India's "teeming millions" of whom I had read. How could teeming millions be supported with such vast stretches of sandy desert? True, there were always great crowds at the railway stations; but, between the stations often there were no signs of fertility. I soon became acquainted with the densely populated centers and the vast deserts, sparsely settled places and large uncultivated tracts.

The first religious service I attended was in the Christian Training Institute. When that crowd of boys stood up and burst into a song of praise I was completely overcome and this was the voice that penetrated into my understanding, "The task before you is immense, but it is surely worth while."

I was so agreeably surprised with the country, food, and the getting used to strange sights, that other things didn't

seem to leave much of an impression. My one desire was to get the language so I could understand what was going on around me. I thought, going up on the train, that I wanted to be able to understand everything that was being said on the station platforms.

Among my first impressions of India was that of the happy and loving relationship of the missionary family circle, into which we were admitted on our arrival from Bombay at Jhelum, where we were met at the station by the resident missionaries. The memory of our home life with these fine devoted missionaries during our first year of language study remains as one of the brightest, most pleasant we have of India. Later years of sharing in the service and home life of the missionary family served to deepen the first impression and to call forth gratitude for this privilege and blessing.

One early impression was the feeling of the strangeness of the people and their language. Quite opposite to the first impression of the feeling of oneness with our fellow missionaries, there seemed to be between us and the Indians a great gulf. I wondered how we could bridge it and communicate to them the glorious Gospel which we had come to proclaim. I remember distinctly the intense interest with which, after a year of language study, I watched to see the method of approach used by the older missionaries and by Indian preachers in presenting the Gospel message. As the years went by, I saw that gulf which at first seemed so impassable being bridged until finally a feeling of oneness with the Indians also was established and we could number among them some of our dearest friends and many, many brothers and sisters in Christ.

Another impression was of the great variety of agencies employed by missionaries in presenting the Gospel, in addition to the direct preaching of the Word. At home I had thought of evangelism as preaching alone. I was greatly impressed by the fine hospitals and schools, including dispensaries and industrial schools, and the contribution to the evangelization of India being made by these through the service they were rendering and through the teaching and

testimony of their Christian staffs. That impression still lives with me. Christ is being preached through almost every possible agency and approach to the people of India.

Other things which impressed me as a new missionary were the differences between what I found in the Punjab and what I knew at home. Many common things in a Punjabi's life are things which I never saw before I arrived in India. Probably the most common thing in the life of a Punjabi man is his huqqa or "bubble-pipe" consisting of a jug-like affair for water on the bottom with one pipe leading up to the bowl at the top which contains tobacco and charcoal and the other pipe leading out to the mouthpiece. Rare is the Punjabi man who does not have one of these pipes at his side almost all the time, at least when it can be conveniently arranged. Often we see him in the fields working with one hand and holding a pipe with the other. Then, of course, the clothes of the Punjabi man are quite different from anything we know at home, colorful turbans, baggy pantaloons, and shirt-tails worn outside the trousers instead of inside! Even the animals with which the Punjabi works and which are a most vital part of his life are quite different. One of the most common sights in India is the water buffalo, one of the least beautiful and most ungraceful creatures that God ever made. I am tempted to believe the Arab story that when God had finished the creation of all the animals, Adam asked permission to try his hand at making an animal, with the result that the buffalo came into existence. Then, too, there are the many little donkeys which are so uncommon at home. And in certain districts we see almost daily lines of camels bearing their burdens to and from the city, a sight never seen at home.

But as I became familiar with all of these strange sights and began to feel at home and really to know the people another thing began to make itself more and more real to me. That is the similarity of her people to the people at home. They present many differences in externals, but when we get to know them, whether illiterate villagers or the smooth, educated college boys, they are quite alike. I have

been impressed with the indifference of many Punjabi Christians to the reality of spiritual things and to their need for a vital relationship to God; it is much like the indifference which I know in many American Christians. I have been distressed by the concern of many of the pastors for their own salary, by their quarreling about money matters, by the lack of concern of some for the spiritual welfare of the Church: then I remember quarrels which I have heard in American presbyteries and congregations. I have noticed a self-satisfaction and a complacent belief in the all-sufficiency of education to meet every need in many of the college boys with whom I have come in contact: and I realize that these things are just as characteristic of the average college boy at home.

Another thing that impressed me is that spiritual needs and realities stand out more clearly than they do at home, for we see them against a different background. In India, as never before, I have been made to see the desperate reality of the needs of men and women—not just Punjabi men and women, but those I know in America too—and also the wonderful adequacy of Jesus Christ to meet every one of those needs, if we will just take Him seriously and give Him a chance to do all that He is longing to do for us and with us. So daily I rejoice in the privilege of serving Him and of being used by Him here.

Customs officers will not be quickly forgotten, as my one trunk which was the most difficult to open was the one chosen for inspection. In the course of digging out my rubber boots the tray got upset and decorated the floor. For a few minutes at least the inspector seemed sorry for me. In checking up later I discovered I had been charged ten dollars for a piece of cloth I was bringing for another and which was valued at about two dollars. I got it back a month or so later.

The trip up country is to be remembered because of heat and dirt. During the night we covered our mouths and noses with wet handkerchiefs in hold-up style. In these later years there are electric fans in our second-class compartments

which keep the dust in circulation, but do add something to the traveler's comfort.

Perhaps the biggest surprise came when we reached Sialkot where the Annual Meeting was well under way. Our seasoned missionary companions succeeded in convincing us that because it was the lunch hour no one would be on hand to greet us. When the train came to a stop we were busy with our baggage and not even looking at the scenery. We soon discovered that there was a mob outside. Not the kind we had seen in other stations—but white faces—topis—and clothes just like the ones we had seen as we pulled out of New York a month before. Where were the long heavy veils and ground sweeping frocks which the Women's Board list declared necessary! Then there was the first meal at Barah Patthar—I expected leftovers, but we had delicious steak with all the fixings.

Mission meeting made a big impression—a few leaders among mission members did nearly all the talking while the wives and also most of the Miss Sahibas did their knitting. Very few sentences were spoken which were pure English. We heard of “Pakka roads,” “kuchha notes,” “babus,” “banda busts,” and “bakshish” and wondered what it all meant. When we asked for explanation we learned that the words were so common to our “burzurgs” that they no longer knew that the words were in Platt's dictionary instead of Webster's. The locating committee report was the only one that interested me and the location, while it meant little before I saw the place, proved to be a joy forever. I've seen only one other station that in any way can equal it.

Social night at Annual Meeting proved that the wit which I had heard was so essential in the make-up of a missionary was not lacking in the members of the Mission. The after meeting around the ice-cream freezer when each displayed his wares was almost unbelievable. A well known “D.D.” performing on the top of a table! And other less dignified members following his example. I began to understand how people lived forty and fifty years in the mission field and still kept young.

The friendliness of the teachers at Pathankot school and their patience with us as we tried to master the game of badminton; the kindness of our senior missionary in keeping us informed on the pastor's sermon each Sabbath by means of little slips of paper which could be passed without too much disturbance; the way in which young Indian men liked to display their learning; and the flock of goats which always seemed to be kicking up dust to give me a cold; all are a part of the first impressions of Pathankot.

Not once have I seen anything worse than I expected to see in India. Dirt? Yes, but I expected it. Sore eyes? Awful, but I had heard of them. Few clothes or none? I had lived in a summer resort in America. No, the poverty of India has not startled me. The extremes are surprising. East and West meet in India. Here are nice automobiles and there are the houses plastered with manure cakes—the fuel supply. Here are friendly Indians ready to listen to anything one has to say and thinking that by shouting loudly they can make even a new missionary understand words she never heard before. How I longed to talk and wondered if I could ever be able to understand the rapid flow of words.

The clear air draws my attention. I feel at home with the mirages that are frequent. The springtime brings its dust storms and after long, dry periods frequent flooding rains. Dust, heat, long dry spells, and floods are all trying, but I am surprised that they are little more trying here than at home. The beauty of nature and the pleasant weather of India far surpass the shorter unpleasant periods.

The beasts of burden truly are of the most dejected sorts. They live on what farmers at home would call “nothing” or at best “rubbish.” Their owners have no idea of kindness to dumb animals. While we are in camp the frequent sound is the thudding and slapping of clubs and whips upon the backs and sides of these dumb brutes. We hear it early and late and all day long. The almost uncontrollable desire comes to make the owners exchange places with their beasts. Is it possible to get used to all this injustice?

I still marvel at the beauty of the people of the Punjab.

Their features are regular and of the Aryan type. I do not think they vary nearly so much as do our European features. Their variance is noticeable in color rather than facial features. I am impressed that those with the fairest complexions are those of the highest castes. Since most of the Christians come from the lower classes they are quite dark. I am told that they have become much fairer in the recent generations. Naturally those of the higher classes have more time to cultivate etiquette. The quiet, reserved type of etiquette practiced by the Hindus arrests one's attention. I felt nearly out of place among these graceful people with our Western culture. The Sikhs, another sect, have a certain wholesomeness and substantialness about their mannerism that makes theirs quite different from that of the Hindus. My first year was spent in associating with trained Christian young women. I was quite amazed to find that they think, work and play much as we do. As to ability, theirs is as good or better than ours. Their sincerity and earnestness in their work are unmarred by outside activities and distractions.

I did not know what to expect of the people, as to whether they would be backward and afraid or friendly. I was pleasantly satisfied that they are friendly and hospitable. Part of their friendliness is undoubtedly due to curiosity; nevertheless, both prove to be an advantage to us in our work.

Before arriving on the field, missionaries had always been more or less idolized in my mind. I find them very human. Maybe it is because of this "humanness," or perhaps in spite of it, that I have found my missionary friends the best possible people with whom to live and work. I am impressed that they are not easily discouraged or overcome by mountains of work that are ever upon them. They do not look upon the hopeless side of things but rather upon the changes that have been wrought in the lives of the people through Christianity, and those that are daily taking place. The fact that in the older districts there is a well organized Church carrying out the work of the Lord in non-Christian India

is a miracle before my eyes. Our work sometimes is the holding of Bible Schools in various congregations in the older districts and we have hundreds attending our daily meetings. It is not unusual to have several hundred in communion services. We have no right to feel that these large crowds come because *we* are holding the services, for the Indian pastors have like attendance. This is the goal that is being reached step by step. Sometimes it seems to me that we try to encourage our methods of doing things more than we should. First, are we sure our methods are the best? Second, if our methods are the best for us, are they the best for our people here?

I am surprised to find that the scenes of the Bible as they are pictured at home are a part of the daily life here. The very customs, style of dress, the manner in which farming is done, as well as other industries, are typical of Bible times. This is even true of the food and the manner in which it is prepared. The "tares of the field" spoken of in the Bible are found here in abundance. All these things make the Bible truths clearer and more interesting.

One wringing wet, blistering hot afternoon our party of five new and three returning missionaries standing on the deck of an English P. & O. liner saw Ballard Pier and the Golden Gateway of India's Bombay glistening in the sun. As one of the new ones, I was eager with expectation. What was this new land of India to be like and how would I react to it? Would I be simply weighed down and bowled over by the powers of darkness, the heavy, uncertain climate, duties, and myriad opportunities far surpassing my physical and spiritual strength? Would my faith prove unequal to the task, and would I find myself having put my hand to the plow, wavering? Then there was that which gripped me even more. What about the dear loved one whom I had left in America, whose road, unless God was indeed with her and me in this tremendous venture, must be a lonely and sorrowful one?

There I stood on the deck of that ship, a veritable vortex of self-love, love of the Master, fear, hope, distrust of self,

anticipation, curiosity. The prayer of my heart was that God might possess my life entirely and use it as He wanted in India, and that He might be all in all to that loved one at home.

Presently we found ourselves standing in line, still on shipboard, to receive mail, and what was our astonishment to find upward of twenty letters from our fellow missionaries—all unknown to me save by name, with the exception of one or two. What a welcome they gave us! From those letters, each one differing, of course, I was impressed as never before that I was needed and wanted, soon to be a member of a huge family group. I was not disappointed, for our Sialkot Mission is peculiarly like a big family in its spiritual fellowship, sharing joys and sorrows alike, giving advice and remonstrance where both are needed. All the Miss Sahibas are aunties to all the mission children. We find that we are far more dependent upon our friends in India than the ones at home. We work with them, eat with some of them. They put up with us and we with them. I have found in it a happy, joyous privilege, but not without grace seasoned with salt.

Full of curiosity and anticipation we climbed down the gangplank wondering how this lank, dark-skinned, half-starved looking, quarrelling mob of coolies, everyone of them as dear to the heart of God as any one of us, were ever going to succeed in bringing our luggage whole and intact to us somewhere in that mysterious labyrinth, the Customs House. Well, they did!

The Customs House was surprisingly cool and flower-scented. Many stout Indian gentlemen, be-turbaned, be-flowered with great necklaces presented by welcoming friends, English sahibs in sun helmets, Indians in European dress or white cotton jodhpurs of their own attire, and others like ourselves composed the crowd.

By the time we were done with hauling our baggage through customs, we barely had time to make a breath-taking leap onto the famous Frontier Mail. There were six misses of us in one compartment, each with a big shelf to herself,

three upper and three lower. There we lived for two nights and one and one-half days. Soot and dust sifted in through the cracks to such an extent that we would cover our faces with handkerchiefs soaked in water. Then we resembled nothing more flattering than a crowd of hold-ups. Our equipment included earthenware water jugs, our own blankets, pillows and sheets, suitcases, a khaki canvas bag, sun helmets assembled together in a degree of informality unknown to our sleek American coaches. I have never enjoyed a train ride more than that one. Meals were brought by Indian waiters in crisp white turbans and white coats bound around the middle by a broad multi-colored girdle.

From the windows we saw much flat country, some green fields, many others dry and dusty. We saw great, brick wells with Persian wheels, and women coming to draw water, round-bellied, tall-necked, earthenware jugs on their heads. They themselves were dressed in great red-flowered skirts with a shawl over the head. Frequently we saw railway stations and other buildings of reddish sun-dried bricks, all built in a decided Eastern type of architecture: single storied, broad verandahs, pillars and broad arches. In the twilight above the green fields our attention was drawn to a low-lying, bluish white haze—the smoke of the evening fires. A fellow missionary said that it was to her one of India's best-beloved sights. It was as if for the first time I was feeling the pulse beat of India.

At one of the stations we saw, gathered on the platform, what was described to us as a typical Punjabi family group, representatives of the people amongst whom we had come to work. Usually they appear thus: a mother forms the center of the group, sitting in the midst of children, tin boxes and luggage, consisting of a tin trunk, bedding rolled up in a blue and white carpet, a shapeless basket of food, a brass vessel or two. She wears a white bourkha if she is a Mohammedan. This is a wide cape gathered into a tight fitting small cap, completely covering her. She has peep-holes for her eyes. Sometimes this contraption is thrown open and descends around her like a tent. Inside she sits,

her good-looking, light-brown Caucasian chin clasped in one hand. Her under costume is composed of loose pantaloons and a loose, colored tunic reaching about halfway to the knees. Usually on her arm, or slung on one hip, is an infant or toddler. Near her, standing or sitting, may be two or three girls, with long, braided hair in varying degrees of tidiness, wearing the same costume as the mother, with the exception of the bourkha and the addition of a long, thin shawl gracefully draped over shoulders and head. Little boys wear white pantaloons, a long shirt with tails oddly hanging below, and short European styled coats. Should the father appear, the mother if her bourkha is open usually readjusts it. Back she goes like a turtle into her shell, hiding herself from him, the world, and she is again encompassed in this garment of protection from prying eyes, but, to us, a symbol of dark, hopeless and comfortless religion—a prison of a lost soul.

Chapter 39

BEHIND THE VEIL

THE first Christian evangelists were women. We read in God's Word, "The first day of the week as it began to dawn, came Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary to see the sepulcher." An angel was sitting upon the stone which had been rolled away. "And he said unto the women, 'Fear not ye, for I know ye seek Jesus which was crucified. He is not here, for He is risen as He said. Come and see . . . and go quickly and tell His disciples.' " The women's hearts were filled with joy and they ran to give the message.

The meaning of the word evangelist is the "bearer of glad tidings." Surely the first evangelists had a great message to give. A living Christ, a Saviour for dying men. It is the message we carry behind the veil to India's womanhood.

Early Leaders in Zenana Work. Direct evangelism apart from our institutions has a large place in our work. All of our single women and some of our married women have a share in it. From the beginning they engaged more or less in house-to-house visitation, but not until 1881 had anyone been "separated" for it. This was then made possible by the liberality of a member of our church in Baltimore, Md. He gave an annual gift of one thousand dollars, which at that time represented the salaries of two unmarried missionaries, with the clear understanding that the two set apart for this work would give full time to it. Miss Elizabeth Gordon and Miss Eliza Calhoun were appointed. Miss Gordon continued in this work until her retirement; Miss Calhoun was married two years later to the Rev. M. M. Carleton, of the Presbyterian Mission, and Miss Rosa McCullough was appointed in her place.

The ministry of Miss McCullough calls for more than a passing word. This most devoted evangelist has the distinc-

tion in our India Mission of having lived her whole missionary life in one place. For fifty-six years she labored in Gujranwala. With the exception of her first two years, she was all that time engaged in zenana work in city and near villages. She was known, honored, and loved throughout that great city and district. She made friends with all classes of people. Her advice and counsel were sought. Upon her retirement from service a few years ago, the City Council showed its appreciation of her life and service by naming the road which went by her home to the city, "McCullough Road." The Government of India decorated her with the golden medal Kaisar-i-Hind. Most of all, I think she prizes the love of the people she served.

Our first Indian evangelist was Mary Anna, one of the ten Gypsy maidens rescued and trained by our first unmarried missionary, Miss Elizabeth Gordon. From her young womanhood until her old age she was most faithful in her witness for Christ. She went with Miss Gordon during the cold season into the villages and in the hot season into the homes of Sialkot City. As she grew older she was so well known and respected that when Miss Gordon could not go with her she went alone. All through a long life her zeal for witnessing for her Lord never became cold, and when in old age she passed away she was greatly mourned by the women she had faithfully taught.

Difficulties and Triumphs. Many of the workers, especially in the northern part of our territory, at first met with opposition, rebuff, reproach, closed doors, and even stones. I remember a first visit I made in a city of about five thousand people, of traversing one street after another trying to find an open door, an invitation to come into a home; but in place of that having stones and brickbats hurled at me from the roofs of houses. The opposition became so fierce I had to appeal to a policeman to conduct me out of the city. But I did not shake off the dust from my feet, because I had received no orders to do it. Instead, a determination came into my heart to win my way and God opened the homes of that city for me.

Another missionary testifies, "Many times I have gone into the city trying to find new homes I might enter for my Master and, being urged to go on from one place to another through the narrow winding dirty streets, finally have found but one open door and a place to witness.

"One often finds such precious things in these unlikely places. Just a few days ago we met a dear old Hindu lady, who says she is eighty-four. Her form is bent. She is old and poor but radiant. She was married at the age of seven and her husband died four days later. More than fifty years ago she learned to sing some of Zion's songs. Since then she has seldom met anyone who could tell her more, but God has watered the seed in her heart, and now her very face confirms our belief that she is His. Her voice is sweet and clear and she sings to those about her of the One she loves. She still lives in a Hindu home but she is not denying her Lord."

Another says, "One day my heart was greatly cheered by a poor, uneducated village woman. She ran out to meet us and announced that we had better go to the Mohammedan women first. She took me from house to house until we had preached to one hundred women. She helped with the talking, using the few Bible portions she had committed to memory. Praise God for her and others like her who carry on their heads baskets of filth through the streets but who also carry clean hearts and a mighty vision of redeeming love."

Trophies of Divine Grace. The higher caste women have to be sought out one by one. Some of these trophies of divine grace and redeeming love were sent to me for training when I was in charge of a Home for New Converts. I want to tell you about a few of them so you may see how very worth while it is to carry the Gospel message behind India's veil.

A bright, young Mohammedan woman heard of Christ through a small Christian girl of her village. This young Christian did not know much of God's Word but she so lived Christ as she went here and there performing the humble duties of her home that she attracted the older girl and led

her to give up her home and go to the missionaries that she might know more about Christ. She was an only child of a well-to-do father who loved her very much. She counted the cost and decided to be a Christian, was educated, trained for nursing, and today is at the head of a large "health center" faithfully witnessing for Christ.

A high caste woman was visited by one of our Bible women. Week after week the Gospel message was given in the quietness of that home. She learned to love the One Who died that she might live. She tried to persuade her husband to accept Christ as his Saviour, but in place of yielding himself to God, he hardened his heart toward his wife, burned her Bible, and forbade her listening to her teacher any more. She refused to give up her Saviour. One night as she was sleeping, her husband cut off her nose, thus branding her "as an unfaithful wife." She escaped to a mission hospital, was lovingly cared for, and afterward was sent to the Home where she was trained to do Bible work in a quiet way. Think of the price she paid to become a believer in and a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ! Think, too, of the precious reward and privilege of working for Christ, behind the veil.

"The Food We Hungered For." One of our Indian evangelists tells the following story: "One day I was sitting in a house giving the message of the Gospel when a Hindu health visitor stopped to listen. Soon after she passed on she sent her servant to ask me to come to her house. She evidently was a woman of high caste and considerable means. When I arrived she said, 'My heart is broken,' and then went on to say that the message she had heard me give had made her very dissatisfied and she wanted to hear more about Christ. I gave her weekly lessons until the family moved away. Months later they returned and one day I saw this woman beckoning me to come to her home. She assembled the whole family and said to me, 'We have had no peace since we left and could no longer hear your messages. Please stay and tell us more about Christ.' As I talked she drank in every word. Presently the servant announced dinner. They waved

him away. I kept on with my story. After some time the servant in desperation said, 'That meal is being held so long it will not be good.' Then the man of the house spoke: 'What do you mean by bothering us about such food when our souls are receiving the food we have hungered for all these years?' "

"It Broke Our Hearts." I know a Hindu home where Jesus is loved. As the message of the Cross was being given to the women of the household the old Hindu teacher wanted to hear, too, about the Christian's God. When the part of the story was being told that speaks of the Cross the old man asked the messenger to wait a bit. He then told us about a Gospel portion he and some of his Hindu friends were reading together. They read turn by turn, adored, and wondered. He said, "We got on very well until we came to the part about the trial, the abuse, and the Cross. I tried to read that but I broke down and wept; the teacher next to me began to read and he soon began to sob; a third tried, and the next, all around that group; and there was not one of us who could complete the story. It broke our hearts."

"All for Christ." Hear the life story of one of our most faithful Bible women. She was brought up in a very highly honored high-caste Hindu home. She knew the Hindu sacred books from cover to cover. Her heart was very hungry for God. She tried all of Hinduism's devices in her search for God—made pilgrimages here and there. Her husband and children died and the burden of guilt which Hinduism places on widowhood added to her great hunger for God. She knew not where to go to find peace.

A faithful evangelist had prayed, before leaving her home, that she might be sent to someone that day whose heart God had prepared to receive the message. Her feet were guided to the street and home of the woman of the hungry heart and Oh, how eagerly she drank at the fountain of living water. The messenger soon realized that her pupil was deeply interested in her lessons, and into her heart came such a longing for the salvation of the woman that she prayed and fasted for forty days in order that she might bring this

woman into full surrender to Christ. And the day came when her pupil, having fully counted the cost, left home, friends, possessions, came to Christians and professed her faith in Christ Jesus her Lord. She wanted to tell others of her new found Saviour, of her joy and peace! She was taught and trained and now she goes here and there telling the story of redeeming love.

How I wish you all might know this beloved evangelist! Her face is radiant. She has a great passion for souls. She is so womanly, refined, and gracious that she very soon wins her way into the hearts of the women she visits. One very closely associated with her said, "Her victorious, wonderful life is a remarkable witness to God's redeeming, cleansing, and beautifying power."

She has grasped the opportunity to take the Gospel message into cities that she had visited when a Hindu pilgrim.

Mrs. W. T. Anderson's Experience. I want to give you a story of a first visit made by Mrs. W. T. Anderson to one of our frontier towns as told by herself:

"We must go to Razmakkhel today. Just because it is on the other side of the gully and stream we have passed it up year by year. It is a large, nice looking village and we must give them the good news.

"So, after our season of prayer for guidance, patience, persistence, and most of all abounding love, we set out—the Sahib, several evangelists, an attendant and I, to walk across the roadless territory between us and Razmakkhel. It was a lovely midday in November. The summer rains having been good, there were pleasant squares of green here and there, the springing wheat and mustard, the occasional patches of cotton and sugar cane. The sunshine was mild, the air pleasant. November is one of the lovely months that the Punjab does have.

"We reached the gully and could see the fort-like village on the bank opposite. We managed to slip and slide down the steep side. There was more water than we had expected. The evangelists, being shod only in sandals, made no difficulty about crossing. My husband laughingly accepted the

offer of a muscular villager just passing, and was quickly transported 'piggy back.' I, not fancying such man-handling, soon stripped off shoes and stockings and followed the track of the evangelists, though the water was up to my knees and rather cold. So we got over.

"The party kept together until I had found an open door to the women's part of a house and had obtained a rather shy and reluctant consent to my entry. It was the office of the attendant to sit outside the doorway of the court, as a sort of bodyguard, for that frontier country is a wild section and one cannot know just what may happen if their religious fighting sensibilities get stirred up. The attendant, however, considered me, a married woman, not quite such a sensitive plant as his Miss Sahibas. As I went inside, I saw him looking longingly after the party of men, and I thought probably he would soon leave his humdrum sentinel post for the more interesting bazaar meeting.

"I had no reason to complain about a small congregation. I was probably the first white woman that had ever been seen in Razmakkhel. Barnum and Bailey's just wouldn't have been in it with me that day. The word got out and the women and girls came running over the flat roofs from all parts of the place, tumbling down the crude outside stairways, and climbing over the walls; I had a 'full house,' not even a front pew left empty. They were excited and all talking in high-pitched voices, asking questions.

"After assuring them I *was* married, and *had* children and did *not* keep a wet nurse, but nursed them myself, that my husband's salary was *not* paid by the Government, etc., etc., I began to tell a simple Gospel story to the nearest of them. They quieted down somewhat, but being used neither to foreigners nor to religious discourses, their interest soon flagged, and they grew noisy again. As Moslems have quite a regard for the Holy Book and the printed page, I took out my Holy Book and tried to read it to them, but to no avail. They only grew more noisy. Then I tried a few verses in Arabic, which, being their sacred language, will almost invariably get quiet attention. But not that day. They de-

manded of me if the Government had sent me. 'If not, then what did you come for anyway?' 'I came with love for you in my heart, to tell you of salvation from sin through Jesus Christ, the only Saviour, a salvation through grace and not works.' 'But Mohammed, on whom be peace, is our saviour,' they all shouted and with one voice repeated, 'La illaha illah, Mohammed rasul il illah.' I could make no progress. I tried sitting quiet. Then they took the offensive, saying, 'Do you pray? Do you say the creed? Do you say our creed?' 'Yes, I pray. I have a creed.' And I repeated to them in the words of the Koran, 'La illaha illah, Esa Ruh Ullah. There is no God but God and Jesus is the Spirit of God.'

"'No, no, that won't do. You must say our creed. Say it and then you, too, will become a true believer. It is easy; it is so easy. We will teach you.' And then in a fawning voice, 'Say it, Mem, say it; you will make a very nice Moslem. Say it, do! We would love to have you a Moslem.'

"I made another effort to divert their minds. I tried singing a pretty native hymn. Worse and worse! They shouted their creed time after time at the top of their lungs. One woman pushed her face right up into mine and screamed, 'You ought to die! You are only fit to die! If it were not for the English Government I'd cut you up into little bits like this,' showing me one finger, 'and I'd *eat* them *every one*!' Just then I was relieved to hear my husband's voice outside call out, 'We are ready to go. Are you?' I CERTAINLY WAS.

"Was the trip a fiasco? Next year the party went again. Two other missionaries went this time. They and their message were cordially received. The women asked about the 'Mem' and in lieu of apology said, 'We didn't know till long afterward that the Mem had waded the cold stream to come to see us.'

"Such places as Razmakkhel need 'line upon line'; so far as I know, since the 'depression' with its consequent cuts of personnel and funds, no one has visited Razmakkhel.

"The Moslem, not in his blindness but in his hunger, bows down to his saints' graves, wearies himself with unavailing

fasts, and attempts to follow an impossible prayer requirement. These he does in his heart *hunger*.

“ ‘Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?’ ”

The Sarah Daugherty Bible School. An advance step was taken in this department of our work when in 1913 a training school was held in Sargodha. All Bible women were invited for two weeks of Bible study. Miss McCahon, then giving her whole time to house-to-house evangelism, was used to bring this very important work into existence. A gift of money by the Daugherty sisters made it possible to pay the traveling and other expenses. During the mornings the women were divided into classes and had two hours' study of God's Word, followed by practical talks on how best to reach non-Christian women with the Gospel message, and other things in connection with the work. In the afternoons, the women divided into groups, the missionary or older women taking younger ones, and spent two or three hours in visiting homes in the city and giving the Gospel message. Then, in the evening, an informal meeting was held and all the different groups reported on the work in the city.

The following year this work was placed under the Women's Evangelistic Board with Miss McCahon in charge. With very few exceptions this school has been held yearly since that time. It is the guest of our different mission stations. The part of God's Word to be studied is selected a year in advance and memory work assigned. Sometimes whole books are committed to memory. Our workers have much of God's Word stored away in their hearts. Many have testified to the benefits received from meeting together from year to year.

I wish you might know all of our Bible women as they meet together; as they recite their memory work of the year; as they relate their experiences as they witnessed by the way; as they go out for practical lessons in evangelism. Among them you would find women who have committed large portions of God's Word such as the Epistle to the Ephesians, Hebrews, The Revelation, many chapters from the Gospels. The Spirit's Sword is in their hands and hearts. One need

not wonder when we hear of souls being born again through their ministry behind India's veil.

Bible School for Women. Beside the school already described, we have now an all-year Bible Training School for Women. Before the end of her first term of service in India, Miss Marian Peterson realized what a great need there was for a full-time school for the training of young women to carry the Gospel into India's homes. She not only saw the need but felt a personal call to this work.

While on furlough she took special training in Bible work and on her return to the field was appointed to open a Bible Training School in Rawalpindi. Associated with her is Mrs. Mary Samuel. The school opened with five pupils.

In a recent letter Miss Peterson tells of the celebration of the school's first birthday, with songs of praise and thanksgiving. These five young women named themselves the "five rivers of the Punjab." May they indeed become as deep channel beds through whom the Water of Life may freely flow.

We are very thankful that after all these years of waiting we have now an all-time Bible Training School where our young women may be trained to carry the Gospel into the homes.

I close the account of this type of work by telling you the story of one who, in the quietness of her home, was led to Christ by an Indian woman. Every step in the protection of this convert to Christianity was taken in accordance with the civil law.

Nur Jahun (Light of the World). One hot night I was sleeping in the open yard in front of my house. Suddenly I was aroused by a light flashing on my face.

"Who is there?" I demanded.

"Do not be alarmed," a voice assured me. "I have come to seek your help. Nur Jahun has come out for Christ. She must be protected, of course, and I have come to ask whether you will look after her until we can arrange for her safety."

"Bring her to me right away," I replied.

No sooner had I finished speaking than the messenger was on his way back to the city. Then I did some serious thinking. How did Nur Jahun ever get out of her brother-in-law's clutches? A typical Pathan, he will be so angry that he will go to any length to find her and compel her to marry him. He will reason that she is his property after his younger brother's death; that he is the head of the house, and that his word is law! My heart rebelled. I determined that, as long as I lived, I should protect this beautiful woman, who wanted to be a Christian, from doing something she loathed. God was surely on our side and we could trust Him to bring her to safety.

I waited and prayed, waited and prayed hour after hour. At daybreak the girl had not arrived. What had happened? I was afraid to leave the house for fear she might still come. Finally I saw Mrs. M. M. Brown running up the walk.

"Oh, come quickly," she cried. "Nur Jahun is in the evangelist's house."

Forgetting that I had been praying for hours and had not eaten any breakfast, I went at once to hear the woman's story. I shall tell it to you just as she gave it to me:

"I was a prisoner in the house of my husband's brother. He wanted me to marry him, but I could not consent because I did not believe it was right. Your Bible teacher has been coming to my house and teaching me about Jesus Christ. I had learned to love Him Who died that I might be saved, and I determined to escape and become a Christian.

"How was I to get away? I did not think I had a right to go to God in prayer until I was a professing Christian, but I prayed, 'O God of the Christians, help me, help me!' The only way from my room to the outside was a little window near the roof. I believed that by making myself as small as possible I could crawl through it, but how was I to reach it? I found that, by moving my bed against the wall, I could draw myself up. I threw my comfort out and jumped out myself.

"Oh how shall I ever find the home of the Christian teacher who talked so lovingly about Christ? O God of the

Christians, help me! Show me the way!’ I pleaded, for I had never walked the streets of the city.

“On and on I ran. I met a Hindu and asked him to direct me to the Christian teacher’s home. I followed his directions and found the place. My teacher received me and comforted me, but she told me she could not keep me in her house or I would be caught. Her husband went to the missionary and he advised my being taken to the lady missionary. They called another Christian man and we started along the main street. Soon I heard a rider coming very fast. I told the men my master was coming. Breaking away from them, I ran and hid behind a wall, where I dug a hole in the ground and hid the jewelry that I was wearing.

“I saw my master get off his horse and whip the men. He called them swine, demanding his ‘kidnapped wife.’ When they told him they had not stolen me but that I had come to them for protection, he became abusive and drove the men away. As soon as they turned their backs, I came out of my hiding place and ran and ran, begging the God of the Christians to save me. Seeing an open door with a stairway leading to the roof, I went inside and waited. After a while a pleasant-looking man came up with a book in his hand.

“‘Who are you?’ he asked in surprise.

“‘I am a Christian,’ was my prompt reply.

“‘So am I,’ he said reassuringly.

“My heart leaped with joy. God had heard! He had saved me!”

The evangelist sent his wife to find out from Nur Jahun what had become of the two Christian men. The magistrate was notified and he went at once to the Pathan’s house and demanded their release.

“But they have kidnapped my wife,” objected the Pathan.

“Even if they have, you cannot shut them up,” reminded the officer, “but you can appear in court at ten o’clock and bring a charge against them.”

The magistrate took the two men into custody and then came to my house to interview Nur Jahun.

“You are an experienced officer and you know the cus-

toms of these people," I told him. "This woman comes from a proud Pathan family. She cannot see you face to face. Her own father would kill her, should she so disgrace herself and him. Would you be willing to hear her story from behind a curtain?"

"Lady, I will trust you to have the right woman talk to me," the officer conceded.

A sheet was suspended in the center of the room. The officer now sat on one side, Nur Jahun and I on the other.

When she had finished her statement, the officer asked Nur Jahun, "Do you want to marry this man, your brother-in-law?"

"No, I cannot do that. I am a Christian," she answered.

Nur Jahun's hand was guided under the curtain and her thumb mark affixed to the testimony she had given. The officer notified her to appear in court at ten o'clock. He then requested me to be responsible for her appearance at that time. I agreed to do so upon condition that he would furnish police protection to my home, and for as long afterward as the woman remained in my care. He granted my request, and, with Nur Jahun wearing her street covering, we walked home between armed guards.

When my protegee learned that she must go to court, she trembled and cried and pleaded with me not to make her do it for fear her people would kill her. I knew she had ample grounds for misgivings, but I had to be firm.

"My dear, think of the two Christian men whom your brother-in-law has accused of kidnapping," I reminded her. "Unless the charge is proved false, they will be imprisoned for life or banished from India. They risked everything for you, and you are the only one who can clear them. You must go to court and God will help you."

I asked the magistrate if he would clear his court of all but his clerk and to allow Nur Jahun to remain veiled. He did so, and after more persuasion and prayer this woman agreed to tell her story. When she had finished, the officer released the two men.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked Nur Jahun.

"With the missionary lady," she said promptly.

Nur Jahun was left with kind friends who were able to protect her. She was taught the Way of Life, was baptized, and in time became the happy wife of a Christian Indian.

Chapter 40

CHRISTIAN CO-OPERATION

ALTHOUGH the Synod of the Punjab has not united with the National Presbyterian Church of India, yet we have from the beginning of our work co-operated as far as possible with all national religious movements, contributing what we could and at the same time benefiting from the contributions of others.

Christian Endeavor. The lack in many places of proper and adequate leadership from among our village people has prevented us from organizing many societies among them, but a beginning has been made, and there has been fine response. To prove this I am going to give you the story of a C. E. Rally held in Khangah Dogran District as told by the Rev. H. C. Chambers, at that time Superintendent of the District:

“The Biennial C. E. Rally was the center of C. E. work in Khangah Dogran District. By invitation it was held in a village, in which the local Christians assumed full responsibility for entertainment. The attendance usually ranged from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and there were four sessions lasting two days. Two meals a day were served of tasty Indian food for which the delegates paid half price, or fifteen cents for the four meals. The district organization owned a large canopy tent which served as a meeting place during the day and a dormitory at night.

“At that time membership in the C. E. was for men and boys only. Singing was kept up far into the night. Two special features of the program were Bible story telling and Psalm singing contests. The groups from the various villages came prepared to sing a Psalm previously selected by the Program Committee, to an original tune or an unused one. In rewarding the prize both the singing and the tune were considered by the judges. This singing contest aroused great

interest and brought a good crowd from the villages, including non-Christians.

“The Bible story, previously selected, was recited in relays by the various delegations. At the close of the Rally a procession was formed and marched through the village to the accompaniment of singing and drum beating. Brief gospel messages were given in the village. These rallies and the whole C. E. work were self-supporting and self-managed, and were the most alive and indigenous bit of Christian activity we had.”

You see C. E. work does succeed even among illiterate village people, if there is the proper leadership.

In our central stations we have many flourishing societies, and these have aided us very much in the development of leadership among our young people. At the present time we have twenty-seven C. E. organizations, with a membership of 786. As long ago as 1909 the Christian Endeavor had sufficiently developed in India to invite the World's C. E. Convention to Agra.

Of late it has been very much strengthened by the Methodist Epworth League, reorganized under the C. E. Banner, uniting the two organizations.

“Sunday School Union.” As a Mission we have always stressed Sabbath School work, both in village and city. For many years we have been affiliated with the “All India Sunday School Union.”

The Union holds institutes for the training of teachers along the line of modern methods and for many years conducted an all India examination on the lessons for the first half of the year. There were questions suited to the various classes. The examination was held all over India on the same date; this was made possible through the co-operation of the workers in the local schools. Many of our schools entered enthusiastically into this yearly examination. Certificates were given to all who successfully passed the test. As often as possible the All India Sunday School Secretary visited, on invitation, the schools all over India and gave helpful talks.

Our 1940 Mission report states that, at this time, we have eighty-seven organized Sabbath Schools with an enrollment of over four thousand pupils.

Punjab Christian Council. This organization meets annually in some center, usually in Lahore, the capital city of the Punjab. The delegates are elected by the different Missions and Churches, according to the number of missionaries in the one, and of the number of ministers in the other. In addition to these elected representatives the Council itself selects a certain number, called "co-opted members." Our Mission elects its members for a two-year term.

The work of the Council is very much like that of our Mission meetings or Church gatherings, only on a much larger scale. The original idea of the Council was to co-ordinate all of the work of the different Missions and Churches. The work of the world field is reviewed along educational, medical and evangelistic lines. There are standing committees on these.

The Provincial Council helps also in Mission comity matters, preventing overlapping of effort. It enables the representatives of various Missions to meet together and talk over their problems. Occasionally it also has the opportunity of having a national secretary meet with them to talk over the work of all India. It does good to get the broader outlook of the whole field.

As the area served by the Punjab Council became much larger than that of the Province, and includes North West Frontier Province, Sind, and Kashmir, it is now called the North West India Christian Council.

The National Christian Council. Doctor R. R. Stewart, Principal of Gordon College, was a delegate from our Mission to this Council meeting during the Christmas vacation of 1939, and gave a fine report of the work of the Council. I am going to quote him:

"Every three years there is a full meeting of the National Christian Council. There is a large Executive Committee which meets at least once a year. There are about one hundred members in the full Council and they try to have about

half missionaries and half Indians. There are representatives of all of the Provincial Christian Councils, of the Missions of any size, and of such organizations as the Bible Society and Y. M. C. A. For several years the Bishop of Dornakal (Bishop Azariah) has been president.

“The headquarters of the N. C. C. is in Nagpur, an important city in the Central Provinces, selected for its central location. There are a General Secretary and secretaries for evangelism, education and medical work. One or more of these secretaries attend all of the provincial councils, placing the experience of one part of India at the disposal of the others. It is now possible to write in to the secretaries of the N. C. C. to find out what has been tried in any part of India so that one part can benefit from the experience of the others.

“The N. C. C. publishes a monthly magazine which calls attention to books and articles which are of general interest to missionaries and publishes devotional and informational articles. It also issues the Directory of Mission Institutions with the addresses of all Protestant missionaries. It acts as a clearing house of information and sends out circulars with the names and qualifications of Christian teachers, etc. desiring employment in Christian institutions.

“The N. C. C. is the way by which Missions can approach Government and is recognized by the Government and has its confidence. In times like the present when missionaries of certain lands are cut off from the support of their homelands it has been able to make arrangements with Boards in other countries for special support, and has been able to raise special funds in India and to borrow missionaries to help take care of work which was in charge of German missionaries who have been interned.

“Of late years the N. C. C. has been encouraging and organizing surveys in order to obtain needed information on a great variety of subjects, the most important being the Mass Movement Survey of Bishop Pickett. As a result of the encouragement of the N. C. C. the Christian colleges have made surveys of various sorts.”



W.C.T.U. HEADQUARTERS, DELHI, INDIA

**Mary Jane Campbell's Official Headquarters for Ten Years
As "All-India Organizer"**

See pages 349-350

Woman's Christian Temperance Union. From the beginning of our Mission work in India the missionaries have stood strongly against all forms of drugs and narcotics. Indeed, they had the strong backing of the home Church. In 1875 the General Assembly sent out this statement, "It is inconsistent with membership in the Church of Christ to use or to be engaged in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. It is the duty of the friends of God and humanity to combine their efforts for the suppression of intemperance." Our missionaries have been able to witness against drink in some big social functions where wine flowed freely. From pulpit and Bible school regular temperance teaching has gone forth.

Our Women's Board by its generous grant of three hundred dollars annually for temperance work has given great impetus to the cause. That money has been largely used in preparing temperance literature in Urdu and Punjabi which has been distributed freely among our own community and to others, who can use these languages. Scientific temperance instruction has been taught in our schools and frequently lectures on the subject have been given.

We have local W. C. T. U. organizations in all our principal stations. These are affiliated with the Punjab Division which in its turn is affiliated with the National. The writer of these notes had the privilege of serving several years as president of the Division. This organization led in the raising of funds for National Headquarters in Delhi, known as the "White Ribbon House."

Our crowning act of co-operation in the cause of temperance came when we released one of our very best workers to become "All India Organizer of the W. C. T. U." For ten years, filled with most intense service, did Mary J. Campbell travel all over India, organizing unions among women, Blue Ribbon societies among men and boys and giving lectures and talks in churches, temples, schools, colleges, and private chambers against the evils of alcohol and opium. Her work was recognized by the Government and she was decorated with the Kaisar-i-Hind medal. She not only labored faith-

fully herself, but through her efforts succeeded in securing the appointment and support of several Indian women as organizers for India. Some of these are continuing the work she began and are doing heroic service for their motherland.

About a year before I returned from the work in Chakwal I had one of these organizers, Miss Helen Maya Das, come over for a two days' stay. During that time she held six meetings. She spoke to twelve hundred young people, boys and girls, in our schools. The head teachers gave her an hour at each place. All were Hindu and Moslem students except two or three Christian boys.

In our temperance work in India we not only co-operate with other Christian Missions, but also with those of other faiths. India's people are standing almost unitedly for national prohibition. We rejoice that we have had the opportunity and willingness to help create a favorable atmosphere for it.

Chapter 41

TODAY AND TOMORROW

AND now we have come to the closing chapter of the history of eighty-five years of our India Mission. One thing more I would like to do. And that is to try to give you a word picture of our whole field.

I am going to invite you to stand, in your imagination, on the side of one of our snow-capped mountains of the border line, not only of our Mission field but of the British territory, and overlook our whole Mission field and work.

Here at our feet is that frontier line. Beyond it is Afghanistan. Although the missionaries have not been permitted to enter in person, yet the Gospel story has been sent in different ways and from the fearless stalwart Afghans fruit has been gathered.

Here is Kohat with its little company of witnesses. A short distance eastward we find the camp of our Campbellpur missionaries rejoicing in more inquirers and converts than ever before; Abbottabad—a beautiful place—with its flourishing school under the trees; Taxila Hospital breaking all past records in the number of patients. You see the verandahs are full, and those crowds of men and women under the trees are waiting their opportunity to enter, these haughty, proud followers of Islam, risking the power of the Word of God in their eagerness to receive help from the Christian doctors they have come to love and trust.

Now we follow the line of railway southward twenty miles and we come to the great city of Rawalpindi, one of the strong military centers of the British Government, where there are schools of all kinds, yet we notice Gordon College and our High School for Boys are crowded and overflowing. Why? For no other reason than that the fathers and mothers of those boys know there is a difference in the in-

struction and influence of the Christian school. They know the Bible is taught, but still they send their children. Our Girls' School building is anything but attractive, but it is not a new thing for a non-Christian mother to come with her daughter, saying, "I know you are overcrowded, but I want my girl to have the same kind of teaching I received here. Please make room for her." Here we find our Bible School for women and several Bible women taking the Gospel into the homes. We are just in time to see the two large groups of Christians coming out of our two churches. Near this city also we pause long enough to have a look at the colony of lepers who are receiving treatment from one of our doctors. We are so glad, too, because that group of little ones separated from their parents has escaped contracting this awful disease.

In another city which you can see yonder, that cross on top of that fine building is on our Chakwal Church. Right beside it are reading-room and parsonage. Here sixty miles from Rawalpindi an Indian pastor witnesses for Christ.

We follow the line of railway south from Rawalpindi, about seventy miles, and we come to Jhelum, situated on the Jhelum River. Do you want to know where that crowd of women are going? To the Good Samaritan Hospital, whose doors are open to all. That fine church building and residence just across the road from it also belong to us.

Down the railway forty miles, and out on a branch line twenty-eight miles, and we come to Sialkot, where Doctor Andrew Gordon arrived that hot day in 1855 and as a stranger rested several hours under a tree. Go north from the railway station and see our missionary residence and well-equipped Christian Training Institute. Here, in classrooms full and overflowing, boys from all over our Mission field are trained for Mission service. On this compound each September about two thousand Christians from all over the Punjab gather for a week of Bible Study, conference, and fellowship.

Near the city notice that modern palace-like building. That is our Memorial Hospital for women and children. At

its opening the governor of the province said in his address, "Nothing finer in the Punjab!" Here 65,816 outdoor and 1,737 indoor patients were cared for last year. What do you think of this record of a Christian hospital where the Gospel of Christ is daily taught and lived out in life in a large non-Christian city? How many buildings are there? Fifteen. And see that gem of a chapel near the main building—a memorial to Mrs. W. B. Anderson. We have also two fine church buildings in this city.

Now come with me south about a mile and we see our South Compound, the first home of your missionaries. Doctor Gordon would not feel lonely now were he to return. That row of buildings cares for our Girls' Boarding School. We pause for a cup of tea in the first Mission bungalow. We marvel at how well it was built, when Doctor Gordon did not know enough of the language clearly to instruct his workmen. The other house beside it shelters the other workers of this large district. We must not turn back until we have viewed that corner of the compound where rest the bodies of our precious missionaries. Here they rest, some who gave more than forty years of faithful service; others who had barely begun life in India; and little ones who just came to go again. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Doubly precious, I believe, are those who for His sake rest far from their loved ones.

Now we go east from Sialkot following a clay and sand road twenty-eight miles and we come to Zafarwal. The road is very rough and there are two broad sandy river beds to cross. During the rainy season they are full and overflowing. This is the most tiresome piece of road in the whole Mission, yet from its very early days Zafarwal has been one of our centers for work. Here we have two Mission bungalows and a fine church building. This was the home of Kanaya.

Back we go to Sialkot, then east and south by road or railroad to Pasrur. Here we find two more Mission bungalows, a nice church, White Memorial Hospital, and another of our girls' boarding schools, caring for hundreds of our village children. Pasrur district is the very heart of our self-support

work, in which we all rejoice. On south we go twenty miles and come to Badomali, the other half, we might say, of this precious Mission center. Here we find Mission bungalows, church, and school.

Back we go to Sialkot and over that branch railroad we come to the main line again, and go south twenty miles to Gujranwala. Out from the railway a short distance we come to the Mission compound. In doing so we travel over the "McCullough Road," so named by the Government in honor of our oldest missionary, Miss Rosa A. McCullough. For fifty-six years she traveled that road, going and coming for her work. Here we see two of our most important institutions—the Theological Seminary and our Boys' Industrial Home and Technical School with their suitable and substantial buildings. Those other buildings are the homes of our district missionaries and our General Treasurer.

Following the railway south forty miles we come to Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, where we co-operate with other Missions in Kinnaird College for Girls. We are now about two hundred and fifty miles from our starting point. On east we go by a branch railway about seventy miles and arrive at Dhariwal. That fine building near the railway station is our School for Boys. Across from it we see Fulton Hall, built to house one hundred village boys, boarding scholars in this school. See that neat little church by the side of the road. Those high smoke chimneys and great buildings belong to the Dhariwal Woolen Mills, one of the great manufacturing plants of India.

Eight miles farther on we come to Gurdaspur, one of our older Mission stations. We notice that the large plant of the former Home for Women and Orphan Children is closed, because there is no one to carry on this particular work. Here also are two missionary residences and a church.

Twenty-eight miles farther on brings us to the foothills of the Himalayas and our Pathankot compound. One stands silent before the lovely grandeur of the snow-capped mountains. They seem very near in the pure clear air of this, the most beautiful of all our mission stations. We have some-

thing very fine to show you here, our High School for Girls. Near by are three residences for missionaries, a beautiful church, the old "Temperance Hall," and the Elliott Dispensary for women and children.

Reluctantly we turn our backs on all the beauty of this place and return to Lahore, and now we go westward forty miles and come to Sheikhpura with its church and missionary residences. This was our first station in our great colony settlement, a country redeemed from the desert by the bringing in of the waters of the Chenab and Jhelum rivers. Please keep in mind that all you shall see west of the main line of railway in our canal settlement has come into existence during the last forty years.

From this place we visit our Christian village of Martinpur, with its large church and two fine schools on land given by Government and settled by Christians. We are near our Home Mission field, also, as our Punjab Synod is caring for several districts adjoining Mission territory. Following the railway we come to Sangla Hill. That large crowd of girls you see playing on that beautiful compound are pupils in our boarding school. The other bungalows are the homes of the district missionaries.

On westward we see Lyallpur, the headquarters of this great colony, forty-three years ago no sign of a city, now one of the centers of the agricultural district with its College of Agriculture. Our missionaries were alert in those early days and secured splendid sites for homes, church, and other missionary projects.

From this we turn west and north and come to another large canal settlement. This land was redeemed from the desert a few years later than that which we have visited. Here, too, the Mission is deeply entrenched. That fine building is the church. In the center of the city is the Mission Reading Room, on the west side of the city the Mary Reid Memorial Hospital for Women and Children. Come along that highway a short distance and see the splendid buildings of our Girls' Boarding School. "What wonderful gardens of fruits and flowers, and splendid avenues of trees!" you

say. Yes, Sargodha, like Lyallpur, is a wonderful place. I see you are noticing that admirable herd of young horses. They belong to the Government Remount Department. The farmers here received a grant of land on condition that they would raise colts for the Government.

Now in our imaginary trip we have toured our whole Mission field. But before we turn away, please take one more look over the whole field and see the thousands of villages scattered all over our territory. Many are nestled in among the low hills at your feet. Everywhere is the Indian village, because nine-tenths of India's almost four hundred million people live in the villages. Of our one hundred twenty thousand Christians, the same proportion of them are villagers.

Those small well-built buildings you see here and there in our territory are our village churches, more than a hundred of them. They are humble buildings, but in the eyes of the Indian Church and your missionaries they are sacred, beautiful things because they represent love and sacrifice. Out of the poverty of those who worship there they have been constructed.

Now we turn to our records of 1940 and give you some figures that will help you to see in another way how far we have come in eighty-five years.

<i>Indian Workers</i>		<i>The Church</i>	
Ordained Men	132	Presbyteries	7
Licentiates	6	Organized Congregations ..	132
Other Evangelistic Workers .	75	Other Groups of Believers	39
Bible Women	38	Self-Supporting Congrega-	
Teachers, Christian	321	tions	119
Teachers, non-Christian	64	Elders	461
Doctors	9	Communicants	44,828
Nurses and Other Medical		Sabbath Schools	87
Workers	113	Sabbath School Pupils ...	4,131
		Young People's Societies .	24
		Young People's Society	
		Members	794
		Missionary Societies	80
		Missionary Society Members	2,220

<i>Educational</i>		<i>Medical</i>	
	No.	Enroll- ment	
Theological Seminaries	1	23	Hospitals 5
Colleges	1	619	Dispensaries 9
High Schools	4	2,749	Beds in Hospitals 245
Grade Schools	9	2,014	In-Patients (1940-41) 3,516
Elementary and Pri- mary Schools	78	4,503	Total Patients (1940-41) . 45,668
Industrial Schools . . .	1	83	Major Operations (1940-41) 771

Do you say, "Your Mission has accomplished much in these years"? Yes, we praise God for what by His grace and blessing we have been enabled to do, but joy is mixed with sadness because of what has been left undone.

Will not you be a messenger to the whole home Church and tell our people of the sorrow and longing of the hearts of their missionaries? Think! We have in our field in India six million people, a Christian community of only one hundred and thirty-six thousand with perhaps that many more secret believers. We do not know how many thousands have heard the Gospel message, but we do know that many have not had the opportunity to hear and there are in our territory many villages that the messenger has not yet entered. It breaks the heart of the missionary to think of the multitudes living and dying without the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Saviour. How slow we have been to carry out the command of our Lord, "Go ye," unto all these districts I have given you and, "make disciples," "baptizing them teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

We all believe that apart from a saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, there is no salvation. Honestly, before God, can we say, "We have done our best to save the people of our part of India during the last eighty-five years"? As a Church is there any danger of hearing our Lord say to us, as He said to His messenger of old, "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel. Therefore, hear the word at my mouth and give them warning from me. When I say to the wicked, thou shalt surely die, and thou

givest him not warning nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hand.”

Praise God that although our hearts may condemn us for our lack of zeal, compassion, and love for the multitudes away from Christ, the door of opportunity is still open—wider open in our field in India than ever before. Let us shake off all lethargy, put away all coldness, and putting on the whole armor of God go forth with renewed determination to complete the work our Lord has given us to do among these six million people in India, giving ourselves no rest until every village and town shall have been entered by God’s messengers and the glad tidings of salvation proclaimed to all, and the Church of Christ, His body, prepared for His coming. Has He not promised, “Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you”? Then how joyfully shall we sing:

“Now blessed be Jehovah God, the God of Israel,
Who only doeth wondrous works, in glory that excel,
And blessed be His glorious name to all eternity;
The whole earth let His glory fill. Amen, so let it be.”

United Presbyterian Missionaries Who Have Served In India

<i>Died in Service</i>	<i>Entered Field</i>	<i>Died</i>
Rev. W. T. Anderson, D.D.	1891	1932
Mrs. W. T. Anderson (Jennie E. Given)	1891	1892
Mrs. Ralph E. Ayers (Violet May Scott)	1913	1914
Rev. John W. Ballantyne	1895	1915
Mrs. James S. Barr	1862	1905
Rev. William John Brandon, Ph.D.	1900	1911
Rev. Alexander B. Caldwell, D.D.	1881	1927
Mrs. E. E. Campbell (Grace Collins)	1904	1910
Mrs. E. E. Campbell (Anna Mary Hamilton)	1915	1928
Miss Kate Corbett	1886	1913
Wallace J. Downs, Pd.D.	1920	1941
Miss Edith M. Fulton	1894	1906
Rev. Andrew Gordon, D.D.	1855	1887
Rev. A. Walker Gordon	1923	1936
Mrs. David R. Gordon	1895	1936
Miss Nancy A. Hadley	1904	1937
Rev. T. E. Holliday, D.D.	1889	1924
Mrs. T. E. Holliday	1889	1917
Mrs. Sophia Eliza Johnson, M.D.	1890	1902
Miss Wilhelmina J. Jongewaard, M.D.	1915	1925
Rev. David Smith Lytle	1881	1899
Mrs. J. A. McArthur (Sue Cooper White)	1909	1915
Rev. Robert R. McClure	1897	1900
Miss Eleanor W. Maconachie, R.N.	1910	1934
Miss E. Josephine Martin	1896	1931
Miss Jane Ella Martin	1906	1926
Rev. Samuel Martin, D.D.	1867	1910
Mrs. Samuel Martin	1867	1886
Miss Emma M. Minger	1902	1915
Miss Sara Abigail Moore, D.O.	1918	1936
Mrs. George W. Morrison (Edna May Patton)	1887	1890
Rev. John H. Morton	1901	1910
Mr. William E. Nicoll	1901	1914
Mrs. Edwin L. Porter (Joie L. Fortney)	1891	1894
Mrs. Theodore L. Scott (Mary A. Marshall)	1874	1880
Mrs. Theodore L. Scott (Anna E. Wilson)	1882	1919
Miss Nannie J. Spencer	1894	1916

<i>Died in Service—(Continued)</i>		<i>Entered Field</i>	<i>Died</i>
Rev. Robert Stewart, D.D.		1881	1915
Miss Josephine L. White		1884	1929
Miss Susan A. Young		1891	1908
Miss Gertrude E. Zink		1920	1931
<i>Retired</i>		<i>Entered Field</i>	<i>Left Field</i>
Miss Minnie R. Alexander		1906	1910
Miss Emma Dean Anderson		1881	1933
Miss Helen D. Anderson		1918	1922
Miss Margaret A. Anderson		1918	1922
*Rev. W. B. Anderson, D.D.		1897	1914
*Mrs. W. B. Anderson		1897	1914
Mrs. W. T. Anderson (Minnie C. Parks)		1894	1932
Rev. Ralph E. Ayers		1911	1929
Mrs. Ralph E. Ayers (Mary Elizabeth Lawrence) ..		1915	1929
Miss Agnes L. Ballantyne		1925	1930
*Mrs. John W. Ballantyne		1895	1915
Mr. Edward Burton Balph		1920	1927
Mrs. Edward Burton Balph		1926	1927
*Rev. James S. Barr, D.D.		1862	1927
*Miss Hannah H. Beale		1921	1928
Rev. Ernest E. Beattie		1923	1929
Mrs. Ernest E. Beattie		1923	1929
Miss Roma B. Beatty		1909	1939
Miss Adah P. Boggs, R.N.		1938	1941
*Mrs. William John Brandon		1900	1911
Miss Lena S. Brotherston		1906	1919
*Rev. M. M. Brown, M.D.		1905	1937
Mrs. M. M. Brown		1905	1937
Miss Olive Brown		1920	1925
Miss Edna B. Broyles		1920	1926
Miss Alice G. Burnham		1915	1922
*Mrs. A. B. Caldwell		1881	1929
Miss E. May Caldwell		1919	1926
*Miss Eliza Calhoun		1869	1884
Rev. Everett E. Campbell, D.D.		1904	1931
Miss Mary Jane Campbell		1884	1926
Rev. Hubert C. Chambers, D.D.		1903	1940
Mrs. Hubert C. Chambers		1903	1940
Miss Eunice Cleland		1923	1924
Miss Anna Laura Cleland		1903	1923
Miss M. Ruth Copeland		1922	1924

* Known to be deceased.

<i>Retired—(Continued)</i>	<i>Entered Field</i>	<i>Left Field</i>
Miss M. Henrietta Cowden	1905	1937
Rev. Frank N. Crawford	1912	1918
Mrs. Frank N. Crawford	1912	1918
Rev. Osborne Crowe, D.D.	1896	1935
Mrs. Osborne Crowe	1896	1935
Rev. Robert W. Cummings	1920	1927
Mrs. Robert W. Cummings	1920	1927
Rev. Thomas F. Cummings, D.D.	1889	1907
*Mrs. Thomas F. Cummings	1889	1907
Miss Sallie E. Dickey	1895	1907
Miss Laurella G. Dickson	1897	1938
Mrs. Wallace J. Downs	1920	1941
Miss Marion M. Embleton	1891	1907
*Rev. Elmer E. Fife	1889	1896
Mrs. Elmer E. Fife	1889	1896
Miss Agavnie Gilbakian, M.D.	1907	1910
Miss Annie F. Given	1886	1896
*Mrs. Andrew Gordon	1855	1887
Mrs. A. Walker Gordon	1923	1936
Rev. David R. Gordon, D.D.	1895	1936
*Miss Elizabeth G. Gordon	1855	1900
Miss Ella M. Gordon	1893	1937
*Miss Euphemia E. Gordon	1881	1885
*Mr. James W. Gordon	1866	1871
*Mrs. James W. Gordon	1866	1871
*Miss Laura B. Hamilton	1908	1921
Miss Marietta Hamilton	1916	1923
*Miss Anna Mary Hamilton	1902	1915
*Miss Winifred E. T. Heston, M.D.	1911	1915
*Rev. Robert A. Hill	1856	1860
*Mrs. R. A. Hill	1856	1860
Miss Eleanore K. Holliday	1918	1919
Miss Zarra Stuart Hoon	1921	1938
Miss Sara J. Hopkins	1912	1917
Miss Flora E. Hormel, R.N.	1925	1930
Miss Margaret C. Hormel	1909	1913
Miss Gertrude Horst	1920	1925
Miss Ella W. Jamison, R.N.	1921	1925
Miss Florence M. Jones, R.N.	1920	1930
Albert J. Jongewaard, M.D.	1920	1929
Mrs. Albert J. Jongewaard	1920	1929
Miss Harriet G. Jongewaard	1915	1925

* Known to be deceased.

<i>Retired—(Continued)</i>	<i>Entered Field</i>	<i>Left Field</i>
*Rev. Henry J. Kyle	1895	1899
Mrs. Henry J. Kyle	1895	1899
Rev. A. M. Laing	1911	1928
Mrs. A. M. Laing	1913	1928
*Miss Mary A. Lawrence	1893	1933
Miss Mary Elizabeth Lawrence	1909	1915
Miss Mary E. Logan	1891	1933
*Mrs. David Smith Lytle	1881	1900
*Miss Elizabeth McCahon	1875	1931
Mrs. Robert R. McClure	1897	1917
Rev. Earl C. McConnelee	1923	1933
Mrs. Earl C. McConnelee	1923	1933
Rev. John A. McConnelee, D.D.	1895	1940
Mrs. J. A. McConnelee	1895	1940
Miss Rosa A. McCullough	1879	1935
Miss Lavina J. McGarey	1889	1892
*Rev. James P. McKee, D.D.	1870	1894
*Mrs. James P. McKee	1870	1894
Rev. William M. McKelvey	1902	1927
Mrs. William M. McKelvey	1902	1927
Rev. Kenneth MacKenzie	1918	1936
Mrs. Kenneth MacKenzie	1920	1936
Miss Fannie C. Martin	1896	1930
Miss Frances K. Martin	1925	1928
John G. Martin, M.D.	1919	1935
Mrs. John G. Martin	1919	1935
Rev. J. Howard Martin, D.D.	1888	1926
Mrs. J. Howard Martin	1888	1926
Miss M. Gertrude Martin	1923	1924
*Miss Mary Rachel Martin	1890	1935
Mr. Harvey M. Matthews	1921	1927
Mrs. Harvey M. Matthews	1921	1927
Rev. Robert Maxwell	1900	1941
Mrs. Robert Maxwell	1900	1941
Rev. William D. Mercer	1912	1929
Mrs. William D. Mercer	1912	1929
Miss Maude M. Miller	1924	1939
Rev. Fred J. Mitchell	1919	1926
Mrs. Fred J. Mitchell	1919	1926
*Miss Henrietta Moore	1898	1938
*Rev. George W. Morrison	1887	1902
Mrs. George W. Morrison (Lavina J. McGarey) ...	1892	1902

* Known to be deceased.

<i>Retired—(Continued)</i>	<i>Entered Field</i>	<i>Left Field</i>
*Miss Jean B. Morrison	1895	1936
Mrs. John H. Morton	1901	1910
Miss Esther Emma Moyer	1924	1931
Rev. George J. Murdoch	1925	1933
Mrs. George J. Murdoch	1925	1933
Rev. Henry S. Nesbitt	1904	1939
Mrs. Henry S. Nesbitt	1904	1939
Miss Janet E. Nesbitt	1925	1931
Mrs. William E. Nicoll	1901	1914
Miss Viola May Nourse	1923	1927
Miss Minnie C. Parks	1891	1894
Rev. Frederick C. Patterson	1923	1929
Mrs. Frederick C. Patterson	1923	1929
Miss Mary A. Platter	1897	1903
Miss Grace I. Polkinghorn	1923	1925
Rev. Edwin L. Porter, D.D.	1891	1934
*Mrs. Edwin L. Porter (Mrs. Winifred L. Lambert) ..	1896	1934
Mr. William Lorimer Porter	1905	1909
Mrs. William Lorimer Porter	1905	1909
Miss Edith Aldrich Pratt, R.N.	1926	1928
Miss Grace N. Ranson	1936	1941
Miss Faith W. Reed, M.D.	1926	1933
*Miss Violet May Scott	1911	1913
*Rev. Theodore L. Scott, D.D.	1874	1926
Miss Helen C. Sharp, M.D.	1932	1941
Miss Rose Shereda	1928	1938
*Miss Jessie P. Simpson, M.D.	1902	1934
Miss Emma M. Stauffer, R.N.	1925	1933
*Rev. Ephraim H. Stevenson	1856	1870
*Mrs. Ephraim H. Stevenson	1856	1870
Miss Mabel C. Stewart	1915	1926
*Miss Mable H. Stewart	1924	1925
*Mrs. Robert Stewart	1881	1918
Mr. John Gordon Strong	1916	1920
Miss Martha Florence Strong	1915	1920
Miss Lorena Belle Taylor	1922	1929
Rev. John Sherman Thompson	1894	1898
*Mrs. John Sherman Thompson	1894	1898
Miss Florence Tomaseck	1919	1925
Miss N. Evelyn Tromans	1923	1930
Miss M. Edna Ward	1923	1932
*Miss Mary Elizabeth Welsh	1869	1872

* Known to be deceased.

<i>Retired—(Continued)</i>	<i>Entered Field</i>	<i>Left Field</i>
*Miss Maria White, M.D.	1886	1933
*Miss Sue Cooper White	1905	1909
*Miss Cynthia E. Wilson	1875	1918
Miss Ethel Martin Wilson	1913	1917
Miss Margaret M. Wilson	1904	1916
*Miss Rozana T. Wilson	1886	1918
*Miss Bertha B. Work	1904	1907
Miss Carrie Worman	1921	1930

* Known to be deceased.

<i>Active—1941-1942</i>	<i>Entered Field</i>
Rev. David Emmet Alter, Ed.D.	1916
Mrs. David Emmet Alter	1916
Rev. Joseph C. Alter	1922
Mrs. Joseph C. Alter	1922
Miss Ruth I. Ardrey	1924
Miss Helen Artman	1920
Miss Margaret Elinor Ballantyne	1941
Miss Kathryn Beattie	1920
Miss Minnie E. Beatty	1912
Miss Hazel Bennett	1908
Stuart Bergsma, M.D.	1937
Mrs. Stuart Bergsma	1937
Miss R. Jean Black	1921
Miss M. Lois Boyd	1919
Miss N. Addaline Brandon	1931
Miss Frances E. Brown	1928
Rev. James D. Brown	1936
Mrs. James D. Brown	1937
Miss Theresa I. Brownlee	1922
Miss Lois M. Buchanan	1910
Rev. James G. Campbell, D.D.	1909
Mrs. James G. Campbell	1909
Miss Marie E. Cash, R.N.	1926
Miss M. Evelyn Cathcart	1925
Rev. Wilbur C. Christy	1937
Mrs. Wilbur C. Christy	1937
Rev. Ernest V. Clements	1912
Mrs. Ernest V. Clements	1912
Rev. James H. Colvin	1914
Mrs. James H. Colvin	1917
Rev. James B. Cummings	1923
Mrs. James B. Cummings	1923
Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N.	1941

*Active—1941-1942—(Continued)**Entered
Field*

Miss Margaret Jane Fehlman	1913
Miss Bessie Fleming	1913
Rev. Robert A. Foster	1923
Mrs. Robert A. Foster	1923
Miss Vida J. Graham	1922
Rev. John D. Harkness	1941
Mrs. John D. Harkness	1941
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R.N.	1924
Rev. John C. Heinrich, D.D.	1915
Mrs. John C. Heinrich	1915
Miss Eva M. Hewitt	1930
Miss Alice G. Hill	1938
Miss Kate A. Hill	1896
Miss Janette May Howland	1921
Miss Reba C. Hunsberger, M.D.	1921
Miss Flora J. Jameson	1903
Miss Mary Kyle	1904
Miss Olive R. Laing	1912
Miss S. Jane Lamont	1928
Miss M. Frances Lincoln, R.N.	1920
Miss E. Glendine Lundquist, R.N.	1932
Miss Laura R. MacLachlan	1938
Rev. John A. McArthur	1904
Mrs. John A. McArthur	1923
Miss Elizabeth F. McConnell, R.N.	1931
Miss Lillian A. McConnell	1902
Miss E. Marjorie McCrory	1936
Miss Evelyn M. McKelvey, R.N.	1937
Mr. William H. Merriam	1913
Mrs. William H. Merriam	1913
Mrs. Paul A. Miller	1920
Mrs. Paul A. Miller	1920
Mr. Charles C. Millson	1920
Mrs. Charles C. Millson	1920
Rev. Hugh M. Milne, D.D.	1922
Mrs. Hugh M. Milne	1925
Miss Margaret L. Murdoch	1924
Miss Ruth M. Nichol	1941
Miss Marian T. Peterson	1930
Rev. Samuel C. Picken, D.D.	1909
Mrs. Samuel C. Picken	1909
Miss Gwynaeth R. Porter, R.N.	1926
Miss Willa M. Ramsey	1921

<i>Active—1941-1942—(Continued)</i>	<i>Entered Field</i>
Rev. Jay W. Ranson	1937
Mrs. Jay W. Ranson	1937
Miss Laura Reynolds	1924
Rev. William H. Ross	1918
Mrs. William H. Ross	1918
Miss Louise E. Scott	1916
Miss Kate E. Spencer	1919
Mr. Charles A. Stewart	1917
Mrs. Charles A. Stewart	1917
Rev. Harris J. Stewart, D.D.	1911
Mrs. Harris J. Stewart	1925
Rev. John H. Stewart	1908
Mrs. John H. Stewart	1908
Ralph R. Stewart, Ph.D.	1916
Mrs. Ralph R. Stewart	1916
Rev. William Sutherland	1918
Mrs. William Sutherland	1918
Miss Vivian L. Trimble	1921
John Vroon, M.D.	1941
Mrs. John Vroon	1941
Miss Ruth A. Warnock	1913
Miss Helen V. Weede	1928
Miss Georgia Wengert	1920
Miss Dora B. Whitely	1911
Mr. Frederick Arthur Whitfield	1924
Mrs. Frederick Arthur Whitfield	1924

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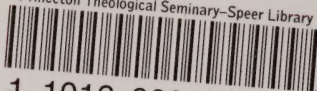
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